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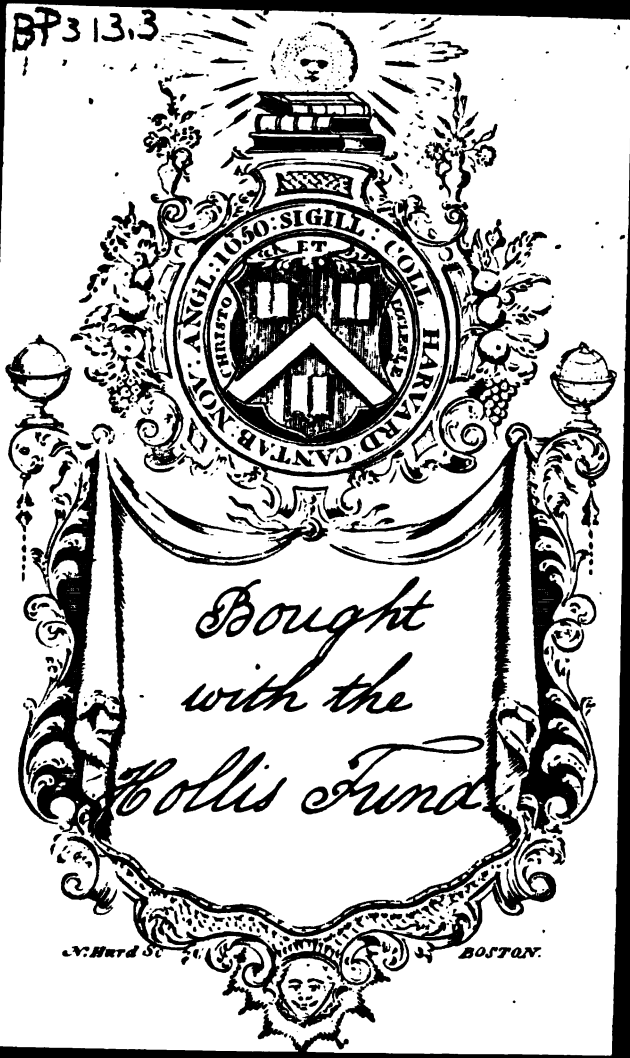
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ART. I.—*Transportation and Colonization; or, the Causes of the Comparative Failure of the Transportation System in the Australian Colonies: with Suggestions for Ensuring its Future Efficiency in Subserviency to Extensive Colonization.* By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D. D., Principal of the Australian College, and Senior Minister of the Church of Scotland in New South Wales. London: Valpy. 1837.

WHAT may be the nature or extent of Dr. Lang's duties and performances, either when he arrives in his native land or his adopted country, between which he seems to have pressing occasion frequently to pass, it is not necessary for us to inquire; but one thing we are given to understand in the present work, and this not for the first time, that he fills up and lightens the time of these dreary voyages in a manner that cannot be more gratifying to himself than serviceable to Great Britain, and the Australian colonies. Indeed, when we last had our attention drawn to the reverend author's literary efforts, exerted while his abode was upon the restless deep, it was with pleasure that we found his pursuits and acquirements take a wider range, and one which required a much more profound knowledge of ancient, even of primitive times, and of various far distant countries, than the work now before us;—on the former occasion, the origin, the migrations, the languages, and the superstitions of the numerous tribes and nations which inhabit the South Sea Islands being the theme of his cabin studies. One cannot, therefore, but remark that were every man, who, for months, or it may be years in the course of a life, is thus withdrawn from his home and usual avocations, to adopt the example now noticed, a vast amount of profitable work would be bequeathed to the world, and no small portion of individual *ennui* and misery avoided.

Dr. Lang is a writer whose character as such is not difficult to be discovered; his excellencies and his faults are sufficiently marked. As regards his reasoning powers, we should say, that he is a hard-headed Scotchman—as regards his heart, that its tension is of a nature to be affected by the appeals of fundamental truths, even

when their ameliorating and beneficent consequences may be comparatively remote, rather than by any sort of sentimentalism that may be addressed by objects which weaker heads and tenderer hearts most readily recognize and yield to. He is earnest and candid; but he is also dogmatic and uncharitable, at the same time that he is apt to see but the one side of things. These are characteristics which we have found to be more glaring in some of his former works than the present. But still they may even be detected here, where as in every case, they tend to weaken the very effect intended thereby to be produced with unusual force. Whether it be men or things that stand opposed to reasoners of the class referred to, these are sure to meet with little of the spirit of toleration; so that, as in the production before us, even when the general doctrines and arguments are unimpeachable, and resistlessly adduced; or when, as here also, they throw more light upon an important, though oft-discussed subject than has ever before been shed, the public loses much of the benefit of the contribution. We shall endeavour, however, to extract such passages, and to give such an account as will exhibit the general purport of the author's views; and this we the more anxiously do at the present time, as we shall thus have an opportunity of following up and confirming certain doctrines which have lately been advanced and defended in our Journal.

Dr. Lang having been for upwards of thirteen years a resident in the Australian colonies, and having, it is manifest from this and former works, been an earnest and close observer of the real character and tendency of transportation, proceeds to detail the result of that experience and observation, as also the grounds of the opinions formed. He maintains that there has, after a long course of erroneous instructions from the mother-country, and of mismanagement in the colonies in question, arisen an absolute necessity for some immediate and extensive change in the whole system of transportation—that the means of effecting such a change would not entail any additional expense on Great Britain—that these means ought to consist of a judicious application of the colonial land-revenues to the purpose for which they were originally destined, viz., for promoting an immediate and extensive emigration thither of industrious families, say from the islands and highlands of Scotland—and that such an emigration, together with other recommended measures, would prove the soundest and most efficient that can be devised, both as respects the future use of transportation as a punishment, and the moral welfare of the free inhabitants of the Australian colonies. From this outline of the author's views, it may be seen that they point to a consideration of the condition not merely of the convicts and the emigrants among whom they are planted, but of society in the mother-country, and the administration of justice as well as the provisions of law at home.

The general aspect of the colonies in question as described by Dr. Lang, is far from favourable or encouraging, as will sufficiently appear from the passages to be cited from his pages; and yet we must take notice of something like contradiction as implied in his generalities. For example, though he dwells on a variety of causes of failure of the transportation system as applied in New South Wales, and gives many individually gloomy pictures, yet the terms "advancing and flourishing" are used by him in reference to the same colony, as if such was the unquestioned state of things in that country. How pervading and increasing demoralization, or accumulating misgovernment can cohere with what is *advancing* and *flourishing*, it is not very easy to understand. Again, the Australian colonies are spoken of, as "teeming with that spirit of enterprize and force of character which are so peculiarly the growth of Britain:"—why then should they elsewhere in the same volume be represented as loudly calling for such immediate, extensive reforms as go to the remodelling of the whole system of transportation, and indeed of colonization as regards the settlement mentioned? We are willing, however, to take the general drift and merits of the author's doctrines and recommendations, and to admit that great improvement may be introduced as respects the subjects he treats of, both for the benefit of Great Britain and the particular dependencies described. And now for a more direct address to some of the most important details in his work.

After giving a sketch of the "origin and history of the transportation system," which, as regards the measures adopted by England, in her methods of enforcing secondary punishments were first made use of in America, for the receptacle of "dangerous rogues and vagabonds," Dr. Lang proceeds to state "some of the advantages of transportation, as a species of punishment"—satisfactorily as we think, showing, in opposition to Archbishop Whately, who, at no distant date, strenuously argued against its continuance—that if judiciously regulated, it is admirably calculated to accomplish *the prevention of crime* and *the reformation of criminals*—the two grand objects of punishment—and this because, first, as a punishment, it may be rendered *formidable*, so as to deter from crime; secondly, it may at the same time be *humane*—that is, occasioning as little useless suffering as possible; thirdly, it may be rendered *correctire*, or at least not corrupting; and lastly, it may be *cheap*, so as to render the punishment of criminals either profitable to the community, or at least not exceedingly costly. That all these requisites have not been obtained from the transporting of criminals to New South Wales to the utmost possible extent, or, indeed, in any degree commensurate with the expectations induced by the adoption of the system, is generally admitted and now strongly urged by the author. He even goes on to contrast the effects of trans-

portation to the American colonies with those that have been observed in the Australian settlements, and finds the failure in the latter instance to be most palpable and momentous, arising principally, he argues, from the fact, that the free emigrant inhabitants of the American colonies were far more numerous than the convicts, and hence gave a beneficial tone to society; whereas, in New South Wales, the very reverse has, from the founding of the colonies there, been the case.

Dr. Lang presents us with statements of the population of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land at various periods, and of the component numbers, both free and convicts. The proportions have all along been very unequal. But this is not the only ground for his desiring a much larger infusion of virtuous and industrious emigrants. It is forcibly and unhesitatingly declared by the author, that not only did the convicts and emancipated convicts, at the close of the thirty-third year of the New South Wales colony, outnumber ten times the free emigrants, but that many of these emigrants were dissolute persons, whose vicious example tended to demoralize the very convicts; and as the manner in which he establishes this fact will be particularly felt by many at home at this very day, we quote his words.

"Of the free emigrants above mentioned, 1536 have been unmarried females, who had also been assisted in their emigration by bounties, in the shape of passage-money, from the revenues of the colony. But when we take into consideration the original constitution and character of colonial society, and the strong temptations to which unprotected females must in such a society be exposed; when we take into consideration the improbability of inducing any considerable number of really virtuous females to emigrate to a distant country, and especially to a convict colony, *without natural protectors*; and when we take into consideration also the artifices of individuals in the shipping line, who find this species of export trade by no means unprofitable;—it will not appear by any means surprising, that the system of *female emigration*, which has been pursued for several years past, under the direction of a Board in London professing to reform the Australian colonies, should, instead of producing any such reformation, have only added prodigiously to the previous amount of the immorality and criminality of the colony of New South Wales."

We must add part of the author's note to the above statement, that our readers may see how people in the mother-country are hoaxed.

"A few facts will serve to open the eyes of people of common understanding in England, as to the real character and tendency of the female emigration system. The David Scott, a female emigrant ship, chartered and *loaded with merchandize on his own private account* by Mr. John Marshall, agent of the London Board, arrived in Sydney about the beginning of November, 1834. Sixty of the females who formed part of her cargo were common prostitutes; forty of whom were so thoroughly vile,

that my informant, a respectable free emigrant, who arrived in the colony as a cabin-passenger by that vessel, assured me, "he did not believe they could be matched in England." The captain's authority was accordingly set at defiance by the crew, and the vessel converted into a scene of the most abandoned licentiousness during the whole voyage. The ship Layton, which had arrived some time previous, had been similarly circumstanced; and the consequence was, that although a considerable number of reputable females emigrated by both vessels, many were ruined for ever, from the vile society into which they were thus thrown. The Canton, which arrived rather more than a year after the David Scott, was at first reported to have brought out a much better cargo: it was ascertained, however, that within three days after the females by that vessel were landed in Sydney, forty of them were regularly domiciled in houses of bad repute in the colonial capital.

"The change for the worse which the prevalence of this system during the last three years or thereby has produced in the town of Sydney, and in the morals of the colony generally, is equally evident and deplorable. For the last two or three years the streets of Sydney have been absolutely infested, both by day and by night, with female emigrants of the vilest character, *whose passage-out has been paid for from the funds of the colony:* whereas, during the whole period of my previous residence of ten years in New South Wales I never observed any thing of that kind. The thoroughly demoralizing influence of such exhibitions on the youth of the colony may be easily conceived, for one bad woman let loose upon society does infinitely more harm than half a dozen bad men; but the total amount of licentiousness and profligacy, which had not assumed so grossly disgusting a form, but which was, nevertheless, notoriously practised, as notoriously occasioned and supported by this monstrous, this infamous system, to the ruin of the peace of many reputable families in the colony, is utterly incalculable. The single fact, that during the year 1833 there had only been *six* persons, who had arrived free in the colony, confined in the gaol of Sydney, and that the number of such persons who had been so confined during the first seven months of the year 1835 had amounted to *ninety*, is of itself a pretty evident indication of the thoroughly demoralizing tendency of the female emigration system; for a large proportion of these persons were free emigrant females, the first female emigrant ship from London having arrived in New South Wales towards the close of the year 1833."

Now, a most important political result is pointed out by Dr. Lang, as being notorious in the history of the American and Australian British colonies, viz., that while in the former, "the liberated convict could only hope to repossess himself of the political rights and privileges of freemen, by causing his previous character and history to be entirely forgotten in his subsequent good conduct," on the other hand, "the liberated convict of New South Wales comes boldly forward to claim rights and privileges—besieging the British parliament with his memorials and petitions on the subject, on the ground, forsooth, of his having undergone the full amount of punishment denounced for certain crimes and mis-

demeanours by the laws of his country." These contrasted circumstances are certainly remarkable; but regarding the latter anomaly the observation is no less obvious, viz., that the very fact "of a man's standing forward in any country to claim political privileges, on the ground of his being an *emancipated convict*, is a presumptive proof of his not being really reformed, and therefore not fit to be entrusted with such rights.

Dr. Lang, therefore, argues in behalf of a thorough reform of the whole transportation regulations, more especially now that the colony of New South Wales (for he finds less fault with the details as enforced in Van Dieman's Land), according to his unreserved statement is "happily delivered from that system of Tory neglect and mismanagement, under which it was suffered to grow up to comparative maturity? But that the nature of this reform may be ascertained, he first goes into a consideration of some of the most powerful causes that have operated, according to his opinion, in occasioning the comparative failure of transportation punishment as employed in the colony in question, and afterwards proceeds to recommend the remedies which he insists will be sufficient to effect their cure.

The first cause mentioned, in accounting for the comparative failure of the Australian transportation system, is, "the want of a sufficiently numerous free emigrant population." It is accordingly endeavoured to be proved that it was not the object of the founders of the colony of New South Wales to form a community to consist exclusively of convict materials, without a free emigrant population, numerous and influential enough to become a *point d'appui* to the government, which nothing but a continental war, of unprecedented magnitude and virulence could have prevented his Majesty's ministers from securing and establishing. But whatever may have been the primary object of the settlement, it is quite clear that had a virtuous and industrious host of British emigrants been the staple of its population, we should not have so early in its history had to listen to allusions and statements of a strange nature to be found in the paragraphs that follow.

"It would have established, from the very first, something like public opinion in the colony; which would very soon have gathered strength enough to put down injustice and oppression on the one hand, and outrageous immorality on the other. It would have placed the trading concerns of the colony, whether on the large or on the small scale, in the hands of reputable persons; and prevented that of legalized chicanery, extortion, oppression, and robbery, into which they actually degenerated in the hands of liberated convicts, or of free persons deeply imbued with their dishonest principles, and living in willing conformity to their disreputable practice. It would have rendered it necessary for the ticket-of-leave holder, or emancipated convict, to obtain his livelihood by honest industry, in clearing and cultivating land, or in the service or employ-

ment of reputable freemen, instead of living a life of idleness and luxurious indulgence, or preying like a horse-leech upon society, as a publican or general dealer. It would have given the requisite encouragement and protection to the really reformed emancipated convict, by confirming him, on the one hand, in his returning attachment to the pursuits and pleasures of honest industry, and by rescuing him, on the other, from the fangs of the publicans and dealers of his own class and order. It would have relieved several successive governors of the colony from the mortifying and humiliating necessity of purchasing the patronage of men who owed their own lives to the lenity of the laws, and of whose thorough reformation there was no evidence but their acquisition of wealth, in order to secure an adequate counterpoise to the weight and influence of a few individuals, whom they fancied opposed to their legitimate authority. It would have kept the convicts and emancipated convicts in their proper place in the social system, and saved the colony from the evil consequences that have already resulted from the growth and ascendancy of a class in colonial society, distinguished by the name of emancipists, and actually glorying in the recollection of their having once been outcasts from society for their crimes.*

Had the intentions of the original founders of the colony of New South Wales been vigorously followed up, and had the reiterated recommendations of its first governor been duly attended to, so as to have enabled the first detachments of free emigrants to have taken root in the colony; there is no doubt whatever but that numerous and reputable families and individuals, of all classes in society, would have soon found their way to the new settlement; and that government would consequently have found it practicable, at a comparatively early period in its history, to have entirely withheld the positive and pecuniary encouragement which it was so highly expedient to have afforded to free emigrants at its formation."

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* "As a proof of the correctness of these statements, and of the reality of the feeling I have represented as existing extensively in New South Wales, I would merely mention the following fact:—At an anniversary dinner, held by the emancipists of Sydney, in the year 1822 or 1823, to celebrate the founding of the colony, Mr. Edward Smith Hall, *a free emigrant*, and for a long time past the editor of a paper called the 'Monitor,' which for the last ten years has been pandering to the worst passions and feelings of the convict and emancipated convict classes of the population, and doing an infinity of harm to the colony, actually expressed his 'sincere regret that he was not an emancipist himself,' or, in other words, that he had not arrived in the colony as a convict. If Mr. Hall had been a person of disreputable conduct, the circumstance would not have been so remarkable: but as he has all along maintained a reputable character, it only serves to demonstrate the pernicious results that may be anticipated from attempting to form a colony exclusively of 'wicked, condemned men.' There were very few free emigrants in New South Wales when Mr. Hall expressed himself in the manner above-mentioned: it would be somewhat difficult to find a respectable individual of that class who would venture to do so now."

The second cause alleged for the comparative failure of the transportation system, is, "the unlimited importation and consumption of ardent spirits in the Australian colonies."

"During the protracted administration of Governor Macquarie, who succeeded to the government of New South Wales in the year 1810, the measures adopted by authority, for the welfare and advancement of the colony, had unfortunately a direct tendency to strengthen the general propensity of the lower classes of the colonists to the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, and to afford additional means of indulgence to all classes of its anomalous population. By an injudicious and unwarrantable extension of the system of granting free pardons, conditional pardons, and tickets of leave, or exemption from government labour, numerous convicts were from time to time thrown loose upon the colony before they had acquired industrious habits, or were at all capable of conducting themselves with propriety: for although the governor uniformly gave small grants of land in the interior to newly-emancipated convicts, to encourage the formation of a class of agriculturists throughout the territory, these grants were generally transferred to the wholesale or retail dealers in ardent spirits, as soon as the governor's order to take possession of the land was obtained, In the mean time, the large expenditure of British money by Governor Macquarie, in the erection of buildings of inferior importance in the colonial towns, necessarily congregated large bodies of the convict and emancipist population in these towns; and by affording high wages to free labourers of all classes, held out the requisite encouragement for the establishment of numerous public houses, both licensed and unlicensed; most of which were mere receptacles for stolen goods, while all of them were sources of irresistable temptation and ultimate ruin to such emancipated convict settlers as had acquired property by their own industry in the interior. Nay, for four years during the administration of Governor Macquarie, three individuals in Sydney had an authorized monopoly of all the ardent spirits that were imported into the colony, on condition of their erecting a public hospital in the town of Sydney; and during the continuance of this monopoly, every means was used to increase the number of houses for the sale of ardent spirits, both in Sydney and all over the colony, to augment the consumption of intoxicating liquors, already of enormous amount, as compared with the population, and thereby to spread a moral pestilence as widely as possible over the whole community.

The author gives a table of the quantity of spirits on which duty has been paid in the colony during ten years from 1826 to 1835 inclusive, from which it appears that the consumption has been uniformly on the increase, and rapidly too—and at the latest ascertained amount three 5-8ths imperial gallons fell to the share of every man, woman, and child; whereas the entire consumption for the United Kingdom, he states at one gallon and a small fraction for each individual. We may, according to these particulars, be prepared to hear that crime has increased and is increasing in New South Wales about as regularly as ardent spirits are consumed.

And such is Dr. Lang's assertion and tabular proof also. Is it wonderful, then, that the colony in question should be found no longer a fit place for transported criminals?

The third cause of failure mentioned, is, "the gradual relaxation of penal punishments." The absolute want of every thing like a regular system of reform and discipline, seems to be a no less efficient evil in the government of the colony. Indeed, we have been led to suppose that of late years transportation had become a much more formidable punishment than previously; but Dr. Lang must be allowed to be good authority on the subject.

"The manner in which penal discipline has hitherto been administered in New South Wales has depended in great measure on the dispositions and views of each successive governor; being either mild and lenient, or rigorous and severe according to the constitutional temperament of each representative of majesty. To talk of a *system* of penal discipline under such circumstances is manifestly preposterous; to expect success from such a *chance medley* would evidently be absurd. As compared with his predecessor, General Darling, the present governor, is undoubtedly of a mild and lenient disposition towards the convicts. In the exercise of this disposition, he deemed it expedient, shortly after his arrival in the colony, to curtail the power of the colonial magistrates in inflicting summary punishments, in the case of convicts charged with minor offences, by causing an Act of Council to be passed, limiting the magistrates to the infliction of fifty lashes in each case of ascertained delinquency. This naturally gave offence to the adherents of General Darling's policy,—the colonial Tories;—and a mighty outcry was accordingly raised against the Whig governor for so unheard-of and intolerable an innovation; insomuch, that individuals who had accumulated hundreds and even thousands a year through the labour of their convict servants, without having ever deemed it necessary to expend a single farthing for their spiritual welfare, have had the modest assurance to ascribe the accumulated moral evils that have resulted from the original constitution of the colony, and from the manner in which it had been suffered to grow up to comparative maturity during a period of forty years and upwards of Tory neglect and mismanagement, *to the relaxed system of penal discipline recently introduced by Sir Richard Bourke!*

"For my own part, conceiving that under a proper system of penal discipline the brutalizing punishment of flogging might in great measure be dispensed with, and that the Governor was therefore in the right in limiting colonial magistrates to fifty lashes, I cannot but regard the increase in crime, which these gentlemen deplore in their petitions to parliament, and of which I am sorry to say there can be no question, as an evidence of the utter impracticability of carrying on the government of New South Wales, under the system of management hitherto pursued in regard to the convicts, any longer, and of the absolute necessity of an immediate and fundamental change of system. The relaxation of penal discipline, which the real friends of the colony have to complain of and to deplore, has been of FORTY, and not *merely* of four years' continuance; and it must be evident to every candid person, whether in New South Wales or in England, that in proportion as the colony increases in wealth and population, and especially

in convict population, the effects of that relaxation must only become more evident and more intolerable. But Sir Richard Bourke is a Whig, and the late governor was a Tory; and as the Whigs have abolished the Tory practice of paying for sound political principle in eligible grants of land, in the assignment of valuable convict servants, and in other indulgences in the Australian colonies; it is natural for those who find themselves reduced by these reforming measures to the level of other men, to be much more sensitive to crime on the part of their convict servants, and to political delinquency on the part of their rulers, than they ever were before."

Here it may be suspected that the author is not free from certain political opinions that may affect his statements on matters of fact, nor will this suspicion loose strength in some minds, when we find him also declaring that under General Darling's government, "attempts were seriously and successfully made to prevent the arrow of (religious) conviction from reaching the heart of a convict, unless it had been duly shot from an episcopalian bow." But whatever bias or asperity may attach to his statements when religious or political opinions are at stake, he does not confine his account of the comparative failure of the transportation system to one cause, nor merely to such as can involve any party feeling, but goes on to remark a fourth, viz. "the facilities for acquiring wealth and influence enjoyed by emancipated convicts." It is perfectly clear that as regards the mother country a knowledge of this fact must have a tendency the reverse of the prevention of crime, and in reference to the colony, of frustrating one of the great ends of transportation.

The fifth cause of comparative failure mentioned is "the transportation of educated convicts," and the frequent as well as ample opportunities which individuals of this class have hitherto enjoyed of obtaining situations of influence in New South Wales. Some of the particulars under this head are curious enough. Many of these worthies have not only clerkships among private individuals, but in government offices—not only are tutors in the families of the wealthier, but have as editors and sub-editors of colonial newspapers, dictated to all and sundry, *how convicts ought to be treated*, and frequently sowing dissension between the emigrant and convict population.

All the above enumerated causes of comparative failure in our transportation system, the author maintains may be still avoided; and in his observations as to the alterations recommended, he begins with some which must take place in England. One of these is, that it is highly inexpedient to carry the sentence of transportation into effect under sentence for less than fourteen years. There are some observations concerning the establishment of penitentiaries in England on the American model, which are too indefinite to afford us an opportunity of judging of their wisdom, and which we need not particularly consider, after what appeared on that subject in our last

number. The whole of the author's short chapter, however, upon the changes to be effected at home, might have been left out, without materially injuring his views, especially since it is clear that his notions and information as to this department of our criminal jurisprudence are very defective and crude.

We have therefore to call attention now to a few of those alterations which are recommended by the author, as regards convicts that have arrived at New South Wales; and the first is the "discontinuance of the assignment system," which he says, is practicable. The doctor does not err on the side of rendering transportation too lenient, although, we cannot but say, that the general train of his reasoning and feelings maintains a considerate regard to the permanent welfare even of the convicts themselves.

"Shortly after the original establishment of the colony of New South Wales, the assignment of convicts as agricultural labourers, mechanics, or house-servants to private individuals, was had recourse to, rather as a matter of convenience to the government than with the view of carrying into effect any well-digested system of penal discipline: for, in carrying out this arrangement, the government were merely desirous, on the one hand, of being eventually relieved of the maintenance of a large proportion of the convicts; and of enabling the colonists, on the other, to supply the settlement as speedily as possible with the necessaries of life.

"The hardships experienced by all classes of the colonists for some time after the commencement of the settlement, were sufficient to neutralize the evil consequences of this arrangement. The circumstances of the colony, however, are altogether different now; for the necessaries of life being now in great abundance and comparatively low-priced, the settler generally finds it his interest to give his convict servants such indulgences as are incompatible with a state of punishment, to render their situation as comfortable as he can, and thereby to obtain, with the least possible inconvenience, the largest possible amount of manual labour. In short, it is not the interest of the prudent settler, who merely studies his own personal advantage, to make his assigned convict servant feel his situation to be a state of punishment: but as all settlers are not gifted with this degree of prudence, (some individuals of that class yielding themselves up occasionally to the influence of violent passion, while others evince the utmost blindness in regard to their own interests,) the practice of assignment, as a species of punishment, is necessarily extremely unequal in its operation; the service of certain masters being really a state of hardship and punishment, to a degree almost intolerable to human nature; while that of others is rather a state of idleness and indulgence. Nay, it cannot be denied, that there are masters in New South Wales, who set so scandalous an example before their convict servants, and treat them on all occasions so much more like brutes than men, that the reformation of a convict in their employment is absolutely hopeless, and his depravation certain. Besides, the facility with which the assigned convict servants of many private individuals can procure ardent spirits, and the temptation which is thus held out to them to resort, as they too often

do successfully, to dishonest and vicious practices to procure this indulgence, effectually preclude the possibility of reformation, in the case of a large majority of that class of the convict population.

"It may be urged, indeed, that convict labour, in the way of assignment to free settlers, is indispensably necessary for the development of the resources of the colony, and for securing its rapid and progressive advancement; while, on the other hand, the employment of all the convicts, who might hereafter be transported to New South Wales, at government labour and under government superintendence, would subject the British government to an enormous and intolerable expense. I shall endeavour to meet these objections.

"In regard, then, to the alleged necessity for continuing the assignment system, to supply the want of labour in New South Wales, I reply, that if the discontinuance of the system of assigning transported criminals, as agricultural labourers or as house-servants, to the free settlers of that colony, can be demonstrated to be expedient and necessary for the prevention of crime in England, and for the reformation of transported criminals, we are not to be told that the New South Wales settlers cannot dispense with convict labour. The interests of the British empire, which undoubtedly require that transportation should be rendered really efficient for these purposes, are not to be sacrificed for the private advantage to the free settlers of that colony. It is gratifying, however, to be able to state, that the interests of the free colonists of New South Wales are not opposed in this particular to the general interests of the empire: for I trust I shall be able to make it abundantly evident, that in the present advanced state of that colony, the assignment of convicts to private individuals is no longer necessary for the development of its vast resources, or for securing its rapid and progressive advancement."

The author goes on to argue that not one of three classes, viz. the proprietors of sheep and cattle—the cultivators of the soil—or the inhabitants of towns—into which the free colonists are divided, require now-a-days that convict labourers and servants be assigned to them, but that free labour may be obtained from the mother country, to the full extent demanded—and this too without increasing the expense of transportation to the home government. Perhaps the chapters that treat of these points are the most valuable and interesting, both in a statistical and moral view, of any in the volume. Let us observe one of the methods by which he says the land revenue of New South Wales may be increased, in order as he would have it, that the importation of free labour might be encouraged and promoted. The following extract, among other things, will show how extremely valuable a certain species of property has become in that settlement.

"But there is also a large increase of the land revenue of New South Wales to be expected from the sale of town allotments. In a letter, which I did myself the honour to address to Lord Viscount Goderich in December 1830, previous to the adoption of the present system of selling land, and in which I took the liberty to recommend that the government should sell

certain Crown lands and town allotments in that colony, and appropriate the proceeds towards the emigration of agricultural labourers and mechanics, of whom a large number were then in great difficulty from want of employment in England, I pointed out certain town allotments belonging to government in the town of Sydney, which I conceived would at that time realize £200,000. Measures are now in progress for the sale of these allotments, of which, from the greatly increased value of property in the colonial capital, the present value has been estimated by competent persons at not less than half a million sterling. Besides, the formation of towns at Twofold Bay and Port Philip, which must necessarily become sea-ports of first-rate importance within a very short period, as well as in various other parts of the territory, will enable the colonial executive greatly to increase the land revenue, from the sale of town allotments. The minimum or upset price of town allotments belonging to government in the town of Sydney is at present £1000 per acre, the price actually realized by private individuals for eligible allotments during the last few years being uniformly much higher. In the future towns of Twofold Bay and Port Philip, £50 or £100 per acre would, I am confident, be a very moderate amount to be established as a minimum price; as even at Bathurst, a rising town beyond the Blue Mountains in the interior, £50 an acre has been obtained for town allotments. The present minimum price in Parramatta, the second town in the colony, is £20, but the allotment obtained from government for the Scots church in that town during the year 1835 has been since valued at £1000, although not more than half an acre; and in the town of Maitland at Hunter's River, where £7 an acre is the minimum price, a half-acre allotment has brought £56.

"At all events, it may be calculated that the revenue arising from the sale of land in New South Wales will very shortly amount to £200,000 per annum; and if that revenue is exclusively appropriated to the introduction of useful emigrants of the working classes into the colony, it will enable the free colonists to import a sufficient number of virtuous and industrious labourers, artisans, and other operatives of all descriptions, not only to supply the existing and rapidly increasing demand for labour in the colony, but also to form a reputable free emigrant peasantry, to cultivate the soil, either as tenements or as small proprietors, and a middle class, consisting of reputable mechanics and other operatives in the towns; thereby gradually elevating the moral character of the colony, and supplying the likeliest means of ensuring the progressive amelioration of its anomalously constituted society. It is therefore unquestionably evident, that the colony of New South Wales possesses the means of supplying itself with free labour, to the utmost extent required by its free population; and that the discontinuance of the assignment system might therefore be effected without the slightest injury to the colony, as far as the necessity of providing a substitute for assigned convict labour is concerned.

"To encourage and promote the importation of free labour, in accordance with the views and intentions of His Majesty's government as abovementioned, the colonial executive give a bounty of £30 from the colonial land revenue for every married couple, of the class of agricultural labourers, shepherds, or mechanics, imported into New South Wales, provided the persons so imported have been selected by some agent duly authorized by

a colonial proprietor; five pounds additional being allowed for every child above a year old. On a large scale, this sum would probably be sufficient to cover the whole expense of the emigration of such persons; but the system has not yet been sufficiently long in operation for the colonists to have adopted any plan for carrying it into effect with combined exertion; and the expense to individuals is consequently somewhat larger than the sum allowed.

"It will naturally occur to the reader, however, that so long as convict labourers can be procured for nothing by colonial proprietors, the latter are not likely as a body to make the requisite exertions to procure free labour from the mother country. The change of system would necessarily subject them, moreover, to some temporary inconvenience, and would require considerable effort; and men who are tolerably comfortable in their circumstances already, are not likely to disregard such considerations, even for the prospect of ultimate pecuniary advantage, much less for the promotion of the moral welfare of their families and of posterity. In short, strong representations and combined exertions on this subject are not to be expected from the colonial proprietors. The government must discontinue the assignment system forthwith, if they are really desirous that transportation should be made efficient as a punishment, and that the colonists should put forth their energies in availing themselves of the means they have now so amply at command, of eventually raising the character of the colony in the scale of civilized communities, by the annual importation of numerous industrious and virtuous free emigrants from the mother country."

But how are convicts to be employed? Here is one of the methods recommended.

"As soon, for example, as the colonial boundary shall be extended in a southerly direction to Bass's Straits, two great roads will be required in that part of the territory; viz., from the township of Yass, near the present limits of the colony in the south-western interior, to Port Philip, a distance of about four hundred miles; and from the township of Goulburn, in Argyle, one hundred and twenty miles from Sydney, to Twofold Bay, a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles. Roads along the eastern and southern coasts will also be required, and cross-roads to connect the settlements on the coast with those in the interior. On all these roads bridges will be required; and breakwaters, dikes, quays, embankments, and extensive excavations will be necessary to render the harbours on various parts of the coast safe and commodious, or to give the requisite value to allotments in the future towns in their immediate vicinity. For all these purposes a vast expenditure of labour will be required. In a colony, however, in which all such labour has hitherto been performed exclusively by convicts, it is not to be expected that free emigrants, even of the class of labourers, would willingly accept employment of this kind, even for wages; especially while employment of a more eligible description could be obtained with facility. There would thus be a constant and a constantly increasing demand for convict labour for public works within the territory; and that demand would, I am confident, afford immediate employment for at least ten thousand convicts—a much larger number

than the government would have to dispose of for a considerable time to come, even though the system of assignment should be immediately discontinued.

"There is this peculiar advantage in employing convicts only in such public works as I have enumerated,—that the labour, if at all severe and incessant, as it ought unquestionably to be, is exceedingly irksome, and must necessarily be *felt* as a punishment. But such a mode of employing convicts has various other advantages to recommend it. It would enable the government to pursue one uniform system of procedure towards all convicts of the same degree of criminality in the eye of the law, whether in regard to food or clothing, labour or restraint, rewards or punishments. Efficient superintendence, solitary confinement by night, and regular religious instruction, could also be afforded under such a system of management, much more easily than under the assignment system; while exemplary conduct during a certain term of years might still entitle the convict to a ticket of leave, and enable him to return eventually to society.

"As public works of the description I have specified are at present urgently required in New South Wales; and as the colonial revenue, which has hitherto kept pace with the annual increase of the population and the progressive development of the resources of the colony, is fully adequate to meet the whole cost of such works;—I see no reason why a debtor and creditor account should not be kept for the labour expended on such works, on the part of the superintendent of convicts, acting on behalf of the mother country on the one hand, and of the colonial government on the other.

"There would be no difficulty, for instance, in estimating the value of the labour performed by convicts in the construction or repairing of roads, or in any of the other public works to which convict labour might be applied in New South Wales; and there would thus be ample means of striking a balance between the colony and the mother country. The maintenance of a convict employed at the public works cost the colonial government at present £9. 9*s*. 10½*d*. per annum; and if the value of the convict's labour for a whole twelvemonth should not greatly exceed that amount, under the proposed arrangement, the fault would be attributable solely to inefficient superintendence."*

We have now gone as far and as widely into the volume before us as to show that its contents are worthy of the attention of His Majesty's government, of the legislature, and of the whole British public; and that though it contained no other statements and

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"* In the year 1831, when beef cost only three farthings, and bread a penny per pound, the whole cost of the maintenance of a convict at government labour in New South Wales did not amount to more than £7. 0*s*. 3½*d*. per annum. Beef and bread were unusually high in the year 1835, for which year the cost mentioned in the text is given. I am confident that £8 would cover the whole outlay for each convict's maintenance for a series of years, if the number employed at the public works should be considerable."

reasonings than those which bear upon the subject of secondary punishments, or no other suggestions than those which immediately concern the framers of criminal laws, Dr. Lang deserves the gratitude of his countrymen, whether at home or abroad, for having so ably employed his time during his passage from New South Wales to England, in his last voyage hither.

ART. II.—*Letters from the South.* By THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq. Author of "The Pleasures of Hope." 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1837.

MR. COLBURN has, since he resumed his publishing career, been pouring in upon the reading community, an extraordinary number and variety of amusing and valuable works; but within these two or three past weeks he has been exceeding his former efforts. Our last number bore some testimony to this fact—especially in so far as the lighter departments of literature are concerned—and yet we noticed only a sample of these instances—the majority belonging to the school of fiction. The publication, however, which we have at present selected suggests a graver subject, inasmuch as it may be expected to contain the results of travel in a foreign land. But though it details facts and the fruits of observation among strangers, these will be found as lightsome, agreeable, and graceful, as if their accomplished author had wielded his elegant pen in the regions of pure fancy. Altogether, the work is one of the most amusing, lively, and rambling, that we have read for a long time.

As a book of travels, indeed, these Letters do not pretend to offer much important novelty, or any very serious dissertations. They are anecdotical rather than historical. They also contain many animated descriptions of French and Algerine personages and manners, and some speculations regarding the scheme and probable results of the Gallic colony that has taken footing in the part of Northern Africa which he visited. But it is chiefly the good-natured and generous style of gossiping—together with the grace and point which the finished composition of the author lends to little incidents, or circumscribed events, that captivates, and will at any time wile away an hour—leaving a humanizing influence behind.

Mr. Campbell informs his readers that, while exploring books of ancient geography in the King's Library at Paris, his eye, and consequently his imagination, came in contact with Algiers. Like a young erratic traveller, who allows himself to be driven hither and thither just as the wind or fancy may set in, he found himself on the way to Marseilles, whence he took shipping for the coast that so long harboured the most relentless of pirates. He soon got

introduced to the best society in the city of Algiers. But his excursions into the adjacent country were never extensive; and for this very good reason, that the lines of the French army are much limited, beyond which there is no security for a stranger. He visited Bona and Oran—the extremities east and west of their military posts. He also penetrated as far as Mascara, which is eighty miles in the interior; and therefore he can say—"I have slept under an Arab tent, and have spent some days in a town where everything is pure Africanism; where the sound of a Sabbath-bell is unknown; and where you could not, if you had a thousand pounds in your pocket, purchase a pint of wine to drink after your dinner." It is not to be expected, therefore, that many hairbreadth adventures can have befallen the poet of "Hope," in these regions, nor that he can have obtained much novel information relative to strange and unexplored lands; short and lively sketches of little random scenes, or of individual characters, necessarily forming the staple of the performance. In these circumstances anything like a formal and studied critique concerning the points discussed can have no opportunity in the present case. We therefore proceed to cite such amusing and curious particulars as have happened most strikingly to engage the eye in running over the several Letters here reproduced in a connected form.

The mighty men who formerly swayed the destinies of the Algerines could not it seems always count a royal or noble origin. Mr. Campbell says—

"Mr. St. John told me that before the invasion, the Turkish garrison in Algiers itself consisted of about five thousand Levantine Turks, all of them of the worst description; and who, having small pay, for the most part exercised different trades. Out of these it was the law that the Dey and his principal officers were to be chosen! so that an enlightened government could not reasonably be expected. The last Dey had been a waiter in a coffee-house. It is but justice to say, that when he changed the napkin for the sceptre, he was, for a Dey of Algiers, one of the most clement princes that ever reigned. The Aga of the Janissaries, who married the Dey's daughter, had been a wrestler; and it was thought, if the French had not come, that he might have one day tripped up the heels of his father-in-law. The Minister of Marine, or Lord High Admiral, was, before his installation in office, a burner of charcoal; and his Excellency's manners continued to savour so much of the coal-burner, that none of the European Consuls could speak to him without a trial of temper."

But all human greatness is transitory and uncertain. Of the Turkish aristocracy, our author declares there is not a wreck left behind. Their villas are deserted and desolate; some of them are still beautiful, though in ruins. Let us have the description of the Dey's treasury, which is gorgeous like an Arabian Nights' Tale, and yet affecting, from the contrasts which it suggests.

"The treasury was paved with stone, for no wooden floor could have supported the weight of golden coins, lying literally in millions, heaped up, like corn in a granary, several feet high against the walls, the plaster of which had been wet when the golden coins were shovelled in, but when dry retained the impression of them, and made the silent walls tell that they had been printed by coins of gold. In this hall of Plutus were contained not only some hundred thousands in gold and jewels, which the Dey took with him, but between two and three millions which the French owned to receiving."

But if rulers, ministers of state, and landed gentry, have been ruined by French invasion, other members of the Moorish population have had good reason to rejoice. We refer to the monkey tribe.

"The Kabyle peasant attaches a gourd, well fixed, to a tree; he puts some rice into it, and strews some grains at the aperture, to show that there may be more within, making a hole just large enough to admit the paw of the monkey. Unfortunate pug puts in his open paw, and grasps his booty, but is unable to draw it back, because it is clenched, and he is not wise enough to think of unclenching it. Hence he remains, as the law phrases it, with 'his person attached,' and is found next morning, looking, you may suppose, very foolish and penitent. The olden custom was to put him instantly to death, but, as he will now fetch twenty francs at Algiers, he is sentenced only to transportation; so that the monkies are at least one part of the population who have been benefited by the arrival of the French."

Having here found the French particularly referred to, and observing that the author's sketches frequently consist of descriptions immediately concerning them, we quote two separate passages, where their character, conduct, and sufferings, in their new colony, are strikingly exemplified.

"Some twelve miles from Oran, we passed the spot where, a year and a half ago, there had been hard fighting between the French and the natives. The French soldiers, though an overmatch for the Arabs, suffered dreadfully from heat and thirst. Their store of water was exhausted; the breath of the simoon set in; the cavalry stood its shock, and by their elevation from the ground were able to respire; but the foot-soldiers fell by companies, gasping for breath. A captain of dragoons, who was in the scene, told me that there was more than one instance of the infantry soldier, driven to madness by thirst and agony, putting his head to the mouth of his musket and his foot to the trigger, and committing suicide. One infantry officer alone gave way to despair; and though it is probable that he was, in these circumstances, no more a responsible agent than a man in the delirium of fever, yet it was better, perhaps, that he did not survive the occurrence. He pulled his purse from his pocket; he said to his men, 'I have led you into battles with courage, and I have always been a kind officer to you: the horror of my sufferings is now insupportable; let the man among you who is my best friend shoot me dead, and here are thirty louis d'ors for his legacy.' No man would comply with

his request; but he had hardly uttered it when he fell down and expired."

The force of associations and reminiscences is thus shown—

"A few days ago, by General Trezel's invitation, I accompanied him and his staff at the head of his brigade, in an excursion into the interior. We met with no adventures worth relating, and, except at one spot, we saw none of the natives. For miles after you leave Oran, the chain of hills that run from the South to the sea, are bare and stony, and the plain itself is totally uncultivated, but it abounds in asphodel, so tall that I could pluck its tops as I rode; and there were here and there most beautiful patches of the tulip and bouglossa. We caught a glimpse of a white gazelle, that speedily hid itself among the asphodels; happily it was against military etiquette to pursue it.

"At times the trumpets of the cavalry played martial airs, that were delightfully unmixed with that din of drums which generally overpowers French military music. The echoes of the wild landscape gave a strange effect to the notes of the war-horn. Not a tent, nor an Arab, nor a camel, was to be seen; every living thing seemed to have fled before the French, except a majestic eagle, that hovered over the troops, and you would have thought exulted in hearing the military band. What a glorious fellow he was! I see him yet in my mind's eye, towering up to the topmost heaven, then dropping plump down till his shadow was pictured on the sunny ground; at times he would shoot before us, turning his crested head and splendid eyes completely back over his shoulders; anon he would wheel in elliptic circles, or turn vertically, as if in sport, on his yard-wide wings. Now, I said to myself, can Frenchmen under arms see an eagle hovering over their trumpets without certain reminiscences! And I was not mistaken; looking round, I saw more than ordinary expression in all their Gallic faces: it was grave and not gay expression; but it was, to my imagination at least, strongly intelligible. I said to an officer, at whose side I was riding,—'Is it merely my fancy, or do the soldiers look at that bird with peculiar admiration?' 'Pauca verba,' he replied, 'this is no place for making remarks, but you are perfectly right that the eagle is producing a sensation!' In spite of this caution, I kept behind, and observed to an elderly serjeant of cavalry, 'That is a noble bird up there.' 'Oui,' he answered emphatically, 'l'aigle vaut mieux que le coq.'"

Before leaving the special allusions which Mr. Campbell makes to the French, we may just mention generally, that their Algerine enterprise is a failure, and that this has been owing to want of due consideration of what they have been about, and also of the means to carry their rash purposes into effect. The Algerine population can only be kept under where the invaders are encamped; while these invaders, instead of adopting measures to win the hearts of the subdued, or of bending to their prejudices and superstitions, have only induced a more inveterate enmity. But as we do not learn much on this point which has not previously been notorious, we proceed with our fragmentary extracts.

Many horrid stories and much alarm have been current regarding

the condition and sufferings of those Christian captives in whom the Algerines were wont to traffic. It appears from Mr. Campbell's statements, that these enslaved prisoners were not always so cruelly used or strictly watched, as report represented; for that they were sometimes allowed to enter into business on their own account, if free Christians would sufficiently guarantee their possession.

"So the free Christians, it may be easily imagined, were very cautious as to the objects of their cautioning, and even when they gave it, generally required their fellow-believer to wear a token of his obligation to them. Some free strangers from Christendom having seated themselves one day in a tavern, and called for wine, mine host brought it in to them, limping with an iron circle on one of his legs. 'What,' said they, 'Boniface, do you keep this house, and are you yet a slave?' 'I am so nominally,' he answered; 'a Moor is my proprietor, but Mr. So-and-so is my patron, God bless him!—he set me up in this shop, and gives security against my quitting Algiers without notice.'—'But does the law oblige you to wear that iron?'—'No,' said the arch fellow; 'I wear it only to oblige my patron.'—'Does he distrust you then?'—'Oh, dear me, no!—no more than he distrusts his own wife; but just by way of ceremony he gave his wife a ring to wear on her finger, and in the same way he gave me this iron ring to wear about my ankle.' In reality, however, the ankle ring was not so easily slipped off as a finger one, and its notoriety was some security to the patron. Where is patronage to be found without a badge?"

It would seem that the Mahometans do not all deny to the tender sex the possession of a soul.

"Apropos to those fair ones, it is a common report that Musselmans believe them to have no souls. But this is quite untrue. A Moorish Marahoot, or Saint, to whom I put the question, assured me that the Koran inculcates no such doctrine. 'Then why,' said I, 'do you not allow your young women, to attend the mosques?' 'Because,' he replied, 'the guardian angel of the mosque might detect in the hearts of the men a human sort of devotion which would desecrate the place.'"

The reader may well declare, after noticing the following statement, that taste is everything:—

"I fear that you will think that I am grown a downright gossip when I tell you a bit of scandal that has reached me about the Moorish young ladies. *They are fond of puppies.* For that matter, you will perhaps reply, that the finest ladies of Europe also frequently show a predilection for that species of animal both canine and human. Well, but likings take different modes of expressing themselves. A Canadian Indian was once asked if he had known the Bishop of Quebec? 'Yes, yes.' 'And how did you like him?' 'Oh! vastly.' 'But how did you happen to know him?' 'Happen to know him! Why, I ate a piece of him.' In like manner my Mauritanian beauties are devouringly fond of puppies. *You* only fondle them, but *they* gobble them up by litters in their cous-cousou. It is said, however, that they do this not so much from a carnivorous propensity, as from a belief that this sort of flesh is very fattening, and the fat of a Mahometan beauty is her glory."

Here is another sort of service which a portion of that division of the animal kingdom, called insects, performs for man, that must be new to most of our readers.

"A sample of ingenious barbaric simplicity met us on the same journey. We passed some Arabs who were sitting naked on the ground, with their habiliments spread out beside them. 'What does this mean?' I inquired. I was told that their garments were purposely spread upon ants' hillocks; and that the ants, after devouring all the vermin which they find on the clothes, retire from them well satisfied into their nests. How instructive it is to see the world!"

It would appear that that portion of the inhabitants of northern Africa which is called Kabyles, are particularly ingenious, and that they imitate most of the handicrafts of Europe.

"They make gunpowder—they have mines, and understand so much of metallurgy as to fabricate bijouterie. The French have confessed their power of manufacturing one little missile-kind of trinket, vulgarly called a leaden bullet, with *heartfelt astonishment.* Nay, their Gallic invaders soon found that those ragged and wretched-looking devils could be artists as well as artisans.

"The French had scarcely been two months in Algiers when the scarcity of five-franc pieces was found to be unaccountably diminished by supplies of forged ones from the interior, so dexterously fabricated that a great many of them were current. When the forgery was discovered, it was at first very naturally ascribed to Europeans; but, on better investigation, it was traced up to the descendants of Juba and Jugurtha. The missionaries of false coinage, who brought it wrapped up in their duds into town, appeared such simple creatures, that for a long time they disarmed suspicion —so true is the adage, that the perfection of art is to conceal art."

The Arabs of Algiers, it is said, still retain the acute sense of hearing, which is so strongly developed in the Bedouins.

"No people in the world have a more acute sense of hearing than the Arabs. A person who has travelled among them says, that he has seen individuals who could literally erect their ears at will, and move them like a quadruped. I leave you to laugh at this traveller's story, or believe it, just as you please. But the following instance of the excellence of their auditory faculty was given to me by my gallant and intelligent friend, Capt. Lagondie: During the hostilities not far from Algiers, a troop of French cavalry was missing, and fear was entertained that they had been killed or captured. Captain Lagondie was sent out with two troops of horse to search for them, having with him an Arab on whom he could depend. After sunset, when it was completely dark, they heard the trampling of horses' feet, and Captain Lagondie, joyfully concluding that his missing countrymen were coming up, ordered the trumpet to be blown to welcome them. 'Stop, stop,' said the Arab guide; 'hush! no shouting, no trumpeting. These riders may be Arabs for aught that we know. Let us listen till we hear them speak.' Lagondie and his men listened and listened, but could not hear one word. But the Arab's ear was not so obtuse. In a few minutes he said, 'Yes—they are French—at least they

are not speaking Arabic.' He could hear words articulated, where an European ear could not discern a syllable."

The poetic muse has not been entirely banished from the barbaric tribes, of whom Mr. Campbell has so much to detail. The ex-Bey of Titeri is a poet; and what is more, a son of song that loves a good dinner, and a table companion of congenial tastes and acquirements. Accordingly he invited the author to a repast, such as few poets are fortunate enough to command.

"The guests were Colonel Maret, two other Frenchmen, and myself. Our host placed me on an ottoman, and, after taking a few whiffs of a long pipe, handed it to me moist from his own lips, as the greatest respect that can be shown to a stranger. At last the dinner-table was brought in, or rather a large round tin tray, which was placed on a slight elevation from the floor. In the midst of it was a bowl of exquisite rice-soup, and each of us having squatted himself cross-legged on a low cushion like so many tailors, we were helped to a plateful of soup a-piece, and we fed ourselves with wooden spoons. The plates were fine English porcelain. Before each of us was placed a long napkin, which our host told me was of Smyrna cloth. Next came a large broiled fish, deliciously flavoured and stuffed with pudding: it was sent round, and every one clutched a portion of it with his fingers and thumb. By my faith, I thought, on tasting this regale, for aught that the French can do in civilizing African cookery, they may as well stay at home. I was so pleased with the fish, that I desired to be helped a second time from it; whereupon the *ex-Bey*, with *exemplary* politeness, grasped a handful of it, and laid it on my plate.

"Behold, my friend, what it is to move in high life, and to see the world! Presently we had roasted fowls, flanked by some savoury dishes of vegetables, well soused with oil, and by and bye followed cous-cousou. The pullets were torn asunder by strength of hand, but with ineffable delicacy. Meanwhile, my heart was yearning after the rich legumes that were floating in gravy, as golden bright as the clouds of a summer sunset. There was no spoon, and so I poured a part of the vegetables on my plate, and, by the aid of a piece of bread, and my spoonless fingers, whipped considerable portions into my mouth. 'For shame!' methinks you are already exclaiming: 'is this your high life, to sit pawing your food like a squirrel? Could you not have asked for a spoon?' Well, I did so when the cous-cousou came in; but, in the mean time, I was desperately hungry. For the glorious cous-cousou we of Christendom were allowed spoons, and though our words could not describe its relish, our mouths did it ample justice without uttering a word. Since the days of my boyhood I never ate a heartier dinner."

The Algerine Jews seem to be as ignorant and superstitious as any of their neighbours; and with a notice of them, we close our extracts.

"When a man dies, they believe that the devil stands in ambush before the house, in order to get possession of the corpse on its way to its last abode. As the rabbis, however, surround it all the way to interment, his infernal majesty is cowed by their presence; but still he follows the pro-

cession, in hopes of finding some favourable opportunity, or of slipping into the grave along with the defunct. When the body, therefore, is near the opened grave, the bearers suddenly retreat with it to a certain distance, and a rabbi attending them throws some gold pieces as far as he can in different directions. The devil, who is by this time either in the grave or near it, is tempted by his avarice to go and pick up the money; and, whilst he is thus employed, the corpse is hurried back to the tomb, and earth thrown over it. One day that I talked about this custom to a Moor, who has a bigoted hatred of the poor Israelites, I asked him if it was not unlike a Jew to throw away his money? 'Ah, yes,' he said; 'but it is very like a Jew to cheat the devil.' In the burials of females, this scattering of money is never practised: Satan, it is alleged, has already too much trouble upon his hands to wish getting hold of a woman."

ART. III.

1.—*Modern India; with Illustrations of the Resources and Capabilities of Hindustan.* By HENRY H. SPRY, M. D. 2 vols. Whittaker.

2.—*Reports and Documents connected with the Proceedings of the East India Company in regard to the Culture and Manufacture of Cotton-Wool, Raw Silk, and Indigo, in India. London: printed by Order of the East India Company*, 21*st Dec.* 1836.

THESE two works are very dissimilar in regard both to matter and style; and yet they may be aptly united under the running title which we have adopted. Dr. Spry's volumes, as may be understood from their own announcement, have a much more general and diversified character than the "Reports and Documents," which have from time to time been furnished in the course of the "Company's" management of their vast empire in relation to three of the most important and valuable of its products. In fact, the Doctor's work is a distinguished example of a book which is not less attractive on account of its light and amusing matter, than it is calculated to convey useful knowledge to the practical as well as to the scientific man. And all this is done with the judgment, the taste, and ease which are to be expected from a learned and accomplished writer, but whose reading and studies have been enriched and modified by extensive observation and ripe experience of the world. There is even a good deal that is new to us in the information which these volumes communicate, respecting the vast regions and the mighty resources described. But as our design at present is chiefly to consider the history and value of the three great articles of cultivation mentioned in the second work before us, we shall do very little more with the first than cite one or two passages as a specimen of the whole.

In several recent publications we have been informed regarding an extraordinary race of robbers and murderers, that infest certain

districts of India; but in the present work is described another tribe, that are still more degraded and still more unnatural in their habits, called Kookees. Indeed they are scarcely to be distinguished from the monkeys with which they herd, and were it not fully and frequently authenticated, we should be inclined to look upon our author's account as a most extravagant fabrication. The persons who have chiefly had an opportunity of falling in with these loathsome people, who are systematic cannibals, are the elephant hunters; and the information hence derived contains these particulars.

"The Kookees, as these brutal wretches are called, have, according to the account afforded me by Major Gairdner, protuberant bellies: they are low in stature, with set features, and muscular limbs. They speak a dialect peculiar to themselves, and build their villages on the boughs of the forest trees. They do not appear to have any settled abiding place, but wander in herds from one wilderness to another. When a site favourable to their purpose has been found, the whole community immediately set to work to collect bamboos and branches of trees, which are afterwards fashioned into platforms, and placed across the lofty boughs of the different trees. On this foundation the rude grass superstructure is raised which forms the hut. When these sheds are completed, and every family provided with a habitation, the women and children are taken into their aerial abodes. The men then lop off all the branches within reach of the ground, and having constructed for themselves a rough ladder of bamboos, they ascend the trees by means of this rude staircase, drawing it up after them to prevent the intrusion of strangers, and a necessary precaution against the encroachments of their four-footed companions of the forest. In this manner they repose, floating in the branches, and cradled by the wind, partaking more of the savage ferocity of brutes than the milder charities of man.

The division of Chittagong, appertaining to the eastern portion of the province of Bengal, has been selected for the grand depot established for the purpose of taming and rearing the Company's elephants, and the superintendent of the stud dispatches men skilled in the art of hunting down those that are wild, into the neighbouring blue mountains, in the direction of Ava.

The mere circumstance of a whole tribe taking for their place of habitation the boughs of trees, does not appear so improbable, when it is known, as all are aware who have travelled in India, that the watchmen employed in the charge of mango groves, or other valuable fruit cultivations, often form a sort of nest on the branches of some neighbouring trees,—a small hut, or rather shed, just sufficient to shield the body from the inclemency of the weather, being raised upon a platform resting on the boughs; but the dwelling-place of the Kookees is not the only extraordinary circumstance connected with their history.

"They openly boast of their feats of cannibalism, showing, with the strongest expressions of satisfaction, the bones and residue of their fel-

low-creatures who have fallen a prey to their horrible appetites. So intent are they in their search after human flesh, that the superintendent was always obliged to send out the men employed in hunting the elephants armed with muskets, and in not fewer than parties of ten. One poor man they unfortunately caught while off his guard, and devoured him almost, before his life blood had congealed in his veins. Attempts have been made to subdue and civilize these people, and one of their head men was over, and employed by Major Gairdner at the elephant depot, but he could not be induced to relinquish his old habits. In a short time he was detected in the commission of a murder, and was executed by the civil authorities of Chittagong. When the tidings of this man's fate reached the ears of his former associates, they became greatly incensed, and for a long time afterwards exerted themselves, happily in vain, to obtain possession of the person of the superintendent, who had frequently occasion to cross their path in the execution of his duty. These people, strange as it may appear, are living within 150 miles of Calcutta, the metropolis of British India and the seat of government, and yet their existence even is scarcely known by the people who are not in authority—comparatively little information from the woods and jungles of the savage portions of Bengal finding its way to the Calcutta newspapers. The existence of cannibals in India is a fact only recently established, and many were of opinion that the races were extinct; it has now, however, been proved beyond all question, that the Kookees, who infest the blue mountains of Chittagong, and the Goands, inhabiting the hill forests of Nagpore, both feed upon human flesh. There is this distinction in favour of the latter, that they partake of it only occasionally, and in compliance with a religious custom—while the Kookees delight and banquet on the horrid repast."

We may also quote some particulars that convey minute information regarding those atrocious people already referred to, viz., the Thugs. Dr. Spry is describing the trial and execution of a number of them. Having been drawn up in a semicircle round the bench on which the judge was seated, these criminals had the warrants placed before them, and each name, as called out by the court, was repeated by the sheristhadar. At the conclusion of this ceremony, a few sentences were addressed to them in the Hindustanee language.

"Few answered: those who did reply merely requested, as a dying favour, that their bodies, on being taken down, might be burnt. One hardened villain, however, as he was turning round to leave the court, disturbed the solemnity of the scene, by muttering:—'Ah, you have got it all your own way now, but let me find you in Paradise, and then I will be revenged!' The night was passed by these men in displays of coarse and disgusting levity. Trusting in the assurance that, dying in the cause of their calling, Bhowanee would provide for them in Paradise, they evinced neither penitence nor remorse.

"Stifling their alarm with boisterous revelling, they hoped to establish in the minds of their comrades who could hear them through the wall, a

reputation for courage, by means, which, at once, proved their insincerity and belied their fortitude."

The execution scene is rendered exceedingly appalling, in consequence of the author's plain and circumstantial style.

"When morning came, numerous hackeries drew up to the gaol door, taking five men in each. They looked dreadfully haggard. As one cart was laden after the other, it was driven away, surrounded by sepoys with fixed bayonets and loaded muskets. The place appointed for the executions was on the north side of the town of Saugor, about a mile and a half from the gaol. '*Rooksut Doctor Sahib*,' '*Salam Doctor Sahib*,' were the salutations which I received, as I rode by the wretched tumbrils which were jolting them to execution. The gibbets were temporary erections, forming three sides of a square. The upright posts which supported the cross-beams were firmly fixed in stone-masonry five feet in height. From either side of these walls foot-boards were placed, on which the unhappy criminals were to land on reaching the top of the ladder. The cross-beams were each provided with ten running halters equidistant from one another. As each hackery load of malefactors arrived, it was taken to the foot of the respective ladders, and as one by one got out he mounted to the platform or foot-board. Their irons were not removed. All this time the air was pierced with the hoarse and hollow shoutings of these wretched men.

"Each man, as he reached the top of the ladder, stepped out on the platform and walked at once to a halter. Without loss of time he tried its strength by weighing his whole body on it. Every one having by this means proved the strength of his rope with his own hands (for none of them were handcuffed), introduced his head into the noose, drew the knot firmly home immediately behind the right ear, and amid terrific cheers jumped off the board and launched himself into eternity! Thus in the moment of death we see a scrupulous attention paid to the preservation of caste. To wait to be hung by the hands of a chumar, was a thought too revolting for endurance. The name would be disgraced for ever, and, therefore, rather than submit to its degradation every man hung himself!"

We now proceed to gather some of the information furnished by the "Reports and Documents" concerning the Cotton-wool, Raw Silk, and Indigo, that are cultivated in India. The Reports are short, but the appended Documents are very numerous, affording the current of official instructions, evidence, and conclusions, which during the course of a number of years have accumulated regarding each of the specified articles of cultivation—the whole filling a very thick octavo volume and affording extremely minute and satisfactory data for judging of these branches of riches to those who desire to hear of the golden East. And yet though the cotton, silk, and indigo of India have in the course of no very long period of time become greatly more valuable in consequence of enlightened enterprize, both in respect of cultivation and manufacture, it is to be presumed that still farther advances will be made in the case of each of

them, especially the two former, which have not hitherto been able to compete with productions of the same name in some other regions of the earth.

East India cotton-wool seems to have become a subject of public attention to the manufacturers of Great Britain, about the latter part of the eighteenth century. In 1788, the Court of Directors called upon the Indian authorities to collect, and send over, full information respecting its cultivation, and the state of the trade in it. This was done, and from these Reports, as here published, not only are the principal districts of several provinces from which the cotton is obtained described, but the various measures resorted to for the improvement of the article. While, however, all these efforts have not yet been completely successful, the facts here recorded cannot but be useful to succeeding cultivators and traders.

Besides, perhaps, the inferiority of the climate, the soil, and the varieties of the cotton plant of India, as compared with others in different parts of the globe, there seems to be defects and errors attendant on the method of cleaning and packing the wool for the home market, that might be remedied. From a Memoir, by a Mr. Randall, upon the Cotton Cultivation of India, written in 1819, some valuable suggestions may be gleaned. He says—

"The cotton at present cultivated in the territories under Madras is not, generally speaking, of the best kind: much of the old native cotton is poor in produce and bad in staple. The most saleable cotton-seed for India would be from New Orleans, Brazil, and Bourbon, being the most profitable kinds of cotton, white in colour, long-stapled, and producing the most wool from the pods, also the easiest cleaned from seed, and the least troublesome in cultivation. These seeds, however, require after planting the nourishment of water during the hot months, and should be watered twice every week. Even the Surat and Ahmood cotton-seeds, for a change, would be better than what at present are used, which seem exhausted or worn out. In agriculture, it is well known that a change of seed is very beneficial in increasing both quantity and quality. The musters of cotton and seed now sent with this paper are the produce of Brazil, or what is called kidney cotton, and Bourbon, marked A and B. Bourbon seed may be planted between small ridges of soil in open field, if the fields can be watered by wells, tanks, springs, or nullahs branching from large streams. The Brazil or kidney cotton is a tree which grows from ten to twelve feet in height, and which produces an immense number of pods, having the finest wool enveloped about conglomerated seeds, each pod having from six to ten seeds so conglomerated. This kind of cotton will succeed and thrive well on the banks of tanks, nullahs near springs, wells, and small streams of water: it is a very valuable kind of cotton. When the seeds are to be planted they are of course to be separated, so that each pod will produce six or ten-fold only in plants."

Many of the Indian cultivators, it would appear, are extremely

ignorant and negligent in regard to cotton. Those, for instance, who, in 1812, had small farms in the island of Salsette, are represented as being incapable of enjoying any satisfaction which arises from new and successful systems of agriculture. From a paper written by a Mr. Tucker, so late as 1829, and laid before a Committee of the Court of Directors, we cite some paragraphs which will show to our readers that that powerful body have not been altogether inattentive to the subject of cotton cultivation; and also that there is encouragement for perseverance and experiment.

"1. There are two species of the cotton-plant producing the wool which is used in our manufactures; the *gossypium Barbadense* and the *gossypium herbaceum:* and there are persons who maintain that an essential difference exists, not merely in the botanical character of the two species, but in the strength and durability of the filament which these plants produce. It is well known that the *gossypium Barbadense* is grown generally in America and the West Indies, and may be designated the cotton of the West, while the species *herbaceum* is a native of Asia, and may be distinguished as the cotton of the East.

"2. There are several varieties of each species, produced probably by a difference in situation, soil, climate, and culture; and although the two species, with their several varieties, have an original and natural site, there is reason to believe that they can be cultivated indifferently, in any tropical situation favourable to the production of the plant generally.

"3. The cotton of the West, as the raw material of our manufactures, has hitherto borne, and still bears, a much higher price in the markets of Europe than the cotton of the East; although it is contended, that the fabrics wove from the latter surpass, in the essential character of strength and durability, those which are manufactured from the cotton of America.

"4. Without insisting upon the superiority of the eastern cotton as a natural production, its inferiority as an article of commerce, and its consequent depression in price, may be accounted for by the following circumstances, which operate in a greater or less degree in deteriorating its quality and merchantable value.

"First. The best variety is not generally cultivated for exportation.

"Second. The best situations are not always chosen for its cultivation.

"Third. The mode of culture is essentially defective, the natives of India being in the habit of growing different articles of produce upon the same land at the same time, with little regard to a rotation of crops; and owing to this injudicious husbandry, and to carelessness and mismanagement in other respects, the shrub, which under proper care is elsewhere rendered biennial, triennial, and even perennial, is in India found to be an annual only.

"Fourth. The cotton is not properly cleaned and separated from the seed; the machinery employed for this purpose being very insufficient, and greatly inferior to that now in use in America.

"Fifth. In consequence of the defects of the machinery, the essential

oil of the seed is liable to be expressed and suffused over the cotton, to the injury of its colour and quality.

"Sixth. The cotton being produced generally at a greater distance (in some instances not less than one thousand miles) from the place of export, and the state of the rivers at the season of gathering the crop not admitting of its being conveyed the whole distance by water, it is frequently warehoused for months at intermediate stations, and a whole season is often lost before it can be packed and screwed for exportation.

"Seventh. During its progress to the place of export in loose bags or bales, partly by land and partly by water, it is much exposed to the inclemency of the weather; the bales are often rendered wet or damp by the heavy rains which prevail in tropical climates, and the cotton seldom arrives at its place of destination without some discolouration and partial damage, incidental to its conveyance in open carts and ill secured boats, during a long land journey and tedious river navigation.

"Eighth. Although attempts are made to clean the cotton, and remove the seed and particles of the pod and leaf, before it is submitted to the screw, this is never done effectually, and the extreme compressure to which the cotton is then subjected by this powerful machine, with a part of its seed and impurities still adhering, must tend to injure the fibre.

"Ninth. The heat and moisture of the hold of a ship during a long voyage, in which great alternations of temperature are usually experienced, may also tend to injure the quality of the article.

"Lastly. It may be observed, that the practice heretofore common in some of our provinces, of receiving the cotton in payment of rent and revenue, was calculated to make the cultivators more solicitous to increase the *quantity* than to improve the *quality* of the article. Their necessities, moreover, may be supposed to have compelled them often to gather their crop *unseasonably*, for the purpose of making these payments in kind; and it is well known, that cotton gathered in wet weather is liable to be materially deteriorated in quality and value. The practice of receiving payments in kind has been discontinued at Bombay; but effects are often felt long after the original cause has been removed.

"The *Bairati kupas*, the finest variety, perhaps, of the Eastern cotton, is produced only in small quantity in the districts north-west of Dacca, and is never exported, I believe, as an article of commerce. Its favourite site seems to be the high banks of the Ganges (or as it is called in a part of its course, the Pudnah), and its tributary streams; but as the country adjacent is liable to annual inundation, the tract of land applicable to its cultivation is not extensive. This variety, which is also called by the natives *Désy* (of the country), would seem to be, as the name imports, the indigenous cotton of Bengal, producing those unrivalled fabrics, which have been known and highly valued in Europe from the earliest period of authentic history;"

This finest variety is extremely silky and strong, but the staple is very short, and the wool adheres most tenaciously to the seed. It will thus be seen that there are several species (some naturalists reckon four), and many varieties of the cotton-plant. What the

utmost cultivation of some of these, and the judicious choice of the most appropriate soils and situations for their culture may accomplish, it is not for us to predict. Certain it is, that there is scope for improvement, and a possibility of carrying it to higher stages than has ever yet been effected within the Company's empire; but how soon, or whether the throwing India open to European and free enterprize promises well in this respect, does not appear from anything which we have read in the present volume.

We shall only farther quote from this branch of the publication before us, part of the observations furnished by Mr. Bernard Metcalfe, in 1815, on the Cottons of India.

"There are two species of the shrub-cotton, viz. the black and the green seed, in each of which there are, probably, as many varieties as of the gooseberry or any other shrub. The black seed is only cultivated in the West Indies and the Brazils, because the labour required in separating the cotton or staple from the seed is neither so difficult nor so tedious as the green seed. The cottons grown in India are for the most part a variety of the green seed, of which some are more easily cleaned than others. Those that may be regarded a staple commodity of the country are principally found in the Company's possessions, in the Guzerat and the Broach, in the Mahratta dominions, and the Ceded Districts of the Nizam: they are likewise cultivated to a considerable extent in the province of Bundelcund and the Rohilla country, as well as in the Southern Districts of the Peninsula. In fact, the cotton plant is indigenous in most countries within the tropics, and cultivated in much higher latitudes, neither requiring a very rich nor impoverishing a lighter soil. It has this singular property, of producing the finest staple where the waters are brackish. The Georgia Sea Island, the Surinams, and Demeraras, are all grown on the border of the sea, and the prime qualities only as far inland as the influence of the sea-air and tide-waters extend. I have often regretted not having the means or opportunity to ascertain how far the lands in that great delta of the Sunderbund, and particularly the provinces adjacent, which after the secession of their waters during the eastern monsoon are so strongly impregnated with salt, would not produce cottons of an equally fine texture with those above-mentioned, and which in England always bear so high a price. The presumption is, the attempt would be successful, provided the black seed was procured from Demerara or Georgia.

"The cottons grown in the Ceded Districts are a variety of the green seed, to which they adhere with great strength, and are in consequence difficult to clean. The capsule and seed are both small, and the fibres of the cotton have the appearance of having interlocked in their growth. In confirmation of this, the American saw-gin sent out by the Company, to Madras, which was imported from Charlestown, and no doubt constructed there by a regular gin-maker, and competent to cleaning the bowed Georgias, would not, when the attempt was made to clean with it the district cottons, discharge the seeds, but became immediately choked. In fact, it was observed, those I had built on the same principle succeeded

much better. But it was not from the introduction of any new machinery, but rather the improvement of that already in use, more particularly by introducing greater precautionary means in the first stages of its manipulation, the gathering in from the field (or as the Americans call it, the picking), that I grounded my hopes of any improvement of the district cottons; for their principal deterioration is less from the quantity of seed in them, than their being specked or fouled with broken leaf. Any improvement of the cottons at present cultivated, after the experiments that have been made, it is evident must be by resorting to these means; and even then will only be limited, for the cottons generally throughout India, are of so short a staple, that with all the care that can be given them, they will never have a much higher character. A more effectual improvement would no doubt be, to send them the seed of a new and different variety of the plant.

"The introduction of a new variety of the cotton-plant is, however, regarded as almost chimerical; and though it is admitted that the influence of the Company's servants over the agriculturists in India seems to ensure the success of such an attempt, yet the advantage is regarded as too remote and uncertain to induce its being made. It is apprehended, likewise, that any new variety of the cotton-plant would gradually, from the effects of climate and soil, assimilate in character to what is already produced. This idea, however specious, is nevertheless a mistake; for that the inferiority of the district cottons is more to be attributed to the variety being originally bad, than to the effects of climate or soil, is evident, from there being better cottons made both to the northward and southward of the Ceded Districts, and both in similar soils."

We go forward now to the second article mentioned, which is the subject of the most interesting matter to be found in the volume, viz. the Raw Silk of India, the trade in which was inconsiderable in extent before the middle of the last century, while the produce was of a description that was suited but to few of the articles manufactured in England, being wound from the cocoons and reeled into skeins after the rude manner immemorially practised by the natives, and hence called *country wound*. One great fault in this silk was its inequality in the same skein. The Company, however, ardently wished and zealously exerted themselves both to improve this kind of produce, and to extend the trade in it; for they were led to believe that the staple of the Bengal raw-silk was equal to that of the Italian or Spanish, if reeled in the same manner, so as to render it easier to wind, and to make it work with less waste. Accordingly the European methods were introduced, to the great improvement of the article and extension of the traffic in it. Experiments have also been resorted to as to the rearing of worms, and the plants on which they feed. For instance, cuttings of the Italian White Mulberry have been cultivated and tried. Still the Indian Raw-Silk is inferior to that of the countries nearer home, which have been attempted to be imitated and rivalled. Let us now see what are some of the instructions and means by which this most curious

production has been sought to be improved by the Company and their servants. We quote first from Wiss's instructions for winding Raw-silk. This gentleman, a native of Piedmont, was sent to India along with several Italians, in order to superintend and assist in raising and improving the produce of the worms, and the drawing the silk from the cocoons.

" 1. The Resident of the Factory must make it a particular object of his attention, to have a great quantity of water saved in reservoirs, where it may settle and become perfectly fine, as such clear water facilitates the winding off the cocoons, and gives a rich gloss and brilliancy to the colour of the silk.

" 2. Particular care should be taken to have always a large quantity of drywood ready for the use of the filature, so as never to be exposed to the necessity of serving the spinners with green wood. The consequence of using the latter would be loss of time and diminution of produce, because the spinner cannot, with a fire of green wood, keep the water in that equal state of temperature which is necessary for winding off the cocoons. Whilst the water is slowly heating the spinner is hindered, and every time he is obliged to throw a fresh handful of cocoons into his pan, the former cocoons, from having been kept therein too long, will open into knots on the reel, or sink to the bottom of the pan, and when water has passed through the cocoons, so that they can no longer swim, they will yield no more silk. It must also be noticed, that a furnace will consume a greater quantity of green wood in one day in making a less quantity of bad silk, than of dry wood in producing a greater quantity of better silk. It is very necessary to keep the pan constantly full of water, in order to preserve to the silk a fine colour; and it is absolutely requisite that the spinner be enabled, at pleasure, to diminish or increase his fire according to circumstances, which can only be done with dry wood.

" 3. No cocoons should be received into the factory from the chassars without being stript of the fuzzy silk, which consists of the first threads thrown out by the worm, and by which it hangs its cocoon. This will cause very little inconvenience to the chassars, and will prove of great advantage to the Company, because the cocoons will thereby be less liable to grow mouldy, the air will have a free access to them on the shelves, and it will be more easy to turn them. The spinners will also more readily get the end of the thread and the silk will be cleaner.

" 4. Damaged cocoons should be carefully taken out from the good ones as soon as they come to the factory, and daily, after they are placed on the shelves; this selection must, on no account, be omitted, as every cocoon that is bruised, or in which the worm has been squashed, will spot as many good cocoons as come in contact with it. Such cocoons will grow mouldy, foul the water in the pan, and cause the silk to be of a bad colour.

" Water thus fouled by the substance of the insects which have been squashed, soon becomes very thick, therefore can no longer be fit for diluting the gum of the sound cocoons, so far as it is necessary to facilitate the winding them off, which makes them run up to the iron, stop its holes, and frequently occasions the threads to break, whilst the twisting-

cross is as often pulled asunder; consequently, the spinner is often obliged to gather the thread with his wisk, by which means the quantity of coarse silk (fit only for carpetting) will be increased, and the quantity of good silk diminished.

"If the damaged cocoons be reeled off immediately and daily as they are picked, before they are pierced by an insect which is bred from the fermentation occasioned by bruised cocoons, or those in which the worms die before they can be killed by the heat of the oven, they will yield a quantity of coarse silk, fit for the Indian market.

"But as good cocoons may turn bad by being kept too long, and as it is not possible to bring into silk the whole quantity which each crop produces in less than six or eight weeks, care should be taken that the cocooneries be very roomy and well aired. The Resident of the factory must also attend (especially during the two or three first weeks of collecting the cocoons) to the placing of them properly on the shelves. He must take particular care that no greater depth than four or five inches of cocoons be placed on one shelf, and that they be regularly turned once or twice every day, whilst the sun is above the horizon. Due attention to this point will prevent the cocoons from growing mouldy, and will render the silk of a fine colour, from the beginning to the end of the season.

"5. The advantage resulting from killing the worm in the cocoon by means of a hot oven, is so fully acknowledged, that the Residents should refuse buying those cocoons in which the worm has been killed by the heat of the sun. The sun, scorching as it is in Bengal, burns the thread, weakens it, crisps it, tarnishes the colour of the silk, and renders it worse in the hand of the dyer.

"The heat of the oven, by which the worm is killed within the space of one or two hours, helps to strengthen the substance of the gum. The worm being sweated by the heat of the oven, the remainder of its gummy substance, which oozes through the threads of the cocoon, gives a greater degree of consistency to the silk."

Mr. Wiss also states, among many other additional particulars that cocoons are more liable to grow mouldy in the rainy season than at other periods, and that the silk should neither be spun too fine nor too coarse at that time, otherwise a prodigious waste will be occasioned—in the former case the reels being too hard for so slender a thread; in the latter there neither will be time nor air for drying it on the reel. He farther mentions that five new cocoons will produce the exact size of the thread fit for fine organzine. As to the variety of the silk cocoons of Bengal, we find, besides much more on the same topic, the following minute particulars:—

The Large or Annual Cocoon

Cossimbuzar.

"This species of cocoon, as its name implies, is reared only once in the year. In the district of Cossimbuzar it appears to predominate more than at any other of the Honourable Company's filatures. The Resident at Cossimbuzar observes, respecting it, that the March bund silk is pro-

duced from this annual cocoon. The March bund at this factory is second with regard to quantity, but first with respect to quality, of all the bunds in the year, because being, as before observed, the produce of the annual cocoon. The Resident states that 150,000 sicca rupees may be realized annually in silk, the produce of this worm.

Bauleah.

"The annual cocoon appears to be produced at Bauleah; but the Resident observes, in the enclosure to his letter of the 3rd September, 1817, that during that year not a single cocoon of the above description was produced at any of his filatures.

Hurripaul.

"The same description of cocoons is produced also at the Hurripaul filatures.

"The Resident observes, with respect to this cocoon, that it is the most valuable, and yields the best silk. It is reared only once in a year, and the bund comes in about the middle of March, and continues till May or June. The produce of this cocoon is denominated the March bund; it composes about three-eighths of the quantity of cocoons produced at his filatures.

Jungypore.

"The Jungypore filatures appear also to produce the annual worm in the January bund.

"The Resident makes the following observation:—"The cultivation of this species of cocoons has, notwithstanding every exertion to improve them, become exceedingly precarious and uncertain of late years. This may, perhaps, be attributable, in some degree, to unfavourable weather; but from all the information I have been able to gather, I am more inclined to impute the cause to the worm having degenerated. The whole quantity of this sort of cocoons received in the last January bund, was maunds 551. 32. 12.; and in the most favourable harvest, I do not think that more than one thousand five hundred maunds could be procured.

Radnagore.

"At Radnagore the annual cocoon also prevails.

"The Resident observes, that the annual cocoons are the produce of one bund only in the year, called the March bund, commencing from the first of that month, and ending about the 15th of April. It is in a favourable season a very abundant and profitable bund, producing (if the cocoons are good) in the proportion of at least two to one of the other species: the average price about one khaun and a quarter per rupee. These cocoons are dried in the sun by the chassars, and kept with great care in their houses, in places least exposed to damp and insects, and may be procured from them to the end of June.

Soonamooky.

"The Resident reports, the eggs annuals only generating once a year, are brought out for hatching about the end of January. The rearers calculate from forty to forty-five days from the egg to the complete cocoon, according to the healthiness of the worm, state of the weather, &c. &c

These are the most difficult to rear; much more delicate than the others, and, consequently, require more care and trouble. The silk is, however, of fine fibre and strong, and ought to be very mellow to the feel, of clear yellow colour, with some white.

"In moderate seasons the produce is estimated at 103,500 khauns, which ought to yield about one hundred and fifty factory maunds of silk.

THE DESSEE COCOONS.

"In the order of importance and value may next be ranked the silk-worm, designated "Dessee," a term importing indigenous: this worm may, therefore, be described in general terms, as the native silk-worm of Bengal. It may be properly considered as only one species: but it is produced throughout the year, and varies in estimation and value, according to the season of produce, and the more nutritious food afforded by the mulberry-plant at one season of the year rather than another. Hence, the worm of the cold weather, or November bund, and that of the dry weather, or March and April bunds, is superior from the more favourable state of the weather, and in consequence of the leaf of the mulberry-plant imparting a greater degree of nourishment at these seasons of the year than in the rainy bunds, when, from the humid state of the atmosphere, and the leaf of the mulberry-plant being so much saturated with moisture, the cocoon becomes flabby, and its fibre weak."

We learn that the large worm, which is the best in Bengal, will only produce silk annually, and that the next in rank is the small or dessee worm, and that the next is the China worm, which has been introduced into the country. On the subject of the mulberry cultivation, we quote some interesting matter from a communication made in 1833 by the superintendant of the Botanic Gardens, Dapooree, to the secretary to government at Bombay.

"I have to express my thanks to Mr. Shakespear for his remarks on the cultivation of the mulberry in Bengal. The two varieties which I have sent for introduction to Bengal, are distinct from those of which Mr. Shakespear was so kind as to forward specimens.

"The '*dessy*,' or indigenous mulberry, is cultivated about Poona and in the southern Mahratta country. The *ba-dessy* I take to be the same as a third variety I received from St. Helena, with entire pointed leaves and a whitish bark.

"Admitting the *morus alba* and *morus indica* to be originally specially distinct, I should say that the dessy and ba-dessy are varieties of *morus indica*, and that the larger white mulberry (entire leaves), and the *doppia foglia* are varieties of *morus alba*. However, the several kinds of mulberry used for feeding worms have been so modified by cultivation, as to render the distinguishing marks between a species and a mere variety extremely difficult to ascertain. In order to prepare the way for more correct information on the subject, I herewith forward specimens of several kinds of mulberry, with an outline of the arrangement of the genus *morus*, which I beg to request may be sent to Bengal for comment or correction.

"There are two important points yet to be established with regard to the several kinds of mulberry.

" 1st. What kinds do the worm prefer?

" 2nd. What kinds will grow best as standard trees, and what are the best adapted for the field-cultivation on the Bengal plan?

" It is with a view to decide the above question, that I wish to continue the subject brought forward by Mr. Shakespear. I was before aware of the system of cultivation pursued in Bengal, so far as it is published in a work considered as authority, 'on the husbandry and commerce of Bengal;' but as there are some crude notions abroad in this presidency on the subject of mulberry cultivation, a decision of these questions, from competent authority and experience, may prevent much waste of time and capital.

Bengal Cultivation as described by Mr. Shakespear.

"The Indian mulberry-plant is not allowed to rise above a foot and a-half or two feet. It is cut twice a day, as required, to feed the worms. The plant is thus exhausted in about the third year, and is then rooted out; but is easily renewed by cuttings, and planted in rows, with just room enough between to admit of the cultivators weeding, dressing, and earthing up the roots.

Experimental Cultivation in Western India.

" The mode introduced at Darwar and Poona, about ten years since, differs but little from that described opposite. The mulberry cuttings are allowed to grow about three or four feet high, and as they are always irrigated, they produce leaves at this height. They are not rooted out under seven years. I am myself convinced, that the more frequently this kind of mulberry is cut down the better, and more tender leaves are produced, and that old trees become straggling and produce inferior leaves: but my experience only amounting to four years, during which time I have cultivated the plant at Dapooree, my authority may be thought insufficient; I therefore beg to submit the proposed Deccan plan for an opinion from Bengal.

" *Plantations of Mulberries*, dessy and perhaps also the ba-dessy, are now forming about Poona and Ahmednuggur upon the Italian plan. The cuttings having struck, are transplanted and set from eight to twelve feet apart, and trained up as standard trees, the leaves of which it is proposed not to gather for four years."

On the culture and manufacture of Indian indigo, which has been brought to such perfection as to surpass that of any other country, and to be the chief source of supply to the rest of the world, we shall not occupy much space. But the superiority has only of late years been attained. Of the steps and methods by which such excellence has occurred, we have not any precise account in the

present volume, because the Company did not, at any period, engage directly in its cultivation and manufacture, nor have any particulars of the processes followed at the private factories throughout the widely extended indigo districts been received by the Court. We only quote upon this article a few practical observations, as given in a letter from the Directors to the Governor-general in Council, dated June, 1810.

1st. *Shape.*

"Great preference is given to indigo of the square shape and size, which you will observe on referring to the wooden sample marked A.

"4. The merchants who buy for exportation to the Continent, will give at least ninepence to one shilling per pound more for indigo of this shape than for large or small broken, although of equal quality. This size is also preferred to the flat shape (as the sample marked B) at least fourpence to sixpence per pound, and the thin flat shape (such as the sample marked C) is to be avoided when the former sizes can be procured.

"5. Of the broken indigo the largest sizes are preferred, in proportion as they retain more of their original square shape."

2d. *Coat or Outside.*

"Those indigoes which have a whitish coat are much preferred; the dark clay-coloured coat is not approved; and a considerable reduction in price is made for indigo which has a thick mossy surface. We have sent specimens of the different descriptions of coats. Samples G, H, and I are of the whitish kind so much preferred; sample Q is of the dark clay-coloured; and the sample D is of the thick mossy sort, which last will not sell for so much by one shilling per pound as it would have done had it a coat of the first description, or ninepence per pound of the second, in indigo of equal quality. The white-coated grab, or small broken indigo, is principally bought by the home consumers, as the merchants object to export it; and as four-fifths of the indigo is exported, of course the principal object is to consult the views of the shipper."

3d. *Limy.*

"The buyers do not like those indigoes which break limy or specky. Although the quality may not be injured by it, still a clean texture is to be preferred. A specimen of what is called limy, is, sample E.

4th. *Veiny or Streaky.*

"This indigo is to be avoided. There exists a great prejudice against it, and it always sells low, compared with other kinds."

In the same communication a list is given of the prices which at that time were given for nine different qualities of indigo, one of which is thirteen shillings and six-pence per lb. described as the *Fine Blue* kind, and another, called *Purple*, as low as five shillings and nine-pence for the like weight—the rest varying between these extremes. As is reasonable to expect regarding any article which is the fruit of agriculture in India, the indigo-plant is liable to droughts and inundations which affect its produce, so that its selling price frequently varies much. It also holds true in regard to

this plant, that its cultivation may be carried too far—an evil, however, that may be expected to work its own cure. At any rate, it now seems clear that the article is established as a great staple of Bengal. A question will, however, repeatedly suggest itself, regarding cotton and raw-silk, and a satisfactory answer will be anxiously demanded—viz. how comes it that the same success has not attended these products which has distinguished the other? We now glance at what ought to be the chief reply, and say, that had the Court of Directors, even but a few years ago, adopted a more liberal policy in regard to the encouragement of Europeans settling in India, and the employment of capital and enterprize in the cultivation of the soil, and the management of the crops which that soil is well calculated to yield, we should not at this day have had to lament over the inferiority of some of the products mentioned, and made the subject of detail in the work under consideration. There is no sufficient reason assigned why Indian cotton should not be equal to any in the world, but the want of skill in the cultivators of it; and what a surety, as well as safety, would it establish for Great Britain, were the country entirely independent, as respects this staple of our most flourishing and important manufactures, of the Southern States of America? for is it not reasonable to suppose, that a negro insurrection in these regions, not to count upon any other sort of misunderstanding which may occur, would in a very short time, as the matter at present stands, bring ruin and occasion starvation to a vast portion of the British population? Why, then, does the Company not encourage and tempt European talent and enterprize to emigrate to their immense possessions, by granting to such adventurers and capitalists leases, the duration of which would allow of prompt, vigorous, and enlightened improvements? But this the Company have not yet done, excepting in the case of the indigo growers, which was most unwillingly conceded at last to Lord William Bentinck's entreaties and exertions. The consequence we have seen; and let the same liberality be extended to the far more important article—cotton, and there cannot be a doubt of a similar triumph being realized.

In conclusion, however, we have pleasure in informing our readers that the present volume contains a vast amount of valuable practical knowledge and suggestions. The Directors have done themselves honour in thus laying before the world the progress and results of their measures relative to some of the most important products of the Eastern empire—thereby contributing wisely to the public good by the publication of papers, which must otherwise have remained unread among their voluminous archives.

ART. IV.—*Austria and the Austrians.* 2 vols. 12mo. London: Colburn. 1837.

THE author of these volumes, we presume, is, or has been, an *attaché* to the British embassy at Vienna, or in some capacity whereby he has had official opportunities of acquiring minute and accurate information on the subjects of which he treats. At any rate the work evinces a particular knowledge of the political and social community of Austria; not only of the middle classes and general population, but of the royal family and the aristocracy. Besides, he appears to speak of all these grades, as well as of the institutions of the empire, and of the manners and national character of the people, with exemplary impartiality; and although he might have avoided drawing so copiously as he has done upon his predecessors who have traversed the same ground, it must be admitted that what he has himself added is well calculated to correct and chastise many English prejudices respecting the feelings and condition of a people who live under one of the most despotic governments that exists in Europe. The truth is, that this despotism is in the ordinary details of government exerted in such a fatherly manner, and the phlegmatic spirit of the Southern Germans is so averse to try experiments, that many compromise their comfort, being generally content with their lot, that a word or name is apt to mislead the judgment of a more mercurial or energetic nation. It is to be borne in mind also that the towns of Austria enjoy many civic privileges, while the ordinary necessaries of life are seldom denied to the labouring classes, either in consequence of heavy taxation or an unequal working of the laws among the various orders that form the community. The extracts which we are about to cite from the present volumes will not only confirm these general views, but afford detailed accounts of the manner in which such truths come to have an existence.

We may begin with the author's description of the English, French, and German character; and although there may be some degree of affected precision in the outline, and although all such sweeping generalities ought to have placed against them an immense range of exceptions, so as to render any practical deductions to be extremely precarious, yet, we believe, there are grounds for the distinctions to be now quoted.

"Morally speaking, I should say, that the characteristics which most prominently distinguish the three nations are, ostentation, the English; vanity, the French; and good sense, the Germans. The English, as a people, have, with their ostentation, a high sense of honour, truth, and practical generosity: but even of these, as well as in their display of the power of wealth, and what riches can purchase, to exalt ignorance, they make, too generally, an ostentatious exhibition quite offensive to, and

always ridiculous in the opinion of, foreigners. The French, with their excess of vanity, have the talent of making themselves, whether they be sincere or not, agreeable; and possess, above all others, the gift of concealing or suppressing what may offend. The German is equally anxious to avoid giving offence; but in doing so he is less adroit, while he is far more anxious to observe and to know what is practically great in other countries."

But there are facts descriptive of Austria, and the practical wisdom of the Austrian government, are worthy of much deeper scrutiny than any speculative index which ingenious fancies may offer regarding the people in their aggregate character; nor can we, as respects any nation, alight upon a more illustrious example than the provisions that are by authority made for the establishment of popular education. We are told the law of 1821, directs that no village in the Emperor's hereditary dominions shall be without an elementary school—"that no male can enter the marriage state who is not able to read, write, and understand casting accounts—that no master of any trade can, without paying a heavy penalty, employ workmen who are not able to read and write—and that small books of moral tendency shall be published and distributed at the lowest possible price to all the Emperor's subjects." Now, although in England, such positive and strong enactments might be totally unsuited to the condition of the people, and the state of the country, it cannot reasonably be doubted that were every British subject educated according to the dicta of the law quoted, the consequences would be different to those which obtain at present; neither can it be doubted that the Austrians who have the elementary tuition above indicated conferred upon them, are capable and prepared to give a reason for the general happiness which characterizes their condition. At the same time, though able to read, write, and cast accounts, a strict censorship may for a long time successfully prevail, so as to keep from the mass of the people almost every avenue to general knowledge, every source of freedom in political and religious matters.

The author communicates some statistical notices pertaining to Austrian education, besides what we have above quoted, which merit consideration. The population of the empire, not including Hungary or Transylvania, is reckoned to be 22,500,000.

"There are 25,121 national elementary schools, divided into first and second classes of primary schools, with 10,280 ecclesiastical, and 22,082 lay teachers. In these schools 2,313,420 children are instructed in reading, writing, and accounts; that is, rather more than one in ten of the whole population. Besides these, there are numerous private schools and institutions. Cannabich gives, for 1835, the following statements:—

"'Exclusive of nine universities (including Pesth), there are 23 Catholic lyceums and academies; 1 Illyrian lyceum, 4 Lutheran lyceums and colleges, 7 reformed colleges, 1 Unitarian college, 20 Catholic theo-

logical, 1 Protestant theological, and 15 high philosophical foundations; 230 preparatory (*vorbereitenden*) gymnasia (of which 6 are high gymnasia in Hungary,) besides special common schools (*volk schulen*) in the classes of primary, secondary, and practical schools: also burgher schools, and the military, and *forest* institutes—veterinary schools—blind and deaf and dumb institutes at Vienna, Prague, Linz, Waitzen, &c.—schools of hydrography and trades—the polytechnic institutes at Vienna and Prague —the medical and chirurgical academy at Vienna; to which has been added the optical museum of M. Reichenbach—14 normal high schools— 57 special institutions for female education—and 4 communities of instruction; besides numerous scientific societies at Vienna, Pesth, Prague, Milan,' &c.

"The inhabitants of Lombardo-Venetia and Lower Austria are the most generally educated, among whom I think that *one* in *eight* must be receiving instruction.'"

Austria possesses a population, when taken altogether, amounting to above thirty-five millions. But it partakes of people of very different countries, as respects natural capabilities, and very different races as respects language, manners, and prejudices; so that though a vast, it is not equally a powerful empire. The difficulty of governing and inspiring a general national feeling throughout the whole, to use the words of the writer of these volumes, "arises from the want of adhesion in the moral constitution of a population speaking different languages, and educated or reared with their respective associations, feelings, and ideas."

There are other causes for the weakness which attaches to Austria. For example, her commerce is so restricted and perplexed, with the mistaken view of enhancing the value and fostering the condition of domestic manufactures and internal trade, that while the smugglers have been the gainers, the nation has been made bankrupt, and even at this moment is expending more than the revenue replaces.

But leaving these and such like grave matters, we come now to introduce some livelier sketches, where individuals of note are the subjects. Take first what is said of the late Emperor, than whom there seems not to have ever existed a more benevolent, but self-willed, and narrow-minded monarch.

"The downfal of Napoleon, and the superior abilities of Prince Metternich at the congress of Vienna, restored Francis to more than former power; and for the last twenty years of his life, no private gentleman need have been less disturbed in his tranquillity. The able and celebrated prime minister of his empire, of whom I shall have the opportunity to speak hereafter, had all along relieved him of the labour, not the direction, of governing; but Francis was, however, not an idle man, although he appeared to be so. If Frederick the Second patronised and associated only with philosophers and military favourites, hated women, and acted with much less than bare justice to his *roturier* subjects, Francis the Second, of Austria, shuddered at the name of philosophy, and would

sooner have admitted the devil into his society than Voltaire. He restored, to some extent, a few of the monasteries, suppressed by Joseph II., and paid great deference, but gave little power, to the priests. He went at regular hours to hear mass, said his prayers, confessed his sins, and religiously gave the preference to the pope's nuncio over all ambassadors. Francis was fond of the society of women, yet faithful to the marriage-bed. He loved his obedient people, and delighted to see them. He gave all classes a free audience twice a-week; he attended to their petitions without distinction of persons; and he was fond, to the extreme of vanity, and perhaps it was his only vanity, of believing himself implicitly considered by them as their father, and in believing them, especially the Austrians, as children who enjoyed his most parental affection. Certainly no monarch was ever more loved than he was by his German subjects, who daily repeat anecdotes of the goodness of *Vater Franz*. During the cholera, the emperor when walking, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, near Schondbrun, met a bier carrying a body to the cemetry, but not followed by any one. The emperor asked 'why the corpse was abandoned?' 'It is, probably, that of some poor friendless person,' replied the aide-de-camp. 'Well, then,' said the emperor, 'it is our duty to accompany it to the grave.' So saying, the emperor took off his hat, placed his arm within that of his aide-de-camp, and both, uncovered, followed the coffin to the cemetry, where Francis himself threw the first spadeful of dust over the body. 'This,' say the Viennese, with a thousand others which they tell of him, 'shew how sensible our good Vater Kaizer Franz was of human equality.' When he opened that magnificent promenade near the Prater, the *au-garten*, to the public, a noble lady said to him, 'Emperor, I can no longer walk among my equals in rank.' 'If I were confined to my equals in rank,' replied Francis, 'I must take my daily walks in the vaults of the Capucins,* but I prefer the Prater and *au-garten*, among my people.' The French considered Francis *comme une sorte de roi fainéant*, and the English may have also, to some extent, taken this opinion upon Gallic trust; but I have said that the late emperor was not an idle prince. No; Francis was laborious, active, and vigilant. He understood, not only all the languages, but all the dialects of his empire. He rose early, and often worked twelve hours a day."

He seems to have dreaded nothing more constantly and intensely than innovation and change, or any measure and opinions that threatened to disturb the tranquillity of his reign. He was a great egotist too, or full of that importance which a thoroughly established belief in the divine right of kings induces; for, according to our author—"If others, even the members of his own family, had in any way acquired popularity, it drove him mad; he, alone, would monopolize its possession."

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* "In the vaults of the Capucins are deposited the bodies of the deceased imperial family: the hearts are placed in silver jars deposited in the church of St. Augustin, while the viscera are preserved in copper urns in the crypt of St. Stephen's."

"He loved accepted truths, which were often fallacies, and which he styled historical rights; dreaded doubts, either in respect to the established government or to the established religion. The very mention of representative governments terrified him. When he visited Milan, among others, an eminent professor was introduced to him, who was considered to have made some important discoveries in the constitution of the atmosphere. Startled by the word, Francis exclaimed, 'Constituzione! constituzione! ah! e quella parola che ci ha fatto tanto male!' 'Constitution! constitution! that word has subjected us to many evils!' When the deputies of Hungary were presented to him at Laybach, 'In your pursuit after ideal constitutions,' said the emperor, 'totus mundus stultizzat.' Francis, with all his amiable personal qualities, did not belong, as an administrator, to the character of the age. Politically speaking, he ought to have died before his grandmother, Maria Theresa, was born. The tempest of the first French revolution laid his judgment prostrate at the moment he ascended the throne; and, from that day until the hour he signed his last superstitious will, the dreaded evils of innovation influenced all his conclusions and all his actions. The last French revolution drove him to utter despair: 'Alles ist vertoren! alles ist vertoren!'* he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his political despondency. After the reforming impulse given the empire by Joseph II., posterity may with reason curse their ancestors for submitting to the retrograding rule of a self-willed despotic emperor, in the person of a simple-mannered and benevolent man."

We do not from these volumes learn much of the present Emperor. The following particulars, however, are descriptive.

"The manufacturing industry of the empire seems to have engaged his attention at that period; and unless he has examined the subject on sound principles, I should fear that a predilection may have consequently been formed to maintain home fabrics at the expense of the general national wealth. The object of his labours has been the formation of a museum of national productions and manufactures: that is, the collecting and arranging specimens, first, of raw materials from the three kingdoms of nature; second, of manufacturing industry, and, third, of machines and models. Having devoted his time to this very industrious and useful, but not very difficult task, those employed have succeeded in forming the most interesting collection imaginable. Before his accession, it was supposed that his ideas of government were decidedly liberal,—that he disliked his father's prime minister too much for the latter to remain in power. The letter, written immediately after the death of Francis, by his successor (?), to Prince Metternich, at once disproved the supposition, that Ferdinand would depart willingly from the existing order of managing public affairs."

There is a very favourable character given of Metternich, considering him merely as a man and a private individual of high

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* "All is lost! all is lost!"

station. He is said even to be "liberal in everything, except in giving the people the power of governing themselves by representation." He is also said to be "religiously Catholic," yet "tolerant in regard to every other profession of faith."

To those who are fond of reading of the daring, the exploits, the *generosity* of celebrated highwaymen, or systematically organized banditti, we may recommend portions of these volumes which give details of the condition of the people who inhabit Transylvania and Hungary. For instance, the author describes the fortunes and the fate of a band, which about twenty-five years ago, spread terror over these countries, and which for a long time baffled every attempt to conquer or ensnare them. At length, though amounting in number to a hundred men, whose retreats were caverns of difficult access and strongly fortified, they were captured very adroitly and disposed of by simple, but decided measures. In consequence of a shepherd who came to Lobosh regularly from the mountains, to purchase quantities of wine, their retreat was discovered; and by threats, bribes, and opium mixed with his last supply for his employers, an unresisted capture was made—the whole band being thereupon summarily hanged on the mountain above the cavern. But though the fancy inclines to go back to past times for the subjects of romantic tales, yet be it observed that the provinces which have now been mentioned can at this day "claim a theme as good" as imagination requires. The story must close this paper.

"The chief of the bandits who are now so formidable in Hungary is called Schubri, or Sobri. Various accounts of his birth and character have been given from time to time. It was at first believed that he was of noble birth; and the heroism of his character, and his daring boldness, were the general theme of conversation at all the inns and litle towns of Hungary. It was then given out that he was one of the class of wandering shepherds, who have, certainly, produced more brigands than honest men. Schubri's audacious appearance, where he is least expected, exhibits him frequently in a most daring position. He enters towns by himself; dines at *tables-d'hôte;* and, on leaving, says to the guests, 'I am off, and you will boast of having dined with Schubri!' Not long since, several noblemen dined at a *table-d'hôte* in Szarvaz, a stranger entered, sat down as a traveller at the table, amused the guests by his anecdotes and conversation, and, after dinner, bowed to the company, and said, on leaving the room, 'Gentlemen, it is Schubri whose company you have had. Adieu! till we meet again.' His band was at hand; and not long after, he entered the schloss of one of the nobles he had dined with, saying,—'I have occasion for two hundred ducats, and must have them at once, or I will instantly make your heir lord of this castle.'

"In June he had a most desperate engagement with a troop of hussars. He was wounded; but he fought his way with great bravery, and escaped with his men. He was lately, with three of his men, surrounded at night in a farm-yard near the Platten-See, by forty horsemen. His presence of mind and audacity saved him. He directed his companions to throw

aside their arms and part of their clothes. He then, followed by them, ran with lighted lanterns to the outer entrance, and addressed the soldiers as if he belonged to the farm-house, saying, they had better station themselves immediately at the inner gate, to prevent the robbers escaping, as they were desperate, and should be at once surprised in the house, where they were then regaling themselves. The stratagem succeeded, and Schubri and his men were off before the soldiers even approached the house, in which all the inmates were surprised asleep, quite unconscious of what had passed. A few days after he robbed an estate belonging to the Archduke Charles, of every valuable article he could carry away. He is now said to have a completely organised troop of five hundred men, being reinforced by Bosnians, Pandaurs, and others. A comedian of Ratisbon, named Kapfen, has lately joined him; and his band. altogether, consists, not of starving peasants or serfs, but of men degraded by vices, that have rendered them desperate. He has established among them strict discipline; employs a treasurer; pays his men regularly; has a surgeon to dress their wounds; and gives prizes to those who excel in carbine-shooting and in gymnastic feats. He has subordinate officers, and is now said to be forming a troop of cavalry. He probably dreams of becoming a mighty conqueror. Robbing the rich, and never injuring, but, when possible, to assist the poor, is the principle he promulgates. It is said that not a single murder can be traced to him, and that he once ordered one of his gang to be shot for robbing a peasant. A few days ago, a positive account of his capture reached Vienna. His appearance terrifying the country near Hermanstadt, in Transylvania, was given in another account. In fact, he is a second Rob Roy."

ART. V.— *Travels in Crete.* By ROBERT PASHLEY, Esq. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. London: MURRAY, 1837.

IT is but lately that we reviewed Captain Scott's Rambles in Egypt and Candia, or Crete, when we offered a few observations on the theory which the gallant author maintained as to the means of enlarging and strengthening British preponderance in the East by obtaining possession of the latter, and also regarding its present political condition. We also quoted from his pages some particulars concerning the principal harbours of the island, that their capabilities and fitness as ports for British shipping might be considered. Mr. Pashley's interesting and learned work now affords us an additional and fuller opportunity of scanning the country and people of Candia, of which we gladly avail ourselves.

Mr. Pashley visited the island in question in 1834, occupying himself during the spring and summer months, of that very striking period of its history in those researches, which, whether we regard them as falling directly within the sphere of inquiry belonging to an adventurous or descriptive tourist—to a politician, a man of the world, or a scholar, he has conducted and the fruits of which he has narrated with uncommon ability and taste. In short, while

the author shines pre-eminently on account of his learning, his knowledge is so extensive and varied, his methods of communicating what he knows so agreeable, that this learning is divested of obscurity and every thing like pedantry. Nor are there many fields where scholarship and observation could be more appropriately united, than upon that which forms the subject of these volumes. Its ancient and modern condition are rife with themes for the accomplished traveller. The ancient part of its story, however, we need not outline; nor is it necessary that we trace its modern fate particularly —a slight glance, beginning with the commencement of the Greek revolution, and coming down to the close of 1833, being sufficient to stand in the place of an introduction to the extracts about to be made.

From the time that Crete came under the Mohammedan sway on the expulsion of the Venetians, the island has been in a deplorable condition, chiefly owing to the base government and characters that ruled over it. The sublime porte appointed a pasha, who of course generally resembled too closely the vilest specimens of that fraternity; or, what was worse, the sort of janissaries that surrounded him, many of them renegades from the Greeks, were among the most depraved and turbulent miscreants that ever existed, obliging the pashas to act just as seemed to them proper. Their power was so unlimited, that it was their practice to prevent any one of their number from being brought to justice, though guilty of the most revolting offences. It is easy to understand how the Christian population would be treated by this perjured and unprincipled band.

Belonging to the Christian portion of the inhabitants there was one tribe, who alone withstood the oppressors, and bravely preserved independence—by name, the Sfakians. These mountaineers obtain at the author's hand very minute and interesting descriptions —for he seems to have regarded them with an especial concern. He says they greatly resemble the Highlanders of Scotland, going back two hundred years, in regard to habits and devoted valour.

This interesting race, at the breaking out of the Greek revolution, took the lead in the cause of their fellow Christians, and mustering those of the same faith under their banners, they, in less than a twelvemonth, drove the Mohammedans into fortified places. After various turns of fortune, in consequence of the powerful aid furnished to their enemies by the viceroy of Egypt, and after enduring incredible privations and cruelty, the three allied powers, upon the issue of the battle of Navarino, gave up the island to their former enemy—Mohammed Ali. This was a measure which proved most unwelcome to both parties, and has reduced the whole to a more abject state than before; for he who grinds the Egyptians, cannot be expected to spare his discontented and lately acquired

victims; and can only be said to rule the latter with scarcely equal insult and injustice to what has so often, but no where so signally, distinguished Turkish despotism as in Crete.

We now cull some passages from these amusing and arresting volumes—avoiding as much as possible those portions that exclusively deal in accounts of bloodshed and rapine. And yet it is impossible to form any thing like an adequate conception of the horrors of civil or revolutionary war, and of the particular devotedness, as well as cool bravery, of the Cretan Christians, without reading some one of the detailed portions of the narrative presented by Mr. Pashley in relation to this struggle. Of these remarkable instances, take an account of three hundred Christians who took refuge in the celebrated Cave of Cresphytegon, when pursued by Khusein-bey.

"Khuseín-bey in vain summoned the Christian fugitives to come out of their lurking-place; his messenger was fired on, and fell. He then attempted to force the entrance of the cave: and, in doing so, lost twenty-four of his brave Arnauts, who were killed by shots from the Christians within. On this the Bey sent a Greek woman into the cavern, with a message, that 'if they would all come forth, and give up their arms, they should not meet with any ill-treatment.' The woman was shot, and her body cast out from the mouth of the grotto. When the Mohammedan general saw this, he himself took up a stone, and threw it into the cavern's entrance. His troops imitated the example he set them, and thus the only aperture through which light and air could pass to the Christians was entirely filled up. The following morning the Mohammedans saw that a small opening had been produced in their work, during the night. They again filled it up, and their labour was again undone by the Christians the following night. This attempt of the Turks to close the entrance of the cave was repeated twice more. At length they saw that the Christians could still breathe and live: they therefore collected wood, oil, chaff, spirit, sulphur, refuse olives, and all other combustibles on which they could lay their hands: they filled up the mouth of the cavern with these materials, instead of the stones and earth which they had before used; and had no sooner completed their work than they set it on fire. Volumes of smoke immediately rolled along under the spacious vault of the entrance cavern, in which many of the ill-starred Christians were assembled: the dense vapour filled the whole apartment so rapidly that many had not time to escape through devious passages to the inner recesses of the cave. The husband and wife, the parent and child, could only take one last embrace and die. The smoke now forced its way from the entrance apartment into that within. Here many more fell, but the greater number had still time to escape, through narrow passages, in some of which they must have crept on their hands and knees, into little side chambers, and to the more distant recesses of the cavern. Doubtless, they hoped thus to escape the fate which had overtaken their less active companions. Alas! the passages through which they rushed, suffered the destroying vapour to follow them; and thus, at last, the groups of fugitives who had taken refuge in the inmost depths of the cave, died as their companions had done; and, in a few minutes after their funeral pile was first lighted, all these unhappy

Christians had perished. By submission they might, undoubtedly, have avoided this fate, but they were all convinced, that if they once surrendered to their angry and ferocious foes, the men among them would be massacred, and the women and children reduced to slavery; so that one wonders not that they should have refused to listen to the offers which were made them."

We may be sure that the sufferings and cruelty of the Cretans were not endured by one of the hostile parties alone. The author says in one part of his Travels, that "We arrived soon after sunset in the village Vlithiás, the only male inhabitant of which is a young Mohammedan, in whose house we took up our abode. The rest are all widows. In many places in Crete the number of widows is large; and in one village of Lassithi they actually form the entire population."

Captain Scott informed us in his Rambles that the island lost of its 250,000 inhabitants during the late revolutionary war, no less than 150,000. It appears from the present work, that bloodshed in battle has not been the only cause of Cretan depopulation; for, that since the Egyptian viceroy's government was extended over the country, 30,000 have expatriated themselves.

It would appear that the Cretans, both Christians and Mohammedans, are strongly bound by the spells of superstition. Some of their beliefs and traditions are very wild, as well as singular. Others are more trifling in regard to the conceits of fancy, than arousing or romantic. Among the latter, we may instance the following:—"Some days ago, while I was washing, I asked Captain Manias to reach me a piece of soap, which was lying near him. He placed it at some distance from me, and told me that no motive could ever induce him to put it directly into my hands. The superstition, that when one person so gives soap to another, it will wash away their friendship, is generally diffused in Greece and Turkey." But of the arousing and imaginative superstitions prevailing in the island, there is no lack. Take an instance where the belief in the Vampire, (the Katakhanás) is illustrated—the story having been taken down by the author and literally translated.

"Once on a time the village of Kalikráti, in the district of Sfakiá, was haunted by a Katakhanás, and people did not know what man he was or from what part. This Katakhanás destroyed both children and many full-grown men; and desolated both that village and many others. They had buried him at the church of Saint George at Kalikráti, and in those times he was a man of note, and they had built an arch over his grave. Now a certain shepherd, his mutual Synteknos (gossip), was tending his sheep and goats near the church, and, on being caught by a shower, he went to the sepulchre, that he might be shaded from the rain. Afterwards he determined to sleep, and to pass the night there, and, after taking off his arms, he placed them by the stone which served him as his pillow, crosswise. And people might say, that it is on this account that the Katakhanás

was not permitted to leave his tomb. During the night, then, as he wished to go out again, that he might destroy men, he said to the shepherd: 'Gossip, get up hence, for I have some business that requires me to come out.' The shepherd answered him not, either the first time, or the second, or the third; for thus he knew that the man had become a Katakhanás, and that it was he who had done all those evil deeds. On this account he said to him, on the fourth time of his speaking, 'I shall not get up hence, gossip, for I fear that you are no better than you should be, and may do me some mischief: but, if I must get up, swear to me by your winding-sheet, that you will not hurt me, and on this I will get up.' And he did not pronounce the proposed words, but said other things: nevertheless, when the shepherd did not suffer him to get up, he swore to him as he wished. On this he got up, and, taking his arms, removed them away from the monument, and the Katakhanás came forth, and, after greeting the shepherd, said to him, 'Gossip, you must not go away, but sit down here; for I have some business which I must go after; but I shall return within the hour, for I have something to say to you.' So the shepherd waited for him.

"And the Katakhanás went a distance of about ten miles, where there was a couple recently married, and he destroyed them. On his return, his gossip saw that he was carrying some liver, his hands being moistened with blood: and, as he carried it, he blew into it, just as the butcher does, to increase the size of the liver. And he showed his gossip that it was cooked, as if it had been done on the fire. After this he said, 'Let us sit down, gossip, that we may eat.' And the shepherd pretended to eat it, but only swallowed dry bread, and kept dropping the liver into his bosom. Therefore, when the hour for their separation arrived, the Katakhanás said to the shepherd, 'Gossip, this which you have seen, you must not mention, for, if you do, my twenty nails will be fixed in your children and yourself.' Yet the shepherd lost no time, but gave information to priests, and others, and they went to the tomb, and there they found the Katakhanás, just as he had been buried. And all people became satisfied that it was he who had done all the evil deeds. On this account they collected a great deal of wood, and they cast him on it, and burnt him. His gossip was not present, but, when the Katakhanás was already half consumed, he too came forward in order that he might enjoy the ceremony. And the Katakhanás cast, as it were, a single spot of blood, and it fell on his foot, and it wasted away, as if it had been roasted in a fire. On this account he sifted even the ashes, and found the little finger-nail of the Katakhanás unburnt, and burnt it too.

"This supposed Vampire's habit of feeding on the human liver, may perhaps account for an exclamation of a Cretan mother, recorded in the travels of Tavernier; 'I will sooner eat the liver of my child.'"

But these islanders are polite as well as superstitious. Mr. Pashley says that Maniás, "when addressing our Mohammedan host at Vlithiás, spoke of 'those animals which have bristles on their backs,' and carefully avoided even the name of the unclean pig. In a similar manner a Greek will apologize to any one before whom he may mention a *Jew*." And yet it would appear that the

Cretans of both creeds have borrowed customs from the despised Israelites—for example, in a custom or ceremony which is equivalent to the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb.

Although the agriculture and commerce of Crete are in a very backward condition, there are good grounds for believing that the island might be rendered productive in an eminent degree. Our author says that the corn-lands in the plain of Apokòrona usually yield a return of from fifteen to twenty-fold the quantity of seed. He also states that if the arable field in which olive-trees stand is good, it will be worth a hundred piastres a measure. About three years' purchase is the ordinary price of land—sometimes a good deal less. The most ample security can be had for money, on mortgage of land and property, far exceeding in value the sum borrowed; and, continues the author, for a sum thus obtained, the rate of interest is sometimes as low as fifteen per cent.; in the case of a monastery it may even be less; but for a private individual, it commonly amounts to nearer thirty, the country being very fertile, and money, wherever it is applied to cultivate the soil and develope its dormant powers, producing so large a return, that the borrower can well afford to pay an extraordinary per centage for the use of it.

There is one product of the Cretan soil which has been much celebrated in former times.

"The growth of the vine here may, perhaps, have received a check while the Saracens were masters of the island, in the ninth and tenth centuries: but, if so, it soon recovered; and, while Crete still belonged to the Byzantine empire, its sweet wine was again celebrated. Theodore Ptokhoprodromos mentions it, with that of Mytilene, as opposed to the Chian. From the period of the Venetian conquest, Italy again enjoyed Cretan wines, which were not long in finding their way into the other countries of Europe. At the moment of the great insurrection of the Venetian colonists, in 1363, as detailed in several unpublished manuscripts of St. Mark's library, wine was one of the principal exports of the island. Somewhat less than a century afterwards, Buondelmonti travelled in Crete, and wine still held the first place among the exports. About the same time, Prince Henry of Portugal sent to Crete for plants to stock the island of Madeira, where the first Portuguese colony was established in 1421. The wine of Crete is said, by Aeneas Sylvius, who also flourished in the fifteenth century, to have been in great request even in Bohemia; and a Carthusian monk, who visited the island in 1507, on his way to the Holy Land, makes especial mention of the Cretan wine and honey. The commerce between Crete and England, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was so great, that Henry the Eighth, in 1522, appointed one Balthazari as 'the master, governor, protector, and *consul*, of all and singular the merchants and others, his lieges and subjects within the port, island, or country, of Crete or Candia.' The staple export of Crete was its wine; and the return obtained by it from England consisted chiefly of woollen cloths, a branch of commerce which was subsequently

obtained by the French. Thevet and Belon both write in the middle of the sixteenth century, and both bear testimony to the abundance and excellence of the Cretan wines. An English traveller, in 1569, mentions the exportation of malmsey as the common trade of the island. The wood annually imported, in order to make casks to hold it, was a considerable article of commerce. Sandys, who wrote more than forty years later, after speaking of the other produce of Crete, subjoins, 'but that which principally enricheth the country is their muscadines and malmsies, wines that seldom come vnto vs vncuted, but excellent where not, as within the streights, and compared vnto nectar.

'Creete I confesse joues fortresse to be,
For nectar onely is transferd from thee.'

The testimony of the English traveller is confirmed by that of a contemporary Italian bishop, who was born in Crete, and who, when he speaks of his native land as 'vini ferax,' immediately adds,—

'Ignosce vini si excidit nomen mihi,
Nectar volebam dicere, aut si quid magis
Beat liquore lauta divûm prandia.'

Another testimony to the excellence of the Cretan wine is, also, afforded by a passage of Ben Jonson. In 'The Generall Historie of the Turkes,' by Knolles, published at London, in 1603, I find the island spoken of as 'now most famous through a great part of the world, for the malmesey which there groweth, and is from thence in great abundance sent into many farre countries.' England is mentioned as one of these countries by the proveditor-general, Foscarini, in his report to the senate at Venice, made in 1576; and he also speaks of the excellence of the Cretan wine. Wine seems to have been produced in great quantities in the island, till it came into the possession of the Turks. Since that event, the juice of the Cretan grape is rarely met with out of the island; but all modern travellers who have tasted it are unanimous in celebrating its praises. I must quote the very words in which they are sung by Falconer:—

'Relaxed from toil the sailors range the shore,
Where famine, war, and storm, are felt no more;
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in *generous wine*.'"

We observe that there is one luxury which these islanders patronize, that, for any thing we know, must be both delicate and savoury, as well as admirably suited to toothless gums. Its nature may be fully understood from the following notice—"Manias and his gossip sat down this evening to a dish of snails, a luxury in which the Greek is allowed to indulge even on his most rigorous fasts. The snails of Crete are highly prized in the Levant; and they are one of the regular exports of the island."

Our readers cannot suppose that such a traveller as Mr. Pashley could possibly visit the island of Crete without storing the narrative of his proceedings and observations with interesting notices of ancient mythology and classical allusions. Where Mount Ida rears

its brow, are we to find nothing of Jupiter the Thunderer? Our extract though long, might be extended, while every additional sentence would repay the reader as agreeably as any part of it here introduced.

"I found, as a guide up the mountain, a shepherd, who had become acquainted with the tomb of Zeus in tending his flock. A good hour was spent in reaching the summit; towards the northern extremity of which I observed foundations of the massive walls of a building, the length of which was about eighty feet. Within this space is an aperture in the ground, which may, perhaps, once have led into a moderate-sized cave; but, whatever may have been its former size, it is now filled up that a man cannot stand in it, and its diameter is not above eight or ten feet. These, then, are the only remains of that object of deep religious veneration, the supposed tomb of 'the Father of gods and men,' with its celebrated inscription,

> 'All which devouring Time, in his so mighty waste,
> Demolishing those walls, hath utterly defac'd;
> So that the earth doth feel the ruinous heaps of stones,
> That with their burd'nous weight now press his sacred bones.'

I now stand on the spot in which Zeus was supposed to be at rest from all celestial and terrestrial cares, and which was so celebrated during many ages. The testimony of a long series of ancient and ecclesiastical authors, proves fully and distinctly, that the tomb remained an object of curiosity to strangers, and of veneration to the Cretans, from an early period till after the age of Constantine. The legal establishment of Christianity, as the paid religion of the state, by that emperor, did but little in Greece towards extinguishing the ancient superstitions. The Christian ruler of the Roman world, in his earnest desire for the conversion of all his heathen subjects, undoubtedly held out many strong inducements to make them adopt the newly established religion: he bestowed temporal prizes on conformity, and, sometimes, used violence and persecution to attain his end. Still he professed to tolerate those who adhered to the old theology: 'let not any one molest another, but let each one follow the religion which he prefers,' were his words, although his conduct did not always correspond with them. We find that the Cretans continued to worship the old deities of their island, and to venerate the tomb of Zeus, half a century after this legal establishment of Christianity throughout the empire. It was only when the Spaniard Theodosius made himself the blind instrument of orthodox fanatics, and annexed the severest penalties to the celebration of the sacrifices and ceremonies of the old religion, that the corrupted Christianity of the fourth century prevailed. Those who wish not to see penal laws applied to religious opinions, will regret that such unholy aid should have been had recourse to, in order to accelerate the triumph of the Christian faith, which its own truth, and its comparative tolerant establishment by Constantine, must, soon or late, have caused to spread into every part of the empire. After the Theodosian persecution of the heathens, we hear no more of the tomb of Zeus as an object of reverence to the people of his native

island: but, at all events, it seems as if the pomps and glories of the old religion retained, for nearly four centuries after the Christian era, an unrelaxed hold on the convictions and affections of the Cretan people, notwithstanding the labours of Titus, and the elders whom he established among them. And it does not surprise us that Christianity should have failed to take root suddenly and deeply in a mountainous country like Crete; the inhabitants of which, though they must have been pretty free from that vain wisdom and false philosophy which made the disputants in the school of Athens turn a deaf ear to the preaching of St. Paul, yet, being a nation of mountaineers, would naturally be like the other Pagans of whom we read, and the stubbornness of whose hearts it was every where difficult to overcome. We should, also, remember that their country was the very stronghold of heathen superstitions: the birth-place not only of the king of heaven, but of many of its other deities, so that,

Al tempo degli dei falsi e bugiardi,

scarcely a fountain, or stream, or glen existed in it, where ancient traditions were not preserved of the time when gods dwelt among the sons and daughters of men."

A great part of Mr. Pashley's work treats of Cretan antiquities, and the remains of art still to be seen in the island; but without the numerous and clever engravings which illustrate these specimens, we cannot render them particularly interesting. Some of the sculptures, however, we may from their representations, pronounce to be admirable, and entitled to remind the student of classic purity. There is another department, which is not less descriptive of national manners and acquirements than specimens belonging to the art of design, to which the author has addressed himself; we mean the popular songs of the moderns, an example of which, instead of the remains of ancient art, we now extract.

"O thou, my much-beloved maid,
Branch of a lofty tree,
With thee what mind can converse hold?
Who can dispute with thee?

Bear witness, brightly shining Moon,
And Hàghio Kostandi!
Beauties like thine 'neath the expanse
Of Heaven I ne'er did see.

I heard thy beauty's far-spread fame,
And came its truth to prove;
And now my soul no more can bear
To flee from thee, my love.

The Sun, when rising in the east,
Lurks in thy bosom fair,
And all his setting glories hide
Beneath thy yellow hair.

Beauties like thine I never saw
Here at Kalésia's balls,
Nor throughout Mylopótamo,
Nor within Kàstro's walls.
Thou likest art unto a Queen,
The world is ruled by thee;
Each heart thou will'st thou dost enslave,
And each thou will'st dost free."

We can readily believe that Mr. Pashley's translation here is not less faithful, than the original is simple and tender.

In an early part of this article, we alluded particularly to the Sfakiáns, as having engaged the especial observation and admiration of the author. Our last extract will therefore be bestowed on this remarkable tribe, and be descriptive of a relentless custom among them in reference to the breach of the marriage vow.

"Thirty-five years ago a young wife, the cousin of Manusos, who was present at the recital, as he was also at the events described, was suspected of having broken her marriage-vow. The charge was not proved, but the suspicion became general, and her father at once consented to leave it to her near relations to decide as they thought best respecting her. Their decision was soon taken, and all those of them whose dwellings were at Askyfo went thence to Anòpolis, where their destined victim lived, in order that they might assist in executing the sentence pronounced against her, and of which she was as yet totally ignorant. They went, to the number of between thirty and forty, to her home, seized her, and after tying her to a tree, made her person the mark at which all their muskets were pointed and discharged. It happened that though more than thirty balls lodged in her body, the next moment her bosom heaved, and she still breathed. One of her executioners immediately drew his pistol from his girdle, placed it close to her breast, and fired. After this she breathed no more."

That the author has treated of the ancient and modern condition of the Cretans with superior ability and beauty, will now be manifest to every one of our readers. His work, both as regards entertainment, and the communication of valuable knowledge, deserves a wide circulation.

ART. VI.—*Strictures on the proposed Poor Law for Ireland, as recommended in the Report of George Nicholls, Esq.* London: Ridgway. 1837.

IT has been our frequent observation of late, that there is a gradual, and by no means a slowly, progressing change taking place in the minds of the intelligent and independent people of England on the subject of Poor Laws; and that whatever may be the general opinion regarding some of the details of the Amendment Act, no thinking person does pretend to stand up for the former state of the

law, or to deny that it was with sure and strong steps rapidly demoralizing, pauperizing, and threatening with ultimate destruction the whole social fabric. Every one knows, that according to the old law, no distinction was made between distress that might be assumed, or the effect of idleness and profligacy, and that which was the result of inevitable circumstances. Every pauper had a right to relief from his parish. As the writer of the pamphlet before us has truly stated, "if the overseers should offer him (the applicant) work, and wages for it," even in that case, "he might further say that he had a bad head-ache, a pain in his back, or a weakness in his limbs, or a 'whoreson tingling' at his finger-ends, which disabled him from working, and therefore that he must be provided for by the parish. And thus the most idle, worthless, and profligate were placed on a footing of perfect equality with those who were in distress by the visitation of God—the blind, the lame, the insane, or the bereaved widow and her fatherless children."

It might surely have been foreseen, what would be the natural consequences of such a reckless system. Two of the most palpable were, first, that an immense proportion of the labouring population was seduced from their industrious habits and to cast themselves upon such ample provisions; secondly, that all private charity was dried up by it, and thus the kindliest and most efficient relief was never or seldom experienced—the softening blessings which should have reached the receivers, and those still more humanizing and beneficent blessings which grow up within the bosoms of the givers, being banished from the land. No wonder it was, that in England such an interval should have been established, between the rich and the poor, and such heart-burnings to fill up the *vacuum*, as have often of late years burst forth in the pauperized districts.

To check this ever-increasing tide of evils, the Amendment Act was passed—the governing principle of which is, according to Mr. Nicholls, "that the support which is afforded at the public charge in the workhouse shall be on the whole, less desirable than the support to be obtained by independent exertion—the inmates of an English workhouse are as well clothed, and generally better lodged, and better fed, than an agricultural labourer and his family; yet the *irksomeness* of the labour, discipline and confinement, and the privation of certain enjoyments, which the independent labourer possesses, produces such disinclination to enter the workhouse, that experience warrants the fullest assurance, that nothing short of absolute necessity—of that necessity which the law contemplates as the ground of affording relief, will induce the able-bodied labourers to seek refuge therein." Or, according to our author's interpretation of the New Law, a proclamation is made to all, "that they have a right to bread from the parish; but when they come to receive it, they find that certain Commissioners have power to mix

a certain portion of ashes and wormwood with it, and this makes it so nauseous that, to a moral certainty, none will eat it, but those who are in a state of starvation."

Now, we have all along admitted that this alteration of the working of the law was an exceedingly strong measure to be at once induced upon the former wholesale and indiscriminate system, but, at the same time have argued, that the new principle is the only one which we have been able to discover, that could reach the roots of the enormous and over-grown abominations that previously existed; unless by some miraculous infusion of moral feeling the population could have been brought to know and to resolve, that nothing but the visitation of God, and inevitable misfortune should ever induce them to apply for relief besides that obtained through their own industry. But this infusion the legislature had no right to expect; for, indeed, under and in face of the old Poor Law, it would have been nothing less than a miraculous interposition of the Almighty.

The Amendment Act is bad—say its opponents, without substituting any intelligible or practical scheme for ameliorating the old law, in its stead. But why is it bad, severe, and cruel? The proper answer is, that it had to deal in the way of medicine to cure an inveterate disorder that would never cure of itself. The Amendment Act is bad!—admitted; but it is not so bad as that state of things which it has broken in upon. It is bad—but every alteration would have been found to become worse and more difficult, the longer it was delayed. In short, had it not been for the absurd, mischievous, and ruinous principles developed in the administration of the old law, no such Amendment Act would have been required. Look at Scotland, where, in the time of Elizabeth, there was as much mendicancy and much greater poverty amongst the peasantry, than there then was in England; yet Scotland at this moment, though still a poorer country, requires no workhouse system. And why?—because "the Scottish system of meeting the evil of its vagrancy was not giving to every pauper a legal right to relief, and thus merely taking him off the high road to lodge him comfortably in a workhouse, or to feed him at his own house, there to become more effectually than before a decoy to induce others to abandon their industry, and cast themselves on the public for support; but it was taking cognizance of, and systematizing private alms-giving, thereby turning the very sources from which the mendicancy derived its aliment into another and beneficial direction." This systematized private alms-giving in the land-ward parishes, principally consists in the practice of high and low contributing to the support of the poor, whenever they enter a place of worship, according to their circumstances, from a farthing upwards. And poor, indeed, or so demoralized as never to enter the house of God, is the parishioner in Scotland, that will not bestow his mite, every

Sabbath in the year that he repairs thither. It becomes a part of his religion; he will deny himself every indulgence rather than not be a giver. He is proud to have to say, that his "bairns ne'er go bye without dropping their bawbees;" nor do we believe that there ever was a murmur heard within the land, that such charity was at all burdensome or unblest. Where be the elements to fill a workhouse in such a country? Pride is to these people a far more powerful check, than overseers, guardians, or commissioners, with all the ingenious machinery they can invent. Thus it is that Scotland, never having entangled and demoralized herself by the establishment of anything like Elizabeth's Poor Law, has never found any necessity for its amendment.

Some of these views are much more fully discussed and enforced in the able pamphlet before us than we have now done; and though they may at first sight seem distant, or, at least, not immediately to bear upon the subject before us, which is the "Proposed Poor Law for Ireland, as recommended in the Report" of Mr. Nicholls, yet the arguments to be deduced from what has been said of England and Scotland will be found natural, close, and as we think, conclusive: conclusive, that the said proposed Poor Law, so far from hastening forward the improvement it contemplates, will keep Ireland back for a period, and an extent proportioned to the success which will attend its working.

Who the writer of the anonymous pamphlet, now under consideration, may be, we know not; but one thing is certain, that he has studied the subject he treats of deeply, as well as the peculiar circumstances of the people and country, that are to be legislated for. It is no less true, that he has taken Mr. Nicholls, and another person who has written on the subject—Mr. Revans, to task, and in a manner that they will not soon forget, or be able to reply to—wielding facts, arguments, and pungent satire, as well as reproof, in a fashion that renders his production both entertaining and instructive. We must now adduce some portions of it.

It is not unamusing to mark how Mr. Nicholls explains the reasons which induced him personally to inspect the condition of the Irish people, and the manner in which he conducted this inspection, together with the matter thence obtained. He thought it necessary before he made up his mind on the subject, to judge for himself, and to look through with his own eyes. *Six weeks* were thus expended, during which he travelled upwards of 600 miles, visiting 18 towns, besides villages. But it is to be remembered that a body of commissioners had been previously appointed by government, that had employed themselves for years in the investigation of the condition of Ireland, whose Reports have been published, and who had infinitely better and fuller opportunities of coming to a correct conclusion than this flying tourist, yet their recommendations, and

evidence lead to very different measures to that advocated by Mr. Nicholls. This gentleman's object and arguments are, that "the Poor Law of Ireland should assimilate, in all respects, as nearly as possible, to the Poor Law now established in England," that the same governing principle be observed, that is, the *irksome*, the ashes and wormwood system. One might have expected that previous to the application of a like remedy, the identity of the disease, the similarity of the habits and constitution of the patient, would have been fully ascertained. But no—for, being one of the English Poor Law Commissioners, and immoderately enamoured of the system as administered at home by him and his brethren, he, like another Sangrado, will have nothing but a similar workhouse system for Ireland.

> "The currier, wiser than all put together,
> Said, try what you will, there is nothing like leather."

Our author quotes a passage from a letter, which, he says, was written by a gentleman, who had conversed with Mr. Nicholls on his landing in Dublin, on his six weeks' tour, and which is in these words :—

"'I have seen Mr. Nicholls, *who is gone on a tour through Ireland to form the conclusion* that workhouses on a similar plan to those in England, will be a safe and effectual remedy for the distresses of Ireland. I do not say that he is not right in this: I only foretel that he will come to the conclusion, because he took it out with him, and is not likely to lose it on the road, but on the contrary, to be confirmed in it by all he sees and hears; because he is, as far as I can judge, gone to listen to the bells.'"

Whether a person that was so prepossessed, could by any length of personal investigation be supposed to come to a right conclusion, we need not inquire; but that six weeks and a flying tour, during which, many of the facts he relied on were gathered as he gazed from the windows of his rapidly driven carriage, were adequate for producing a rational and unprejudiced estimate of the matters to be studied, it is too much even for credulity to assent to.

But can any one seriously presume, whether he has known Ireland personally for six weeks, or never set foot on its soil, which must pretty nearly amount to the same thing, in legislating or speculating upon the country—that a poor law which may be good for England must or can be so for the sister island? Our author, in the first place, suggests and shows that it is necessary to compare the state of the two countries as to the nature and extent of the destitution to be relieved—that is, the disease to be cured. Mr. Nicholls seems to have conveniently omitted this preliminary and obviously indispensable inquiry. Now, in point of *extent*, no man will be hardy enough to allege that destitution in England is equal to what

exists and has long existed in Ireland. Mr. Nicholls is absurd enough to estimate the extent to which it will be necessary to provide relief in the Irish workhouses, by founding his calculation upon the statistics of *England!* saying that accommodation should be provided for 80,000 people, *because*, in the English counties of Kent, Sussex, &c., the amount of in-door accommodation was just one per cent. on the population. Our author shows that this calculation, even in respect of England, is erroneous; but supposing it to be correct, why should it be presumed to apply to Ireland, or that only one out of every hundred, that is, 80,000 only out of its 8,000,000 inhabitants require workhouse accommodation? Here we quote from the pamphlet before us.

"But we have heard that Mr. Nicholls, when the gross inaccuracy of his calculations has been exposed to him, has said, that numbers were of no consequence: the principle must be the same, whatever the precise number may be. Why then go over to Ireland, and pretend to found his report upon personal inspection of the state of the country, if his mind was previously made up to the principle, whatever he might discover there? If *any* thing of importance was to be discovered by personal inspection, especially by a practical man, it was, the *number* of persons to be included in the plan of relief, and the *expense* that would be incurred. But if numbers are nothing, let Mr. Nicholls tell the people of England and Ireland plainly, that the workhouses to be erected, according to his plan *may* cost £750,000, or they may cost £1,750,000, or perchance they may cost £17,500,000; or that, for any thing he can tell, £70,000, or even £7000 may be found amply sufficient, because his plan is not founded on a calculation of numbers, principle, being with him every thing!!

"Upon the subject of the number of destitute, however, in Ireland, we insert the following extract, from the third Report of the Commissioners of Poor Inquiry for Ireland,

"'It appears that in Great Britain the agricultural families constitute little more than a fourth, while in Ireland they constitute about two-thirds of the whole population; that there were in Great Britain, in 1831, 1,055, 982 agricultural labourers; in Ireland, 1,131,715, although the cultivated land of Great Britain amounts to about 34,250,000 acres, and that of Ireland only to about 14,600,000.

"'*We thus find that there are in Ireland about five agricultural labourers for every two that there are for the same quantity of land in Great Britain.*

"'It further appears that the agricultural produce of Great Britain, is more than four times that of Ireland; that agricultural wages vary from sixpence to one shilling a day, that the average of the country in general, is about eight-pence half-penny; and that the earnings of the labourers, come, on an average of the whole class, to from two shillings to two shillings and sixpence a week or thereabouts, for the year round.

"'Thus circumstanced, it is impossible for the able-bodied in general, to provide against sickness, or the temporary absence of employment, or against old age, or the destitution of their widows and children, in the contingent event of their own premature decease.

"'A great proportion of them are insufficiently provided at any time, with the commonest necessaries of life. Their habitations are wretched hovels, several of a family sleep together upon straw or upon the bare ground, sometimes with a blanket, sometimes even without so much to cover them; their food commonly consists of dry potatoes, and with these, they are at times so scantily supplied, as to be obliged to stint themselves to one spare meal in the day. There are even instances of persons being driven by hunger, to seek subsistence on wild herbs. They sometimes get a herring, or a little milk, but they never get meat, except at Christmas, Easter, and Shrove-tide.

"'Some go in search of employment to Great Britain during the harvest, others wander through Ireland with the same view.

* * * * * *

"'If, therefore, workhouses were determined upon for Ireland as an actual means of relief, they must be established for the purpose of setting vast numbersof unemployed persons to work within them, and so of providing for such persons and their families. Now, according to the third Table annexed, we cannot estimate the number of persons in Ireland, out of work and in distress, during thirty weeks of the year, at less than 585,000, nor the number of persons dependant on them, at less than 1,800,000,making the whole 2,385,000.

"'This, therefore, is about the number for which it would be necessary to provide accommodation in workhouses, if all who require relief were thus to be relieved; and we consider it morally, indeed physically impossible, so to provide for such a multitude, or even to attempt it with safety.'

"The evidences and tables on which these statements are founded are before the public, and they stand altogether uncontradicted. So far from being contradicted, Colonel Torrens, who has just published an able work on the subject, confirms them. Mr. Powlet Scrope, a gentleman who has devoted much of his attention to the subject, treats these statements as at least by no means improbable; nay, as likely to be very nearly accurate."

Then as to the *cause* of destitution, is there an identity or analogy between that which has obtained in Ireland as compared with England? In the latter it cannot be denied, that the old poor law was the chief cause, producing a disinclination of very many of the poor to labour strenuously to preserve their independence, by holding out other and legal provisions for their maintenance? This artificical and mischievous state of things, was the occasion of families being broken up—of fathers becoming careless about providing for their offspring—of children refusing to contribute to the support of their parents—of daughters being found to refuse to attend the sick beds of their own mothers, unless the parish would remunerate them—of fathers scrupling not to profit by the prostitution of their daughters, because the parish became bound to provide for them and their bastards—and of husbands marrying a prostitute that he might be paid for maintaining the bastard children. But in Ireland there never was a poor law to produce these melan-

choly and heinous results. It is not a disinclination to work on the part of the able-bodied, but the want of work—that is the evil. In short, it is forcibly shown by our author, that the destitute Irish peasantry, and even the Irish mendicants, are as different a class of people in every important feature of character, from the English pauper as it is possible to imagine. We must quote from the pages before us an outline of the Irish character as manifested by the poor, which we believe, is not more hearty than just, in which the difference, as compared with the English paupers, is distinctly alluded to, as also some forcible corrections introduced of Mr. Nicholls' doctrine, which goes to declare, that the "resemblance which they (the Irish) bear to the character and habits of the English peasantry in the pauperized districts, under the abuses of the old poor law," is close.

"Nothing can more strongly mark the haste with which Mr. Nicholls made his observations upon the Irish peasantry than this parallel. He saw from the windows of his carriage rags and filth, as he had seen in pauperized districts in England. He read in the public newspapers of outrages and resistance to lawful authority, and his imagination completed the picture of a pauperized district of England. But the destitute Irish peasantry, and even the Irish mendicants, are as different a class of people in every important feature of character, from the English pauper as it is possible to imagine.

"No such phenomenon exists, in Ireland, as a people utterly regardless of the wants of their neighbours. The hearts of the poor Irish are glowing with kindness to one another, prompt and liberal, according to their means, in relieving one another in distress. Did Mr. Nicholls discover *there*, parents indifferent to the support of their children, except, indeed, among the tradesmen of towns, whose over pay, supported by combinations, renders them considerably like the pampered paupers of England? Did he find in Ireland a peasantry averse to labour? Did he find a single peasant father conniving at the prostitution of his daughter,—a single peasant husband marrying a prostitute that he might be paid for maintaining her bastard children? Did he find such a proportion of illegitimate births as he finds in pauperised districts in England? Even, he himself, cursory as his observation was, had time enough to observe this striking difference between the Irish poor and the paupers of England. 'As far,' says he, 'as I had opportunities of observing and inquiring, the Irish females are, generally, correct in their conduct. I am aware that opinions somewhat different have been expressed' (by whom we should be glad to know); 'but I feel bound to state, that my own impressions of the moral conduct of the Irish females are highly favourable.'

"But even those points of resemblance which he notices, namely, reckless disregard of the future, idle and disorderly conduct, proneness to outrage, and resistance of lawful authority, are resemblances merely upon the surface; in their original nature they are totally different. One palpable mistake runs through the whole analogy, namely, confounding two distinct classes of the destitute Irish, the *habitual mendicants*, and

the *labourers* when reduced occasionally to destitution. The mendicants, living upon spontaneous charity from day to day, of course contract idle dissolute habits, and become regardless of the future. But there is scarcely any example of these mendicants being implicated in outrages, or resistance of lawful authority. They consist chiefly of women and children, with a few men, disabled by age or disease from labouring. An able-bodied man is but rarely seen begging in the country parts of Ireland. Mendicants, therefore, are not likely to be guilty of outrages. They have their own peculiar vices; but outrage, and resistance of lawful authority, are by no means to be enumerated among them.

"On the other hand, the destitute labourers are far from being regardless of the future. Perhaps, there is scarcely a peasantry to be found anywhere, who look forward to the future with more anxiety. How could a people, who are receiving no regular wages for seven months in the year, exist without habits of forethought. The rigid economy with which they husband their slender means to carry them through the idle seasons, sometimes for months together, stinting themselves to one meal in the day, would astonish the most provident of the English peasants. Even their early marriages, reckless of consequences as they may appear to one who cannot sympathise with their circumstances, are not entered into without a regard for the future. Having no means of laying up any thing for old age or sickness, and no public relief to which to betake themselves, they look to a family of children, when they come to maturity, as the hope of their declining years. And, although they are aware, that the children may be left fatherless before they be capable of labour; yet knowing also, that the only resource of a woman, without a father or husband to support her, is begging, they regard a family of young children as rather an assistance, than a hindrance, in obtaining a maintenance by mendicancy."

Mr. Revans, of whom we have already made mention, and who was employed in the Poor Law inquiry both of England and Ireland, has suggested other recommendations, and advanced other statements on the subject, not merely than those which Mr. Nicholls has so confidently advocated, but such as are at variance even with the Reports of the Irish Commissioners under whom he acted. Our author characterizes this young gentleman as being "animated by as magnanimous a contempt of evidence, and to be able to dispose of numbers and calculations with as much of easy legerdemain as Mr. Nicholls,"—alleging that he, Mr. Revans, "seems not aware that there are qualifications of infinitely more importance for forming just judgments on subjects so complex and difficult, than that which is to be gained by shuffling among official papers, extracting and arranging evidence, making up statistical tables, and corresponding with Inspectors and Assistant-Commissioners; —namely (to say nothing of unbiassed rectitude of purpose), a knowledge of human nature, of the character and habits of the people to be dealt with, patient examination, accuracy of calculation," and other requisites, of which not a few of those who have speculated

on the Poor Laws both in this and other countries, are deplorably defective.

We allude to Mr. Revans and his pamphlet here, however, not for the mere sake of showing how our author can administer counsel or reproof, but that we may have an opportunity of introducing a few of the differences of statement and opinion that exist between him and Mr. Nicholls, as given in the pages of these "Strictures." The contrast is not an incurious one.

"Mr. Nicholls is quite certain that relief provided for 80,000 persons will be amply sufficient, provided it be in workhouses.

"Mr. Revans thinks it will be prudent, at least, to provide relief for 800,000 persons.

"Mr. Nicholls estimates the expense of maintaining each pauper at 1s. per week.

"Mr. Revans estimates the expense at sixpence per week.

"Mr. Nicholls proposes a workhouse for every 400 square miles; the workhouses being thus at the distance of 20 miles from one another.

"Mr. Revans takes pains to prove that 20 miles is too great a distance, and proposes a workhouse for every 100 square miles, being at the distance of 10 miles from one another.

"Mr. Nicholls proposes that each of his workhouses shall contain 800 people.

"Mr. Revans proposes that each of his workhouses shall contain 200.

"Mr. Nicholls proposes that *only* whole *families* shall be received into the workhouse.

"Mr. Revans proposes that *men* alone be received, and the wives and children be relieved at home.

"Mr. Nicholls proposes that no relief shall be given out of the workhouse.

"Mr. Revans proposes that extern relief shall be given, not only to the wives and children of the labourers who are intern paupers, but to persons 'infirm through age or accident.'

"Mr. Nicholls proposes to leave a discretionary power in his Board of Guardians to receive or reject applicants for admission.

"Mr. Revans proposes that an Act of Parliament shall be made 'that if the master of any asylum shall refuse entrance to any on demanding it, or eject any one who complies with the rules of the house, that he shall be dismissed his situation; and if the provision is local, that every parish shall for every refusal to admit a claimant into the house, be liable to pay a heavy to the King.' This is securing a legal right to the poor for relief with a vengeance. One could almost suppose that this notion of legislation had been borrowed from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; and we doubt not that as much ingenuity in avoiding the sentence would be displayed by the said masters of asylums as that which was displayed in the thousand and one tales of the amiable princess, who was naturally desirous of keeping possession of her head as long as possible; or peradventure, from the edict of the King in Tom Thumb, for promoting universal cheerful content:

"The man who frowns this day shall lose his head,
And then—he'll have no face to frown withal!"

"Are these the men and these the schemes by which the destinies of eight millions of people are to be determined, and the counsels of a mighty empire to be influenced? Let these two gentlemen first settle the matter of their workhouse system between themselves, and then come forward and offer something like consistent feasible advice, founded upon a careful examination of evidence, and upon severe and accurate calculation; but let not the Public or the Government be abused by such mockeries of data and reasoning and computation."

But we must return with our author to a consideration of how far Ireland resembles England in those points on which a provision for the poor must depend; and leaving the investigation of this similarity in regard to the extent, nature, and effects of destitution, we turn to the *Means* which Ireland possesses of relieving it. And here, it is well asked, did Mr. Nicholls find the same indications of wealth, of ability to bear a heavy taxation in Ireland, that he was accustomed to see in England? Did he find, in short, a class to any extent similar to the class who are the *rate-payers* in England? To these and such like questions, we need not occupy time and space in replying, but go forward to the remarks made on particular fallacies, which seem to have been taken for granted by Mr. Nicholls. The tendency and importance of some of these fallacies may be apprehended from our author's statements.

"Mr. Nicholls takes it for granted that there is no other destitution in Ireland than that of the *mendicants*. But it is very well known that many of the mendicants are better off, in point of fact, than the labouring poor, and would be among the very last to avail themselves of the workhouses. The persons most likely to avail themselves of the workhouses are those wretched families who, in some seasons of the year, are reduced to exist on food which an English farmer would not give to his hogs; and unless Mr. Nicholls contrive to render his workhouses so *irksome* that the poor peasant would rather feed on green potatoes and weeds than enter them, they will be filled with the destitute labouring classes, and the mendicants will be supported as they were before, so that the farmer must then feed, not only the 80,000 destitute labourers, but the mendicants besides.

"But may not the farmer, if he chooses, refuse relief to the mendicants? If he could by so doing force them into the workhouses, doubtless he might; but if the workhouses are already overflowing, on what ground can he refuse them? Besides, as Mr. Nicholls reminds us in the very next paragraph, 'a contribution may be rendered almost as compulsory by custom as if imposed by legislative enactment,' and if this be true any where, it is true in Ireland."

But, says Mr. Nicholls, "we purpose to put an end to mendicity."

"We could tell him that the whole army of Great Britain would not put an end to mendicancy in Ireland, if the people were not satisfied that the mendicants would be otherwise provided for; and that the attempt to put

an end to it by force would be execrated as an act of the most barbarous persecution. Of this Mr. Nicholls seems to be aware, for he admits, that unless the state offer an alternative for the support obtained by begging, it would be in vain to prohibit it. Does he then propose to offer an alternative to the vagrants? If they were to be the first to avail themselves of the workhouses, he would, to the amount of 80,000 of them, be offering them such an alternative; but if the workhouses be previously occupied by a class much more likely to occupy them, where is the alternative? The rate-payer then must, as we have said, contribute his share towards the support of the workhouse, and support the mendicants besides.

"And let it be supposed on the other hand, that all the mendicants in Ireland were lodged in workhouses, what relief would then be afforded to the destitute labourers? They are left to feed on their green potatoes and weeds, just as they were before. Besides, Mr. Nicholls altogether forgets, that if any considerable number of the labouring class enter the workhouses, they must be much better fed than they can feed themselves at home They, may perhaps be tempted by superior food, to submit for some months in the year, to the loss of liberty, the breaking up of their families, and all the other items of the purposely contrived irksomeness of the workhouse. But they certainly never will consent to these privations, and at the same time to feed no better than they did at home. People never can be brought into a workhouse to live on one meal a day, and that meal to consist of green potatoes and weeds. The farmer, therefore, must also pay for this better feeding of the poor in the workhouse."

But, guided by English experience, the writer of the present pamphlet says, the most formidable part of the additional burden which the farmers would have to bear, would arise from the increased improvidence of the peasantry, encouraged by the prospect of relief; nor are we prepared to say that this prospect as already held out, may not have ere this raised some deplorable exaggerations among the Irish people, and produced those relaxations that may be ruinously felt before the potatoe crop is available.

"The state of the account with the rate-payers, therefore, stands thus. At present they have to feed the beggars; and that, by Mr. Nicholls's own account, is burdensome enough. But let these workhouses be once established, and while they would have to feed the beggars still, they would also have to pay for the expenses of erecting and governing the workhouses; also, the maintenance of 80,000 inmates; also, for the additional consumption of food which would be occasioned among the labourers not in the workhouses, by the prospect of relief being held out to them.

But it is said, that no legal right to relief in Ireland is to be proposed. Tell us how you are to deprive the people of a right to a fund, the title to which is to be destitution. The Irish peasantry are not that people, even should we confine their appeal to their representatives in parliament, or their advocates out of it. They would make their rights be felt to be higher than the law itself.

"Thus, again, we conclude, that in regard to the means of relieving destitution, Ireland and England are as unlike as perhaps any two countries

in Europe. An attempt is to be made to counterbalance that objection, by refusing to the poor of Ireland that legal right to relief which is given to the English poor. The very proposals of such a difference between the two countries, and the reason given for it, namely, that the resources of the country would not be sufficient to bear the demand which such a right vested in the people would create, indicates the totally different condition of these two portions of the United Kingdom, in regard to the extent of destitution, and the means existing for its relief, even in the estimation of the advocates of the new measure. But our more direct answer is, that, pass the Bill for raising the fund, and the people will look after their right to a share of that fund, and establish it too, with an energy and power, before which poor Mr. Nicholls, who seems to have some ambition for governing the Irish as well as the English paupers, will soon find himself to be as imbecile and helpless as an infant."

Lastly, we come to the *Agency* which Ireland possesses, as compared with England, for conducting the Poor-house system. Here, Mr. Nicholls despairs of finding such a machinery in a great majority of parishes, although he inclines to think that within an area, containing 400 square miles, it may be got at; but of this he is by no means confident. In England, it is found practicable, safe, and beneficial to permit magistrates to be guardians *ex officio*, and clergymen either by election or *ex officio*. But for Ireland, the proposer of the poor-law so closely handled by our author, feels that such an arrangement would be dangerous and impracticable; and justly does he thus feel, for—

"In districts placed under the direction of Protestants, unless the present race of Protestant gentry and clergy are very different indeed from their predecessors in all time past, they would give every possible preference to Protestants. All the principal officers and servants, male and female, would be Protestant. Any indulgences that could be procured in the workhouse would take a similar direction; and many snug warm corners would certainly be secured for superannuated domestics, old nurses, worn-out coachmen; and the establishments would soon be made to serve the double purpose of relieving such appendages of the families of the gentry, and relieving the gentry themselves of the burden of providing for them.

"In some districts Roman Catholics would be able to withstand Protestant influence to some extent, at least in the election of Guardians, and then what would be the result? Obviously to render the excitements and animosities of contested elections perennial. Protestant landlords would permit Roman Catholics to manage funds, voluntarily contributed by themselves in their own way, because they cannot do otherwise; but they certainly would not concede one particle of the power of taxing their own property, and managing the fund so levied to others, which they could possibly retain in their own hands. We should, therefore, have landlord against priest, and priest against landlord, as in contested elections for members of Parliament, and the poor people roused to a higher excitement, and a more furious struggle, in proportion to the nearer interest which they would have in the question at issue. Political liberty and

equal rights, we doubt not they prize highly; but the privilege of obtaining sufficient food and clothing at the expense of ther landlords and more comfortable neighbours, they certainly would prize still more highly."

But there is a despotic power to be vested in a central authority.

"The reader will bear in mind that the system of the English Poor Laws as now administered, a thorough knowledge of which appears so important to this worthy gentleman, amounts, as we have shewn, to the art of mixing a suitable quantity of ashes and wormwood with the bread offered to the poor, for the very purpose of deterring them from accepting of it. And the want of a knowledge of this art of mixing up a judicious quantity of the said ashes and wormwood, so as to be neither too much nor too little, he thinks would be a disqualification sufficient to exclude all Irishmen from any share in the management of their own poor. It never for a moment occurs to this good man that a knowledge of the character and habits of the Irish, of their prejudices, of their apprehensions, of the mode of gaining access to their understandings and their affections, is a kind of knowledge quite as important in one who is to have the management of the poor among them, as the knowledge of mixing ashes and wormwood with bread destined for their use; and for that description of knowledge, we are under the necessity of saying Englishmen are, in general, not particularly distinguished. Mr. Nicholls does not seem to have the slightest apprehension that there can be any thing peculiar in the character of a people which, in legislating for them, requires to be attended to. He thinks of nothing but of treating his abstract notion of a man, any "two-legged animal without feathers," destitute of all those peculiarities of national character, on which just legislation must mainly depend, with his test of destitution, his irksome work-houses—his ashes and wormwood."

And where do our readers think this central authority is to be exercised? In Dublin? No!—By whom exercised? By Irishmen? No!—

"He proposes that the whole poor of Ireland should be managed by the present Poor Law Commissioners of England. He notices the suggestion of adding one to their number for the purpose of attending to the Irish department (and such a one would, at all events, be serving an apprenticeship to the English system); but so tenacious is he of letting any part of the management pass from the English triumvirate, that, on several pretences, he rejects the suggestion; and, after some coquetry about the multiplicity of business with which the English Board is already burdened, he at length modestly gives consent to accept the control of the whole Poor Fund of both England and Ireland, saying he has little doubt his colleagues would undertake the duty along with him, and has less doubt that they, when their hands are relieved of some present pressure, would be quite able to accomplish it. A more arrogant piece of self-confidence and presumption, we will venture to say, never was exhibited. Let the reader look back for a moment on the successive pretexts upon which this gentleman draws every thing to himself. In the first place, the persons holding the supreme authority must be persons well

practised in the English system of Poor Laws, because it is the English system that is to be introduced, and this qualification he ranks so high as to found upon it the audacious proposal of excluding all Irishmen from the management of the poor of Ireland. But, again, to exclude Irishmen from a Board sitting in Dublin would appear harsh, and might perhaps, excite angry comment, he therefore proposes that the controlling authority should be in London, and modestly hints at the London Commissioners, notwithstanding their great and incessant labours, (dwelling particularly upon his own,) being willing to undertake the duty. And this, he says, would be desirable for another reason, namely, to secure a perfect uniformity of management in Ireland and England. For, says he, (p. 34,) " the law would be similar in both countries, it is true, but the practice might, and probably would, become widely different in each, as was the case in different parts of England under the old Poor Law administration.' But then it has been suggested that an additional Commissioner or two might be appointed to attend to the Irish department, but his answer is ready. ' In practice,' says he ' it does not always follow, that the efficiency of a Board is increased by an increase of the number of its members;' and he further hints that there might be some danger of injuring the harmony of the English triad.' "

Such are some of the " Strictures " which our author has applied to Mr. Nicholls' Report, which has been countenanced, to a certain extent, by several members of his Majesty's government. We confess that we have never perused that Report, although we have read not a few extracts from it. At the same time it is our conviction that these " Strictures," however severely they may handle the Commissioner, do not misquote his words, or his opinions, while they assuredly prove him to be a rash, an incompetent, and probably a selfish speculator.

We are not bound, neither do we pretend, to point out the measures that should immediately be adopted for the amelioration of the sister island. It is sufficient for our author, and for ourselves through him, if first we can be the means of bringing about a more sane estimate of the value of poor-laws in general than does yet prevail in this country; and secondly, if we can help to throw obstacles in the way of passing inoperative and mischievous laws. That the publication and study of the pamphlet before us is eminently calculated to effect much, both of this general and special good, we confidently affirm; that it advocates principles we have often stood up for, we are glad; that it has carried us to more clear and convincing conclusions regarding Ireland than we before entertained, we are thankful.

In conclusion, let us just mark, what will be the real benefit that the most sanguine can suppose will attend Mr. Nicholls' proposed scheme—that is, providing workhouse accommodation for 80,000, when—

" A Poor Law for Ireland must be an attempt to provide, not for a few destitute individuals in a parish, whose destitution arises from their

peculiar circumstances; but it must be an attempt to deal with several millions of people. It is known and acknowledged on every side that a large proportion of the agricultural labourers, amounting to above 500,000 men, who, with the families dependent upon them, cannot amount to less than 1,500,000, are supported for about one half of the year by wages so scanty, that they can save nothing out of them; and during the other half of the year, by the produce of a small piece of ground, which yields barely food sufficient, with the strictest economy, to prevent their perishing of want, till the time of employment and of wages returns.

"Besides these, we have seen that there is about an equal number of persons engaged in agriculture who are holders of land, but in so small quantities, that they employ no labourers under them, multitudes of whom are, through imperfect agriculture, failure of crops, reduction in the price of produce which compels them to part with an undue proportion of it to pay their rent, brought from time to time to a state of destitution as appalling as that of the labourers who have no land, and who, according to Mr. Revans, must 'beg, or steal, or starve.'"

"Does Mr. Nicholls really suppose that the cry of a million of people perishing for want could be withstood, or that it could be answered by such miserable expedients as the irksome workhouse test system? Here is no feigned destitution that requires to be put to the test; but as real and appalling a destitution as the most ardent admirers of the test system could desire. It must be met, and met promptly;—and the whole of his fences and guards would be swept away like cobwebs before a hurricane.

"It is puerile to expect that a starving peasantry, after the announcement that a rate is to be levied for their relief, and houses provided for their accommodation, will, as by common consent, continue to husband their little stock with the same economy which they have been accustomed to practise, when no other means of subsistence was opened for them. Without supposing them to become recklessly extravagant, they will be furnished with an excuse, or rather an irresistible temptation will be held out to them to eat till they are satisfied, at least, unless the workhouse be represented to them, and believed by them, to be something absolutely terrible. Their stores will then be exhausted before the time of employment or of wages arrives, the cry of hundreds of thousands of people being in danger of perishing with hunger, will resound through every corner of the kingdom. To attempt to cast such a multitude of destitute persons, who have been betrayed into destitution by the legislature itself, upon the gentry and small farmers of Ireland; in addition to the mendicants that are already exhausting them, would be in itself the most cruel injustice, and would create a convulsion, which without prompt and energetic measures to allay it, would shake the throne of Britain itself. Additional levies must be made. To draw the funds necessary to meet the exigency from the landed proprietors, would exhaust their whole resources, without accomplishing the object, and the British public would be constrained to submit to a rate in aid of the exhausted rate-payers of Ireland. The first opening of such a resource would increase the evil. Year after year the cry of famine would be raised, till, as we have already said, as effectual and universal a transfer of land in Ireland from the present proprietors to the peasantry would be effected, as that which took place on the occasion of the French Revolution."

ART. VII.—*The West Indies: the Natural and Physical History of the Windward and Leeward Colonies, &c.* By SIR ANDREW HALLIDAY, K. H., M. D., &c. Deputy Inspector of Army Hospitals. London: Parker, 1837.

LIKE many other works of modest pretensions, the one before us deserves to be spoken of with more than ordinary approbation. It is full of useful, as well as entertaining matter, and contains also not a few notices that are new; at the same time bearing on every page the stamp of a variously informed, inquisitive, and remarkably benevolent mind. In treating of the "Moral, social, and political condition of the inhabitants, immediately before and after the Abolition of Negro Slavery," as the title of the volume announces, there is a scope afforded for extremely instructive and interesting particulars. The state of religious tuition and progress in these colonies obtains special notice. Then there are geological discussions, remarks on climate, health, and natural history, together with many facts and anecdotes, which convey to the reader a great amount of precise knowledge—knowledge that has, both from its peculiar nature and the habits of reflection illustrative of the author's disposition, an eminently humanizing influence.

It would appear that Sir Andrew Halliday was induced to select the West Indies for his residence and professional occupation—the government acceding to his desire—on account of the gout, and the present volume is the offspring of his observations and acquisitions while there. One leading feature in his work, are certain speculations regarding the origin and formation of the Caribbean Islands. We are not going to discuss his theory, but merely mention that he adduces various facts and arguments which make it probable that they are the result of an immense volcanic stream, sent off after the Andes were formed, and that the course of this stream kept along the track of the hurricanes, from the equator to the Gulf of Mexico. To geologists this portion of the work will afford special interest; but in selecting our extracts we choose rather to keep to those that will be found to be more generally attractive. Here is one of those that may be classed, however, along with extraordinary natural phenomena. It goes to prove that the sweep and direction of the Atlantic extend over a much wider range than has been supposed.

"My readers may all recollect the melancholy accident of the burning of the Kent East India ship in the chops of the British Channel some few years ago. On board of that ship was Lieutenant-colonel M'Gregor, now of the 93rd Highlanders, who was going out with the regiment he then commanded to India. When all hope of saving the ship was at an end, and death seemed inevitable, the Colonel sat down and wrote a short narrative

of what had occurred, and the little probability that existed of any person being saved. This paper was put into a bottle, and whilst he was in the act of corking that bottle, so as to secure the writing, the cry of 'a ship in sight' was heard. What became of the bottle after that moment he had no recollection; but about three or four years ago, he went out to Barbadoes to take the command of his present corps, and shortly after his arrival at St. Ann's he was waited upon by a gentleman connected with one of the newspapers published in Bridgetown, and who, after some little explanation, presented to the Colonel his original manuscript from on board the Kent, which had been found in a bottle picked up by a negro on the northern shore of the island."

We may connect with the above statement another not less wonderful and providential. It took place during the last dreadful hurricane that traversed Barbadoes.

"A mother, a daughter, a female slave, and a child of two years of age, were living together in a cottage near his garden-wall. When the hurricane was at its height, they heard the roof of their cottage going off, and immediately rushed to the door for safety, the daughter carrying the child. At the same instant the door was blown from its hinges, and fell down, and, in the horror of the moment, the young lady dropped or lost the child, and during the night it was no more heard of. Next morning the mother and daughter were found alive, in an open space of ground near the ruins of their cottage, and conveyed to the residence of Colonel Diggens. The person who had discovered these females, and had conveyed them to a place of shelter, then went to assist the Colonel in extricating his horses from the ruins of their stable: while so employed, they heard the cry of an infant, and, upon examining around, discovered at a little distance from them a child about two and a half years old, perfectly naked, and black with cold. This was the child that had been lost, when the mother and daughter had made their escape from their cottage. A wall, nine feet high, divided that cottage from the garden of Colonel Diggens, and the conjecture was that the child had fallen from the arms of the young lady, and dropped upon the outer door of the cottage, which had just then been blown down, and that, by some strange swirl of the wind, this door had been lifted up with the child upon it, carried over the nine-feet wall, and deposited in the Colonel's garden, where both it and the child were now found."

We may mention that Barbadoes was the first island which Sir Andrew visited, where as in the other colonies, the mortality among the troops necessarily claimed his particular attention. It cannot be supposed that government will be deaf to some of his statements of facts and suggestions regarding those provisions, which would tend greatly to preserve and prolong human life. It would appear, for instance, that many of the barracks are built in unhealthy situations. This fact has already engaged the deliberation of our rulers; but there are other matters that loudly call for alteration, where the change would be more easily and cheaply accomplished.

"It would be both wisdom and humanity, as well as great economy, to throw aside all the English and Irish contracts for salt beef and pork,

and allow the commissariat on the spot to procure those supplies of fresh meat and vegetables which are required for the proper nourishment of the troops, and are so important as regards their health and efficiency. I state it from authentic documents, and the fullest information collected on the spot, that there is not a colony or corner of a colony, where British troops are quartered, in the West Indies, that is not capable of supplying these troops, whether few or many, with fresh beef of the best quality, and at a cheaper rate, than what the salt provisions cost the country before they are delivered out to the soldiers' messes. This of itself, one would imagine, was sufficient to cause enquiry; but when I add, that more than a third of that mortality which is so dark a feature in our colonial military service, is occasioned by that rottenness of the constitution which is produced by improper and unwholesome diet (and I do not state this upon slight or untenable grounds), it is a question that ought seriously to engage the attention of our civil, as well as our military rulers. The salted meats, I readily admit, are the best that can be procured, and are most excellent of their kind; but to the soldiers in the West Indies they are doubly pernicious. In the first place they do not furnish a sufficient quantity of nourishment to the body, while the superabundance of the muriate of soda, as every physician knows, produces that unnatural and unhealthy state of the blood which is so characteristic of a scorbutic tendency; and, in the second place, this diet excites such a craving for liquids, that no resolution nor strength of mind can overcome it. Hunger is a severe suffering, but thirst is far more distressing; and, were death in the cup, it could not be resisted. Why, then, I would ask, persist in measures, neither called for by necessity, nor recommended by economy, and which are so conducive to the irregularities of the soldier, and so fatal to his health?"

British Guiana engages a great part of our author's observations and descriptions. Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, he regards as being susceptible of the greatest improvement, and rendered the most flourishing colony under the crown. The richness of the soil seems to be unrivalled, consisting of an alluvial deposition, that to a vast extent averages nearly 150 feet in depth. Such an abundant and inexhaustible quantity of compost cannot be valued.

"As yet a few patches only along the sea coast, and on the banks of its three great rivers, have been subjected to cultivation; and such are their productiveness, that the exports of this colony are already nearly on a par with those of the large island of Jamaica, with its labouring population of more than 300,000. If cultivation and population proceed and advance in anything like the ratio they have lately done, it would be matter of little import (in as far as sugar, rum, molasses, and coffee, and even cotton, are concerned), a few years hence, though all the islands in the Carribean sea were returned to the bottom of the great deep. British Guiana could furnish a supply of these articles for the whole world, and for 10,000 years, and still have fresh soil to bring into cultivation."

Sir Andrew should write a work on natural history; for though it were to contain nothing but the facts which he has himself observed, it would be singularly engaging and valuable. We should not care a

straw whether he displayed a knowledge of scientific systems or not, so long as he evinced the enthusiasm and the ability to closely observe, and delightfully describe, what he observed, that the following extract presents. The Guiana wren and cuckoo are the subjects.

"The little wren which I have already mentioned, seems to be so alarmed and annoyed by what is here called the lazy-bird (the *Cuculus rufo*), that she seeks and avails herself as much as possible of the protection of man, building her nest in the most frequented rooms of the house. One actually hatched and reared her young brood under a table in the mess-room of the 25th regiment, at Eve Leary barracks, a room frequented by hundreds daily, and where noise and uproar generally prevailed for half the night, yet nothing seemed to disturb her. To hang up an empty soda-water bottle in the open viranda is considered by this bird as a great boon, as in it she finds a retreat which the lazy-bird cannot reach; yet it is a most remarkable fact, that should the lazy-bird succeed in getting her egg placed in the little wren's nest, she not only hatches it, but is most indefatigable in procuring food for the ravenous maw of the alien monster that has destroyed her own natural offspring.

"Here, as in Europe, the young of the foster-mother disappear as soon as the young cuckoo is hatched. Can it be a recollection of the cruel fate of her own young, and of the additional labour she will have to undergo, that makes her thus so persevering in her endeavours to escape from the pursuit of her remorseless persecutor? I saw a lazy-bird to-day follow a wren into the drawing-room at Camp House, and was with difficulty driven out, and prevented from taking possession of the wren's nest."

The mason-bee exhibits as wonderful an instance of instinct as can well be imagined. It is an expert architect, that builds houses in the form of a cross, which it afterwards turns to good account.

"One good old lady took up her position within a foot of the sofa on which I was accustomed to lounge during the extreme heat of the day. I therfore could watch all her motions without any trouble. I copy here the memorandum made at the time: 'House completely built in about three hours; diameter of the foundation-circle 6-8ths of an inch, height when completed, 5-8ths, and door or chimney projecting scarcely 1-8th. I could not decide whether more than one bee was occupied in the construction, because they are so much alike; but there never have appeared two at the same time.' When the building was finished, it was left for the remainder of the day to consolidate, and it soon became quite hard and dry. Next morning, as soon as the sun was up, I found the labourer of the preceding day arrive, and in her arms a long slender green caterpillar. She approached the open door or chimney, but did not rest on it, for while hovering on the wing she contrived to push the head of the caterpillar into the hole, and then gradually, and by piecemeal, to force in the whole body. As soon as this was fairly out of sight, she took her departure, and in five minutes returned with another victim. I counted seven of these caterpillars pushed into the same building. The eighth time she returned without a caterpillar, but with a load of clay, with which in an

instant she closed up the open door, and immediately began to lay a new foundation. This she finished before noon, and left it to dry for the rest of the day. Next morning I saw her bringing the caterpillars, but did not remain to count them.

"I allowed the process to go on for four days, when with a sharp table-knife I removed the first nest from the wainscot, and found the ova hatched, and the caterpillars, in whose bodies they had been deposited, nearly all destroyed by the young grubs. In the second the ova had not burst, and in the third the cell was quite crammed with the still fresh bodies of the green caterpillars. I found in the huts that had not been disturbed, the wall broken on one side or other, and that when taken down they were quite empty. Here then we find the insect first preparing a prison for the caterpillars, in whose bodies she deposits her ova for the purpose of being hatched, and which bodies also supply the young with food, until able to destroy the wall of the building, and find nourishment elsewhere."

Here is an account of the proceedings of another little creature, also of the bee tribe, that may be taken as a companion to the preceding anecdote.

"A hive of bees have made a lodgment in the north wall of the dining-room, about six inches from the window sill. They enter by a small opening, which is covered by the window shutter, when it is fastened back by the iron hook that secures it; and I find that when the shutter is firmly hooked back, it completely obstructs their entrance. It is not often, however, that the servants are at the trouble of fixing the hook; but as it has been done occasionally, the bees must have found it an annoyance, and, with the view of providing against it, they have surrounded the hole in the wall by a ball of clay, of the size of a hen's egg, which, though it does not prevent the shutter from being hooked back, keeps it at a sufficient distance from the wall to permit the bees to pass easily behind it. I can discern no other reason for their having placed this ball of clay over their entrance, unless it is to prevent the rain being driven into the hole when it is not protected by the shutter. In either case, we have here a wonderful example of the power of instinct. I have twice removed the ball of clay, but have always found it restored. The bee is very like the meadow, or fog-bee, of England, small and short-bodied. The hive does not seem to be numerous. I seldom see more than three or four at a time about the entrance. I do not think they have any sting, for when I destroyed their clay-guard they were irritated, but did not attempt to sting or molest me."

To the attention of the examinators at the Apothecaries' Hall, and other medical boards, we recommend the following method of education.

"All knowledge which the natives possess of the virtues of plants has been handed down by tradition. They have no written language; yet they can cure ulcers, destroy the poison of venomous snakes, and allay the symptoms of various diseases, with perfect success. Their doctors are a distinguished and greatly privileged class: they are called Peijmen, pronounced Pe-ai-men; and, before the young aspirant can obtain his degree,

he has to undergo a rather severe apprenticeship. It is thus described by my excellent friend, Dr. M'Turk, who was at pains to make himself master of the whole proceeding :—' The person who is desirous of learning the art, or whatever it may be called, applies, either personally or through his father, to the elders of the family of the peijman who is to teach him. The peijman hears the applicant patiently, who relates to him his history, and that of his family, and where he resides : these statements proving satisfactory, the peijman takes his pupil the first night apart from every house or dwelling, and sings and bellows over him the whole night, occasionally puffing tobacco-smoke in his face. This ceremony being over, which commences at six o'clock in the evening, and continues till six o'clock in the morning, without intermission, he is put into the peij-house (a house built and used for no other purpose,) closed in at top and sides, leaving only a small aperture for a door, which, when shut, renders the inside quite dark. Here the newly initiated remains for a week, seated night and day on a block of wood—no bed, hammock, or any article of furniture whatever, allowed in the house ; in this condition he is attended by the peijman every night, who performs the same ceremony as at the beginning : he also visits him daily, on which occasions he gives him to drink a quantity of tobacco-water, which vomits him until he is quite exhausted. The only food that is allowed him is about an ounce of cassava-bread, and about the same quantity of dried fish, and a little water, daily, which he can seldom use from the disturbed state of his stomach. At the end of the week the peijman, gives him, by way of a finale, a calabash-full of paiwary, a drink made from toasted cassava-bread steeped in water, which forms a fermented intoxicating liquor; this quantity (about a gallon) he has to drink at one draught, which is sure to vomit him ; he is then taken out of the peij-house, looking more like a spectre than a human being. It takes some time before the new peijman can walk about, and until his strength is restored, or that he can take his departure for his home. The peij-houses are now very rare. About twenty years ago there was a large establishment of this sort on the Abanacary Creek, in the Essequibo River, where, at stated periods, the peijmen assembled to perform their exorcisms, and examine the younger peijmen. A father cannot teach a son, nor a son a father: at least, it is not the custom."

But we find nothing so really important and pleasing in this volume, as the account which the author gives of the results which have followed the abolition of slavery in Guiana, and the moral improvement of the planters. In the first place, prosperity, instead of the ruin that was foretold, has attended the great legislative measure now mentioned, and certain grounds for anticipating still farther benefit from it, exist. Sir Andrew says, " Such is already the flourishing state of British Guiana under this system, that the exports in 1835-6 exceed those of 1834-5, by 11,356 hogsheads, 883 tierces, and 530 barrels of sugar; 7,108 puncheons, 966 hogsheads, and 27 barrels of rum; and 747,234 pounds of coffee." Then, as to the moral advancement of the colony, and since the martyrdom of Missionary Smith, the planters have been converted from persecutors of religion to tolerate, yea, to encourage its pro-

fession and practice. Our author says, "It is highly creditable to the planters of British Guiana, and I record the fact with more pleasure than I can express, that almost every respectable proprietor has endowed and established a school upon his own property, and shown the utmost liberality and zeal in furthering the good works of the missionaries, and in encouraging the spread of the gospel." How different is this hearty style of speaking concerning the greatest concerns of human life to that which many flippant, or would-be philosophic, and politic writers have practised!

There is in Trinidad a peculiar people, forming a Mahometan colony, that are thus described.

"The Mandingos have long been known as constituting, in some measure, the merchant-adventurers of Africa; they were, I believe, the best informed of all the native tribes, and all Mahometans, but were occasionally entrapped and sold for slaves. How or why they accumulated in Trinidad I was not able to ascertain, but it is a remarkable fact, that they all succeeded in procuring their freedom long before the abolition of slavery, and formed a distinct society of themselves, strictly bound together by their Mahometan faith. As hucksters, or petty retail dealers, they have not only kept themselves above want, but, in some instances, have acquired wealth. When any of their nation was brought to the island as a slave, his conduct was strictly watched, and, if found conformable to what they expected, his freedom was instantly purchased; but though made free, he was not allowed to become idle. He was compelled to labour, and that diligently, until the society was repaid the money they had advanced for his purchase; and even when that had been accomplished, he was held as still amenable to the general body for his industry and good conduct. The whole of these people confine themselves, as regards residence, to a particular portion of the city, and have persons regularly appointed to officiate in holy things."

We close our extracts from this interesting volume, which is sure to be extensively read, and frequently reprinted, with certain notices and conclusions of a geological character. The author has been speaking of the mud volcanos and the pitch lakes of Trinidad; and then offers his theory regarding the formation of coal, a subject which has engaged an extraordinary degree and variety of speculation. He says—

"In many of the trees and plants which have fallen into the liquid tar of the pitch lake, we see the gradual progress of their conversion from the ligneous state into a mass of bitumen or fossil coal, retaining at the same time all the marks and peculiarities of that original structure, which is so characteristic of the vegetable remains found in the coal-beds in Europe; affording, as I imagine, a proof that the trees now found in a fossil state in the great coal-formations, were not necessarily charred or burnt previous to their deposition in the coal strata, but must have fallen into them while the coal was still in a liquid or bituminous condition. With every respect, therefore, for the opinion of the Rev. Canon of Christ Church, I would submit that the materials, which now constitute our great coal-beds, were

originally distilled as a liquid bitumen, or mineral oil, from the vegetable matter (mixed with the detritus of adjacent lands), by the action of that heat of the subterranean fires whose elevating force formed the hills and mountains in which they are now found, and that by pressure and draining that bitumen has become solid coal."

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of the Life and Works of the late Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.* By his Son, the Rev. JOHN SINCLAIR, M.A., &c. &c. 2 vols. London: Cadell. 1837.

THERE is, we believe, not a man belonging to the latter quarter of the last century, or to the earlier portion of the present, which Great Britain can name as a son, that deserves to be more heartily commemorated than Sir John Sinclair. Whether we regard the importance of his pursuits, their variety, or the patience and perseverance with which he adhered to them, he must be held as an individual who has done more good for the community and the world than almost any that we can point to, besides leaving a most instructive and engaging example for others to follow. All this was accomplished by him, not through the brilliancy of *genius*, taking the term as applied to the higher walks of literature, of art, or of abstract science; but employing the word in some of its legitimate meanings, viz., as descriptive of inventive talent, and an unwavering assiduity, in spite of obstacles, that would, to a less direct, eager, and clear comprehension, have proved insurmountable—the subject of these Memoirs will obtain a lofty pedestal in the temple of of fame.

It would be no simple task were we to undertake to enumerate all the great enterprizes in which Sir John, during a long and active life, engaged. It is not possible, even to mention those which he triumphantly conducted and concluded, in any narrow space, neither is it necessary. The benefits which he has bequeathed to the empire are universally exhibited and acknowledged. Need we do more than refer to that noble service which he performed in originating, establishing, and managing the Board of Agriculture, and his suggesting, superintending, and perfecting the Statistical Account of Scotland? His separate Treatises on Husbandry—his enthusiastic efforts in behalf of his native county, Caithness—his literary, political, patriotic, and social enterprizes—have been multifarious, while not a few of them have been crowned with success.

Sir John Sinclair's zeal, activity, and status in society introduced him to the most eminent of his cotemporaries, and thus he has been the means of leaving to the world many curious and important notices, which throw much light upon the characters of statesmen—Pitt and Fox, for instance—as well as upon many public measures of extensive bearings. The parties, the opinions, and the great

steps that characterized the revolutions in America and France, obtain a principal place in these Memoirs.

It is quite unnecessary to give a summary of the matter contained in these volumes, or to attempt anything like an analysis of Sir John's character and works. His various projects, such as his financial schemes, or those that regarded the manufacture of gunpowder, and many other suggestions and efforts to benefit his country—not to mention his great achievements, already referred to—do not require any particular description at our hands. These Memoirs, which are sure to be received by the world as a suitable monument of his zeal and success, must be consulted for such minute and interesting matter. A few scraps, and anecdotes will suffice in our pages; these, however, will indicate the extent and variety of the contents of the work. There are here a good many notices of Lord North, whose natural good temper was as remarkable as the rashness and folly of some of his public measures. It seems that he was in the habit of taking refuge within the keeping of Morpheus, when fatigued and tired by a long and heavy debate. He also thus preserved himself from many of the attacks of his opponents, Sir Grey Cooper being awake to chronicle anything that particularly required a reply.

"During a debate on ship-building some tedious speaker entered on a historical detail, in which, commencing with Noah's ark, he traced the progress of the art regularly downwards. When he came to build the Spanish Armada, Sir Grey inadvertently awoke the slumbering Premier, who enquired at what era the honourable gentleman had arrived. Being answered, 'We are now in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.' 'Dear Sir Grey,' said he,' why not let me sleep a century or two more?'"

The following anecdote engages the feelings strongly in behalf of Lord North when he had become the fallen minister, although it says little in behalf of political principle as generally evinced, by the returns made for former benefits and gifts.

"Lord North had much promoted the restoration of the forfeited estates in Scotland. Some time before that measure was agreed upon, young Cameron of Lochiel had been introduced to the Minister, who was so much pleased with his address as to remember him at a crisis when his patronage was most desirable, and to insist upon the Lochiel estate being added to the list of those to be restored. A relation of Lochiel took an opportunity to show the sense of obligation cherished by his family after the Minister was out of place, and blind. Having the captaincy of an East-Indiaman to give away, this gentleman (whose name was Cameron) wrote to Lord North, with the offer to appoint any person whom his Lordship might recommend. The retired statesman was much affected by this evidence of generous feeling, and declared, almost with tears, 'This is the only instance of *undoubted gratitude* that I have ever met with.'"

At one time the biographer's father was a staunch supporter of Lord North, but as soon as he and some other country squires and

members of parliament perceived the danger of the minister's measures with regard to America, they attempted to form a party among themselves, which, however, was unable to thwart the headlong policy of the premier. Still, of course, they helped to complete his downfall.

While on political subjects, we shall quote two or three passages more, from correspondents with Sir John, of great note in the world. The following are extracts from letters, written by Jefferson, on the subject of the French Revolution; their dates are widely different, rather as respects events than the current of time. The difference in their sentiments are thus easily accounted for.

"In 1791, he says, 'We are now under the first impression of the news of the king's flight from Paris, and his recapture. It would be unfortunate, were it in the power of any one man, to defeat the issue of so beautiful a revolution. I hope and trust it is not, and that, for the good of suffering humanity all over the earth, that revolution will be established and spread through the whole world.' His tone in 1803, is very different; he seems to have anticipated the necessity of Great Britain renewing hostilities against Napoleon. 'We are still uninformed here,' he says, 'whether you are again at war. Bonaparte has produced such a state of things in Europe, as it would seem difficult for him to relinquish in any sensible degree; and equally dangerous for Great Britain to suffer to go on; especially if accompanied by maritime preparations on his part. The events which have taken place in France have lessened, in the American mind, the motives of interest which it felt in that revolution; and its amity towards that country now rests on its love of peace and commerce. We see, at the same time, with great concern, the position in which Great Britain is placed; and should be sincerely afflicted were any disaster to deprive mankind of the benefit of such a bulwark against the torrent, which has for some time been bearing down all before it. But her power and prowess at sea seem to render everything safe in the end. Peace is our passion, and, though wrongs might drive us from it, we prefer trying every other just principle of right and safety before we would recur to war.'"

It is with more pleasure that we recognize in these volumes a personage, who was one of Sir John's frequent correspondents, towards whom, most of our readers entertain warmer feelings than the American leader of democracy ever obtained on this side of the Atlantic—we mean, William IV. of England. It was in 1803, that he thus expressed himself regarding the Addington administration.

"Had this country an able and active Administration, I should be afraid of nothing: but, in my opinion, our Ministers, and even the country, want energy, which I will endeavour to give it in every debate we shall have in Parliament. I am ready either for the cabinet or the fleet; but I have no reason to expect either situation, and must, therefore, do all the good I can in Parliament; and, if the invasion does take place, I shall have the honour of attending his majesty, if permitted.

"A subsequent letter has these words:—'As for politics, you never heard me say I thought the present Administration efficient, and without doubt Lord Hobart is the worst of all. But I see no likelihood of a change; where Pitt goes against Addington, there Fox will support Ministers; and Fox will oppose Government in those measures which Pitt will approve. In short, if these champions could unite they would not carry one hundred members out of six hundred and fifty-eight. The crown, the union with Ireland, and above all, the dread of the times, will, in my opinion, prevent a change of men. Certainly Lord Moira ought to be brought forward, and I wish the overtures of the Prince of Wales had not been rejected.'"

He who can think and thus express himself, is not likely to be led by the nose by any administration; neither, when the following opinions are regarded, can any one believe that his Majesty will ever turn a deaf ear to the voice of a nation. The subject was the emancipation of the Catholics.

"I feel very great satisfaction in finding that our sentiments agree on the point of the Catholics in Ireland, who have been too long degraded. That island might become the treasure of our empire, and I hope to God it will. Look to what was the state of Scotland till the Earl of Bute most wisely admitted Jacobites into the King's family and service. Who more loyal than the sons of Scotia? Do away in Ireland the disabilities of religion, and the inhabitants of Hibernia will be equally attached to their monarch."

Here is an anecdote connected with the great Westminster election, in which Fox and Sir Cecil Wray were the antagonists.

"It is hardly to be credited the exertions that were made to secure Mr. Fox's election for Westminster, and the popular spirit that was raised for his support. A friend of mine, Lord Grimstone, who being only an Irish Peer, was entitled to vote, went in his carriage to support Sir Cecil Wray. When he returned to his carriage, his coachman said to him, 'I hope your Lordship will now allow me to poll.'—'Certainly,' said Lord Grimstone, 'and for whom are you to vote?'—'Why, for Mr. Fox, to be sure, my Lord.—' To which Lord Grimstone very good-naturedly replied,' I wish John, that you had told me sooner, and we might then have paired off.'"

We did not know that Mr. Pitt was a punster; but without being one, he seems sometimes to have indulged in a sally of the kind. Before quoting a specimen, let it be borne in mind, that Sir John visited Poland when it was tottering to ruin, and on the eve of its dismemberment, and when he had the opportunity of dining with Mr. Tepper, the great banker of Warsaw.

"Some time afterwards, on my father's return to England, Mr. Pitt, at the close of some political conversation, asked him where he had fared best during his travels. The Baronet, having Tepper's dinner fresh in remembrance, said, 'In Poland.' 'I have often heard,' replied the Minister, 'of the *polish diet.*'"

In his northern tour, Sir John visited various capitals, and nothing seems to have engaged his inquiries and observation more than the matters which might afford him information that

might be turned to good account on his return to England, unless it may have been to note the success which attended such of his north countrymen as had settled in foreign parts.

"In illustration of Scottish sagacity, Count Browne related a curious anecdote of one Grant, a Scotsman in the service of the great Frederick of Prussia. Grant was observed one day fondling the King's favourite dog. 'Are you fond of dogs?' said Frederick. 'No please your Majesty,' replied Grant, 'but we Scots have a saying that it is right to secure a friend at court.' 'You are a sly fellow,' said the monarch, 'recollect for the future that you have no occasion at this court for any friend but myself.' Grant rose afterwards with great rapidity, and was intrusted with the command of the most important fortresses in the kingdom."

Mirabeau, at Berlin, is the person spoken of in the sentences that follow:—

"He told Sir John, in confidence, that he was sent to Berlin by M. Calonne, to prevent Prussia from abandoning the French interest for that of England. When other methods failed, he had recourse to intrigues, suited rather to the taste of our second Charles, than to that of Frederick William.

"The Count once told a common friend that France was much indebted to England for having taken the lead and shown the example of a revolution. 'Among other lessons,' said he, 'which you have taught us, is that of *not taking off the King's head.* We shall avoid that blunder; it is the sure way to establish a military government.'"

Our traveller, in the course of his life, had many more opportunities of forming an accurate opinion of celebrated and royal characters than most men enjoy; and these volumes contain many proofs of this. Here is one referring to the period of Sir John's return to England. It leads us back to great political struggles.

"'The King alluded to a revolution reported to have nearly taken place in Sweden. Sir John replied, that the reports were well founded, and that but for the interference of Count Ferson, a nobleman of Scottish extraction (his name being properly M'Pherson), by those exertions the Diet was prevented from proceeding to extremities, another revolution would have been effected, and the aristocratic system restored. The reply of George III. was worthy of a British Sovereign. 'The King of Sweden would have deserved his fate; for the Sovereign of a limited monarchy, if he is an honest man, will never aim at despotic power.' Speaking afterwards of America, his Majesty took occasion to declare, 'I always considered the American war as a war for maintaining the rights, not of the crown, but of the Parliament. The Americans acknowledged the supremacy of the crown, but they denied the authority of Parliament. I much lament the separation of the two countries; but having once acknowledged the independence of the colonies, I will never countenance any plan for disturbing their government, and bringing them back to their old allegiance.'"

The last of the scraps and anecdotes taken at random, and

without regard to order from these volumes, which are indeed creditable to the son, while they will form a lasting memorial of the excellence and services of the father, are characteristic of that singular man Lord Thurlow, with whom Sir John was on intimate terms.

"When Mr. Pitt obtained permission from the King to deprive Lord Thurlow of the seals, the only minister who could be prevailed on to undertake the formidable task of demanding them in person was Mr. Dundas. The Secretary had recourse to the following expedient:—He sent a note to the Chancellor the night before, informing him that he proposed to have the honour of breakfasting with his Lordship next day, having *very particular business to settle with him.* On his arrival, Lord Thurlow said to him, 'I know the business you are come about; you shall have the bag and seals: there they are,' he added, pointing to a side-table, 'and here is your breakfast.' They sat down sociably to their coffee, and Dundas declared, that he never saw the ex-Chancellor in better humour.

"A Welsh curate, hearing that a Chancellor's living had become vacant, hastened to London with a shrewdly devised plan for securing the nomination. He waited on Bishop Porteus, to whom he had an introduction, and requested his influence with Lord Thurlow. 'You are not aware,' answers the Bishop, 'that Lord Thurlow and I are on bad terms, and that a word from me will do you harm.'—'But will your lordship allow me,' says the curate, 'to make use of your name if I think that it will do me good?' Having obtained the Bishop's permission, his next step was to procure an interview with the Chancellor. When he stated his object, Lord Thurlow received him most ungraciously. 'Who,' he asked, 'encouraged you to make this application?'

"'The Bishop of London,' stammered out the curate, 'told me that I might use his name; and'—

"'And what right has the Bishop of London to interfere with my patronage? *You shall not have the living!*'

"'Ah!' says the Welshman, in a tone of despondency, 'the Bishop told me if I used his name it would do me no good.'

"'Did he?' says the Chancellor. '*Then you shall have the living.*' And he immediately made out the nomination."

ART. IX.—*The Chace, the Turf, and the Road.* By NIMROD. London: Murray. 1837.

THERE is a literature which may be said exclusively and *par excellence* to belong to British sport. The angler, the fowler, the racer, and the huntsman—each of them have their professors, their authors, their artists, and even their periodicals. There is an intense love of *ruralities*, if we may coin the word, in every English heart. Witness the windows in the densest lanes of our cities, how they are garnished and freshened with shrubs and flowers. Witness also the erratic and travelling fancies of the community, whether it be

in carriage, coach, or buggy—on horse-back or on foot. To be sure the mercantile callings and habits of a vast proportion of British citizens impose upon them these exercises; hence, however, have also in part sprung up the pastime of travelling both at home and abroad. It is to be remarked besides, that within our most crowded cities, even including the metropolis of the empire, there is not, perhaps, one-third of the people, who have not, either at one period of their existence—most probably during their youth—belonged to the country, or who are not the immediate descendants of persons whose partialities are, for a like reason, rural, or otherwise, under the influence of such enthusiasm.

But the chief source, we apprehend, of the ardour entertained by English hearts for rural scenery and sports, is to be found in the habits and tastes which our ancestors so assiduously cultivated in relation to manly exercises and pastimes, and which can only be fully indulged and eminently displayed where mountain and valley, woodland, rock, and flood afford an unlimited scope. None of these sports, however, are half so spirit-stirring, and so well calculated to put to the test man's bold gallantry, and superior dexterity, as when the noble horse becomes his partner and supporter. Whether it be in war, or in the hunting-field, where is the person that is not proud and fond of beholding and listening to the exploits of this sagacious, this daring servant and his rider? Our childhood, our romances, our national histories, are filled with the tales and triumphs of equestrian feats. We are bred to look upon the most serviceable and splendid of all our domestic animals, as a kind of social friend, in courting whose companionship there is nothing irrational—in nurturing whose capabilities, and training whose nature, there is nothing which does not contribute to our own improvement and lasting satisfaction. It has come even to be the result of all these, and it may be other associations, that the horse, when regarded in connection with what, in the abstract, might seem the most prosaic and drudgery-like occupations in the world, has obtained in this country a consideration and an accession of national interest, which in no other part of the civilized globe has ever been rivalled or approached. Need we refer to his employment and duties upon the King's highways? Need we specify how much of poetic feeling, how many delightful fancies are stirred in every English heart, at the sight of a starting, or flying mail-coach, though discordant rattling of wheels, dusty or dirty roads, and monotonous traffic be the immediate circumstances suggested by such establishments? Why, even the dumb, but pawing and snorting brutes themselves appear to have become conscious of their importance, their splendid trappings and parade; they seem to participate in the general pride, and more confidently to enact their part in a matchless style.

The entire accompaniments that must immediately suggest themselves to every English heart, when the object and the acts alluded to are mentioned, need not be more fully indicated. In short, the arts have not only been called in, to embellish as mightily to aid the imagination, but the *morale* has attached to the road so forcibly, that a distinct race of mankind has been bred for it, who never fail to engage a distinct and intelligible train of sentiments.

Nimrod has, in the work now to be noticed, most amply and strikingly exemplified the manner and extent to which the English character has been imbued with the love of rural sports, as well as with a talent and a taste for cultivating the capacities of the horse, and also for associating with such a servant. At the Chace, on the Turf, and on the Road, there are abundant opportunities for the display of this skill, and these affections; but without adding another word to the random and loose generalities and suggestions now thrown out, we make way for our author, who is assuredly the most dramatic sportsman that England can at present produce in as far as the pen goes; we question not that he is as great a master on horseback, or with the *ribbons* in hand, as he is in his study's stuffed chair.

Before proceeding to our extracts, we have only farther to preliminarize, by informing the reader that the contents of the present volume first appeared, as a series of articles, in the *Quarterly Review*; that they were so well received in that shape, that the publisher has deemed it a promising speculation to bring them out in a combined form, after having them revised and improved by the author, with the additional attractions of illustrations and embellishments by Mr. Alken.

We begin with the Chace on Melton Mowbray, the most classic scene in the universe for fox-hunting. Take the point where the hounds are in *cover*, and mark the life-looking spirit of the picture.

"Let us then suppose ourselves to have been at Ashby Pasture, in the Quorn country, with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds, in the year 1826, when that pack was at the height of its well-merited celebrity. Let us also indulge ourselves with a fine morning, in the first week of February, and at least two hundred well-mounted men by the cover's side. Time being called—say a quarter past eleven, nearly our great-grandfathers' dinner hour—the hounds approach the furze-brake, or the gorse, as it is called in that region. '*Hark in, hark!*' with a slight cheer, and perhaps one wave of his cap, says Mr. Osbaldeston, who long hunted his own pack, and in an instant, he has not a hound at his horse's heels. In a very short time the gorse appears shaken in various parts of the cover —apparently from an unknown cause, not a single hound being for some minutes visible. Presently one or two appear, leaping over some old furze which they cannot push through, and exhibit to the field their glossy skins and spotted sides. 'Oh you beauties!' exclaims some old Meltonian, rapturously fond of the sport. Two minutes more elapse;

another hound slips out of cover, and takes a short turn outside, with his nose to the ground, and his stern lashing his side—thinking, no doubt, he might touch on a drag, should Reynard have been abroad in the night. Hounds have no business to *think*, *thinks* the second whipper-in, who observes him; but one crack of his whip, with 'Rasselas, Rasselas, where are you going, Rasselas? *Get to cover Rasselas;*' and Rasselas immediately disappears. Five minutes more pass away. 'No fox here,' says one: 'Don't be in a hurry,' cries Mr. Cradock; 'they are drawing it beautifully, and there is rare lying in it.' These words are scarcely uttered, when the cover shakes more than ever. *Every* stem appears alive, and it reminds us of a corn-field waving in the wind. In two minutes the sterns of some more hounds are seen 'flourishing' above the gorse '*Have at him there,*' hollos the Squire—the gorse still more alive, and hounds leaping over each other's backs. '*Have at him there again,* my good hounds; a fox for a hundred!' reiterates the Squire; putting his finger in his ear, and uttering a scream, which, not being set to music, we cannot give here. Jack Stevens (the first whipper-in) looks at his watch. At this moment, 'John White,' 'Val. Maher,' 'Frank Holyoake,' and two or three more of the fast ones, are seen creeping gently on towards a point at which they think it probable he may break. 'Hold hard there,' says a sportsman; but he might as well speak to the winds. 'Stand still gentlemen; *pray* stand still,' exclaims the huntsman; he might as well say so to the sun. During the time we have been speaking of, all the field have been awake—gloves put on—cigars thrown away—the bridle-reins gathered well up into the hand, and hats pushed down upon the brow."

"'That's your sort,' says 'Billy Coke,' coming up at the rate of thirty miles an hour on *Advance*, with a label pinned on his back, '*he kicks;*'—'the rest are all coming, and there's a rare scent to-day, I'm sure.' Bonaparte's Old Guard, in its best days, would not have stopped such men as these, so long as life remained in them."

So much for this "splendid burst," that was "without a check." Come we next to the Turf, which occupies the longest paper in the volume. The author traces the subject from the period of the classic games down to our latest and most fashionable *Meetings*. Here also are given some account of many Turf-sportsmen, living and dead. The science of training, racing, &c. is learnedly and amusingly discussed. George IV. figures amongst the patrons of the Turf, of whom several anecdotes are communicated, two of which we extract—the former showing by what standard the author rates the sources of earthly happiness and renown—the other evincing how passionately, (and, considering the time, may we not add unbecomingly?) his majesty was attached to the sport.

"After quitting Newmarket, his late Majesty was a great supporter of country races, sending such horses as Knowsley, by Sir Peter, and others nearly as good, to run heats for plates; and he particularly patronised the meetings of Brighton and Lewes, which acquired high repute. But Bibury was his favourite race-ground; where, divesting himself of the

shackles of state, he appeared as a private gentleman, for several years in succession, an inmate of Lord Sherborne's family, and with the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Sackville, for his jockey. During the last ten years of his Majesty's life, racing appeared to interest him more than it had ever done before; and by the encouragement he then gave to Ascot and Goodwood, he contributed towards making them the most fashionable, and by far the most agreeable meetings—we believe we may say—in the world. Perhaps the day on which his three favourite horses, Fleur-de-lis, Zinganee, and the Colonel, came in first, second, and third, for the cup at the latter place, was one of the proudest of his life.

"The last time George the Fourth was at Ascot, was in 1829, but he lived to hear of the next year's meeting. He was on the bed of death; and so strong was the 'ruling passion' in this awful hour—and his Majesty was well aware his hour was come—that an express was sent to him *after every race.*"

To us Nimrod has invested the Road with interest and attractions, which more eminently display the closeness of his observation, the delicacies of his humour, and the vividness of his descriptive powers, than either of the other divisions of the volume; not because he has failed in any one of these respects regarding the Chace, or the Turf, but because we consider the Road furnishes less splendid, though more nice, materials for the author's pen to sketch. It seems to us too, to require more familiarity with human nature, and more resources of information connected with plain but active life, than the kindred arts of horsemanship, and horse-training; for while he has satisfactorily treated of the animals thus employed, of the condition they should be in, of driving, coaching, and all the technicalities connected with these branches, he also has touched off the character of individualized classes who travel—their motives and feelings—with admirable fidelity. He even allows his magination to take a much wider range than is required to comprise the present time, contrasting in one part of the Road the style and rate of travelling above a century ago, with what obtains at the present day.

"We will, however, only go back ninety-four years. In 1742, the Oxford stage-coach left London at seven o'clock in the morning, and reached Uxbridge at mid-day. It arrived at High Wycombe at five in the evening, where it rested for the night; and proceeded at the same rate for the seat of learning on the morrow. Here, then, were ten hours consumed each day in travelling twenty-seven miles; and nearly two days in performing what is now done with the greatest ease under six hours. To go from London to York—200 miles—used to take six days; it now occupies twenty hours! From London to Exeter, eighty years ago, the proprietors of coaches promised 'a safe and expeditious journey in a fortnight.' Private carriages now accomplish the journey—175 miles—in twenty hours; and the mail (the Devonport) in seventeen, passing through Wincaunton, a new route, within the last month. The

Manchester Telegraph, from the Bull and Mouth, performs her journey, with the greatest regularity, in eighteen hours!"

Nimrod proceeds to suppose that an elderly gentleman, in the year 1742, had fallen into a dose at that tardy period of stage-coaching, and that the time intervening between that and the present has passed over his unbroken unconsciousness. He awakes in Piccadilly however, not above a week ago, and prepares to return to Exeter. The Comet is about to start, which he takes to be a private carriage—while he looks upon the coachman as being a sprightly sprig of the aristocracy, no doubt, who drives four-in-hand. Let us see how the worthy over-slept old one is amazed and alarmed, in consequence of having been for a moment unobservant. The scene of marvel is that of changing horses.

"In five minutes under the hour the Comet arrives at Hounslow, to the great delight of our friend, who by this time waxed hungry, not having broken his fast before starting. 'Just fifty-five minutes and thirty-seven seconds,' says he, 'from the time we left London!—wonderful travelling, gentlemen, to be sure, but much too fast to be safe. However, thank Heaven, we are arrived at a good-looking house; and now, *waiter!* I hope you have got breakf ——.' Before the last syllable, however, of the word could be pronounced, the worthy old gentleman's head struck the back of the coach by a jerk, which he could not account for, (the fact was, three of the four fresh horses were bolters,) and the waiter, the inn, and indeed Hounslow itself ('terræque urbesque recedunt'), disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. Never did such a succession of doors, windows, and window shutters pass so quickly in his review before, and he hoped they might never do so again. Recovering, however, a little from this surprise—'My dear sir,' said he, 'you told me we were to change horses at Hounslow? Surely, they are not so inhuman as to drive these poor animals another stage at this unmerciful rate!' 'Change horses, sir!' says the proprietor; 'why we changed them whilst you were putting on your spectacles, and looking at your watch. Only one minute allowed for it at Hounslow, and it is often done in fifty seconds by those nimble-fingered horse-keepers.' 'You astonish me, but really I do not like to go so fast.' 'Oh, sir! we always spring them over these six miles. It is what we call *the hospital ground.*'"

This latter sickly phrase makes matters worse and more miraculous still, so that the explanation has to be given, which is as follows:—

"It intimates that horses whose 'backs are getting down instead of up in their work'—some 'that won't hold an ounce down hill, or draw an ounce up'—others 'that kick over the pole one day and over the bars the next'—in short, all the reprobates, styled in the road slang *bo-kickers*, are sent to work these six miles, because *here* they have nothing to do but to gallop, not a pebble as big as a nutmeg on the road; and so even, that it would not disturb the equilibrium of a spirit-level."

This admirable hit cannot be surpassed, yet it is matched by an anecdote concerning other flaws in horse-character.

"Thirty years back blind horses were numerous in stage coaches; in fact, it would now and then happen that the whole team were in darkness. 'Well over *that*, sir,' said one of the old school of coachmen to a passenger that sate beside him on the box, having just passed a dangerous bridge on a foggy night. '*Only one eye among us.*' That 'one' was his own!"

But to return to the ancestral traveller, who is so alarmed and put out of sorts in consequence of the rapidity with which he has been whirled along, that he stops at Bagshot, and betakes himself to the outside of the "Regulator," which must needs be a slow and safe coach. This vehicle is unmercifully loaded with luggage, and crowded with passengers. Nevertheless, it springs over all the Hartford-bridge Flat, a space of five miles, at a rapid rate; and the driver of the Comet, which outstrips its competitor, takes an opportunity to scan the condition of the traveller of the old school.

"When coming out of rival yards, coachmen never fail to cast an eye to the loading of their opponents on the road, and *now* that of the *natty* artist of the Comet experienced a high treat. He had a full view of his quondam passenger, and thus described his situation. He was seated with his back to the horses—his arms extended to each extremity of the guard-irons—his teeth set grim as death—his eyes cast down towards the ground, thinking the less he saw of his danger the better. There was what is called *a top-heavy load*—perhaps a ton of luggage on the roof, and, it may be, not *quite* in obedience to the act of parliament standard. There were also two horses at wheel, whose strides were of rather unequal length, and this operated powerfully on the coach. In short, the lurches of the Regulator were awful at the moment of the Comet meeting her. A tyro in mechanics would have exclaimed, 'The centre of gravity must be lost, the centrifugal force will have the better of it—*over she must go!*'"

"The centre of gravity having been preserved, the coach arrived safe at Hartford Bridge; but the old gentleman has again had enough of it. 'I will walk into Devonshire,' said he, as he descended from his perilous exaltation. What did that rascally waiter mean by telling me this was a slow coach? and, moreover, look at the luggage on the roof!' 'Only regulation height, sir,' says the coachman."

"The Regulator" is deserted in its turn by our hero, and now it is one without any top-luggage that he looks out for.

"The waiter is again applied to. 'What do you charge per mile posting?' 'One and sixpence, Sir.' 'Bless me! just double! Let me see—two hundred miles, at two shillings per mile, postboys, turnpikes, &c. 20*l.* This will never do. Have you no coach that does not carry luggage on the top?' 'Oh yes, sir,' replies the waiter, 'we shall have one to-night that is not allowed to carry a band-box on the roof.'

'That's the coach for me; pray what do you call it?' 'The Quicksilver mail, sir; one of the best out of London—Jack White and Tom Brown, picked coachmen, over this ground—Jack White down to-night.' 'Guarded and lighted?' 'Both, sir; blunderbuss and pistols in the sword case; a lamp each side the coach, and one under the footboard—see to pick up a pin the darkest night of the year.' 'Very fast?' 'Oh no, sir, *just keeps time, and that's all.*' 'That's the coach for me, then,' repeats our hero; 'and I am sure I shall feel at my ease in it. I suppose it is what used to be called the Old Mercury.'"

In short, the "Quicksilver" is the fastest mail out of London; and, according to the old gentleman, who might have, in former times, been acquainted with provincials that made their wills, ere venturing to set out for town, and encountering the dreary and perilous journey, it performs upon system a perfect runaway race. After this reflection, we need not inquire farther about his adventures, nor cite additional passages from the pages of Nimrod, but conclude with the question—what would the elderly traveller of 1742 think, were he to awake and mount a *steamer* upon a railway, which without rhyme or reason would seem to start and stop, and to speed like the wind?

ART. X.—*Rise and Progress of the British Power in India.* By PETER AUBER, M. R. A. S., Late Secretary to the Honourable Court of Directors of the East-India Company. 2 Vols. Vol. I. London: Allen and Co. 1837.

THE author states in his Preliminary Observations, that "while preparing in the year 1825, the 'Analysis of the Constitution of the East India Company,' I experienced the want of a work, treating progressively of the political events that had occurred in India, with a statement of the laws passed by parliament for the government of the Company's affairs; together with the views and opinions of the home authorities on the proceedings of their servants abroad." The field certainly is both large and open enough to admit of a new historian, and so far as the first volume of the present work goes, the writer has shown that he is competent to fill the office. Mill's History of British India, though an elaborate and able work, reaches only to 1805. Besides, that author seems not to have enjoyed the opportunity of consulting many documents among the voluminous records at the India House, previous to the publication of his labours, which have enabled the present writer to throw much additional light on not a few of the more important changes and measures that have marked the progress of British power in the East. Accordingly Mr. Auber's peformance will be found a valuable contribution to our historical literature, not only as regards accuracy, but information of a popular and plain character; for his

work is divested of all commercial detail, and consists of a condensed narrative of the leading political events connected with his subject. Indeed, it partakes more of the character of a straightforward and candid narrative of facts than of a deeply-digested historical review; the numerous authentic documents, which in the course of his researches, appeared best calculated to elucidate the various topics and periods embraced, being rather strung together by the writer's otherwise acquired knowledge, than used as a foundation for philosophical disquisition or speculative suggestion.

Such a performance as this cannot fail to awaken a deeper and more general interest regarding the British possessions in the East than has ever yet existed in this country. The late great change in the law relative to the commercial operations connected with that empire, has not as yet produced anything like the amount of speculation and curiosity that was naturally to be anticipated concerning such vast and valuable dominions. Hitherto the East Indies have been considered far more in the light of a colony, which contains exhaustless sources of wealth for the advantage of Great Britain, than in relation to the moral advancement of its millions of inhabitants, although it must be admitted that the commerce of a civilized nation uniformly carries with it many of the most operative elements for ameliorating the condition of less favoured nations, and for enlightening the savage or the superstitious minds of men. One circumstance ought strongly to recommend Mr. Auber's performance, which seldom attaches to national historical works—viz., a freedom which we may designate as perfect from party or political feeling—a circumstance, indeed, that holds true also of the government of the East India Company, and which necessarily imposed upon the author a like abstinence.

The dominions under the government of the Leadenhall emperors, whether their extent or vicissitudes or products be considered, assuredly form a theme deserving of an extraordinary degree of curiosity and study. The rise and progress of the Company's power is unexampled in the annals of nations, whether the political constitution of that power, or its influence upon the people that live under it, or the engines that wield it, be contemplated. Here, to use the author's language, the representatives of a mercantile company, who at one time hesitated to address a nabob of one of the provinces, now hold the Great Mogul himself a pensioner. The country this Company governs yields an increasing revenue of twenty-two millions, is almost unlimited in extent, rich, fertile, and suited to every kind of produce, while the people that inhabit the same are capable of great improvement, and are both frugal and industrious.

The present volume brings down the Company's history from its rise to the year 1785, when the Board of Commissioners was esta-

blished, which has been found to give permanence to its constitution, and has enabled it to call forth the services of some of the most illustrious men that the world has ever observed. From the very commencement of this power in the East, the author clearly proves that an uncommon degree of caution and prudence has marked its growth; we also feel that he has brought forward irrefragible testimonies to show that many of the unfavourable impressions cherished regarding the Company have been without a just foundation, and the result of parliamentary documents and speeches prepared for party purposes at home.

Our author stands up in behalf of the general leniency, wisdom, and beneficence which have characterized the conduct of the Directors of the East India Company, in the discharge of their immense and multifarious management. When it is considered that twenty-four gentlemen in England perform duties, comprising political, military, judicial, financial, legislative, ecclesiastical, and commercial subjects, not confined within narrow limits, where one decision will apply to the country at large, but calling for separate measures in distinct provinces, and different laws for a varying population in habits, manners, and feelings; and that the performance of these duties has been such as not only to preserve the Company for a long period of time, but to extend and also to consolidate its empire, there is every presumption that can lead to a favourable conviction as to the mode in which such power has been excercised. Indeed, it was admitted by parliament during the discussions on the charter, that the individual as well as united patronage of these rulers has been wisely and generously employed. The author quotes one quaint example that is too good to be passed over with only a distant reference.

"In the year 1774, the following curious petition was presented to the Directors:—

"To the Honourable Court of Directors,

"Gentlemen:—I am a clergyman of Ely, in the county of Cambridge. I have a parcel of fine boys, but not cash to provide for them. My eldest son I intended for a pillar of the church, and with this view I gave him a suitable education at school, and afterwards entered him at Cambridge, where he has resided the usual time, and last Christmas took his degrees with some reputation to himself. But I must at the same time add that he is more likely to kick a church down than to support one: he is of a very eccentric genius. He has no notion of restraint to Chapel-gates, Lectures, &c. &c., and when rebuked by his master, tutors, &c., for want of obedience to their rules, &c., he treated them in the most contemptible light, as if not being gentlemen, and seemed to intimate that he should call them to account as an affair of honour, &c. This soon disconcerted all my plans for him, and on talking with him the other day, asking him what road his honour would choose to pursue in future life, he told me his plan was to go into the India service. Upon being interrogated whether he had any reasonable expectation of a provision from that quarter, he looked small and

said no. Now, gentlemen, I know no more of you than you do of me, and therefore it is not unlikely but that you will look upon me as chimerical a man as my son, in making this application to you: but you will remember that he is my son, and that reflection, I hope, will be deemed a sufficient apology. I want your advice, now; therefore not knowing any individual amongst you, I apply to you as a body. If he will suit your service, and you can help me, do. He is now about twenty, near six feet high, well made, stout and very active, and as bold and intrepid as a lion. He is of a Welch extraction for many generations, and I think as my first-born he is not degenerated. If you like to look at him you shall see him and judge for yourselves; you may leave word with your clerk. I shall call again shortly to hear what you say, and am, in the mean time,

"Gentlemen,

"Yours, &c. in haste,

(Signed) "THOMAS JONES."

"Black Bull Inn,
"Bishopsgate-street,
"3d March 1774.

"N. B. If you like him I will equip him, &c."

"One of the Members of the Direction gave the young man a cadetship."

In his first chapter Mr. Auber sketches the history of the Company from its earliest germ down to the period when hostilities with the French on the coast of Coromandel were commenced in the year 1745. Subsequent to that time there have been ten decades, at the beginning of each of which, or within a very short period of the same, some marked event took place. It may be useful to those who wish to study the volume before us, or any other account of India, in the way of fixing the attention and aiding the memory to attend to this division.

1745-6. The commencement of hostilities with the French on the coast of Coromandel.

1755-6. The affair of the Black-hole, and the expedition to Calcutta under Clive and Watson.

1765. The acquisition of the Dewanny.

1774. The Regulating Act; a Governor-general appointed, and a Supreme Court of Judicature created.

1784. The establishment of the Board of Commissioners.

1793. The renewal of the Charter; the Board of Commissioners placed upon a permanent footing, with salaries to the President and Commissioners.

1804. The termination of the Marquis Wellesley's brilliant administration, including the fall of Seringapatam, the expulsion of the French, and the subjugation of the Mahrattas.

1814. The renewal of the Charter; the opening of the India trade; the introduction of an Episcopal establishment; the commencement of the Marquis Hastings' administration, and Nipaul war.

1824. The Burmese war.

1834. The East-India Company relinquish commercial operations; surrender all their property to the Crown, and retain the government of India. The abolition of suttee, and termination of Lord William Bentinck's administration."

In a work of the present kind it is quite unnecessary, and indeed, impossible, to analyze its contents, or attempt a summary of the various great strides by which a power, not consisting of the collective forces of the nation, but of a company of merchants incorporated two hundred and thirty-seven years ago, has grown to the magnitude at which it has now arrived. A few of the events that have occurred in its history, and some specimens to show in what manner the book is written, will be sufficient.

It is worthy of remark, that so late as the conclusion of the seventeenth century, the English purchased from the Indian proprietors the ground on which the city of Calcutta now stands, and that in order to secure a greater degree of protection from the native powers, an embassy was dispatched in 1715 from Calcutta to the Emperor Ferrokshere at Delhi, as the Mogul was then designated. The conduct and progress of this embassy, consisting of two of the most intelligent factors at the presidency, furnish a curious specimen of diplomacy. We quote a portion of the reports of these functionaries to the authorities at Calcutta. Having arrived at Delhi—

"We prepared for our first present, *viz.* 100 gold mohurs; the table-clock set with precious stones; the unicorn's horn; the gold scrutoire bought from Tendy Caun; the large piece of ambergris; the aflo, and chelluinche manilla work; and the map of the world: these, with the Honourable the Governor's letter, were presented, every one holding something in his hand as usual. Considering the great pomp and state of the kings of Hindostan, we were very well received. On our arrival at our house, we were entertained by Synd Sallabut Coun, sufficient both for us and our people; in the evening he visited us again, and stayed about two hours. The great favour Caundora is in with the king, gives us hopes of success in this undertaking; he assures us of his protection, and says the king has promised us very great favours. We have received orders, first, to visit Caundora as our patron, after which we shall be ordered to visit the grand Vizier, and other Omrahs. We would have avoided this if we could, fearing to disoblige the Vizier; but finding it not feasible, rather than disoblige one who has been so serviceable, and by whose means we expect to obtain our desires, we comply with it.—*Delhi, or Sha Jehanabad, July 8th* 1715.

"Your Honour, &c. was before informed that three days after our arrival at the city, the king left it under a pretence of worshipping at a noted place, six coss from Delhi, but his real design was to get clear from the fort, where he thought himself not so free to command, which he might be by this journey, as appeared after. He went round the city, eight or ten days, and the Omrahs petitioned him to return, it being an unseasonable time to go further: he refused to consent, sometimes saying he would go to Lahore, and sometimes to Ajmere. We were startled at this news, looking back on the risk and trouble of bringing the present hither, although at the King's charge. How to remove it, or to pretend to enter on our negotiation without delivering it, we could not tell; but after due consi-

deration, we concluded the best way was to deliver the present as fast as possible, though the King was abroad; and accordingly we carried all the japan scrutoires, japan, earthen and lacquered ware, fire-arms, and cutlery ware, with us to the camp, and presented it. The second day, we delivered in a note for four hundred pieces of broad cloth, ordinary; the third day, another, for three hundred pieces aurora, and sixty pieces ordinary yellow: the following day, the fine reds, superfine scarlet, &c.; after this, we returned to the city to prepare what was behind, and brought with us to the camp five standing clocks, twelve looking-glasses, and the map fitted up, which were presented; but after his Majesty's perusal, the clocks were ordered to be sent back to us, to be taken care of till he returned to the city: this order hindered us from delivering any more goods."

For a time there seems to have been great uncertainty as to the success that might attend this embassy; and in one communication in reference to the supplies of money which the two gentlemen desired, they say, that it is impossible to effect any thing at the Mogul's court. His majesty's illness, under which he had suffered long, appears to have afforded an occasion that was fortunately turned to the advantage of the English diplomatists; for, an English physician, who had been applied to in behalf of the royal patient, having at length and to the great annoyance of the native doctors, effected a cure, the king washed himself, to the great delight of the whole court. The fees given on account of this cure may well make the teeth of every member of the faculty water.

"As a reward for Mr. Hamilton's care and success, the King was pleased on the 30th to give him in public, *viz.* a vest, a culgee set with precious stones, two diamond rings, an elephant, horse, and 5,000 rupees, besides ordering, at the same time, all his small instruments to be made in gold, *viz.* gold buttons for coat, waistcoat, and breeches, set with jewels: the same day Coja Surpaud received an elephant and vest as a reward for his attendance on this occasion. Monsieur Mar was to have received a reward the same day with Mr. Hamilton; but considering it was not for the credit of our nation to have any one joined with him, especially since he had no hand in the business, we got his reward deferred till three days afterwards, when he had a vest, elephant, and 1,000 rupees; a favour purely owing to his Majesty's generosity, and because he was his servant."

A royal grant, having been issued, conferring additional privileges upon the Company, Calcutta was declared an independent presidency, accountable only to the Directors at home; and now our countrymen began to evince the bearing of sovereigns, and to maintain their dignity with proper spirit. For, when Jaffier Khan, the governor of Bengal, conducted himself in an extortionate and tyrannical manner to the English, in spite of the Mogul's grants, the members of the embassy above mentioned addressed the Council at Calcutta in the following terms—

"We are entirely of your opinion that you ought not to acquiesce in Jaffer Cawn's refusing obedience to the King's royal orders, nor sit quiet

under his disobedience of them: we never entertained such imaginations, but rather that he ought to be compelled to it by such means as your Honour, &c. thinks best.

"You are sensible that no black servant in the country dare speak with that peremptoriness to so great a man as Jaffer Cawn, as sometimes the nature of our affairs require, on which consideration we ourselves went in person to him, and showed him the phirmaund, and demanded the free use of the mint as before advised. Mr. Feake disputed the point himself with Jaffer Cawn in the Indostan language, face to face, Eckeram Cawn Duan and others being present, with ten or a dozen Munsubdars and several of the Mutsuddies, in a public court, who were all eye and ear witnesses to the smart and warm replies Mr. Feake at last made him: the whole Durbar was surprised, and several whispered to Coja Delaun with a seeming fear in what the dispute might end. Jaffer Cawn remained silent for some time, and then ordered beetle to be brought, and despatched us with a few sweetening words, that we would rest satisfied he should not be our enemy, but see what was to be done, and the like, which is a customary cajole he uses to get rid of company he don't like, as was plain he did not ours, for he never had so much said to his face since he has been a Duan or Subah, nor does he usually give any one such an opportunity. Nothing that was necessary to be said or done remained, but giving the duhoy, which experience has taught us is of no value with Jaffer Cawn, who suffers nothing to be sent to court without being read and approved by him: those officers dare as well eat fire, as send anything unknown to him."

The Directors about that early period of the Company's territories, deprecate any extension of them. In 1719, it was the increase of the revenues, and not of the possessions, that was desired; nor, as regards the former, did the Directors fail to deprecate any enlargement that would accrue through "oppressing any, even the poorest person." "As our business is trade," said they, "it is not political for us to be encumbered with much territory.

"'Notwithstanding the doubts we had, whether it would be our interest to have the thirty-eight towns, if granted, or whether they might not engage us in quarrels with the Moors, if hereafter they should be resolved to take them away, when they found them to flourish, of which we wrote you to have your opinion; we find by para. 85, you say they would be of great advantage to us to have them. This we have discoursed Mr. Frankland upon, and of the necessary charge of soldiers to protect them from, or keep off, insults; and having well weighed the expected profit on one side, and the trouble that one time or other may be occasioned thereby on the other, we think it best for us to have only so many of them (when you can purchase them) as lie contiguous to our three towns above and below them, and those on the other side of the river, within about the same extent of ground as the towns when purchased reach on your side; and we are inclined only to have such of them as lie on or within about two miles of the bank of the river, because if there should ever be a necessity of defending them from the inroads of some neighbouring petty governor, our soldiers may not be harassed by long marches to defend our bounds. We suppose, too, that when Jaffer Cawn, or any other governor, finds you desire only

part of what you might insist on, he or they may be the easier to give their consent, and not pick future quarrels; *for as our business is trade, it is not political for us to be encumbered with much territory.* Mr. Frankland assures us, the ground on the other side of you would be of great service to us for repairing our ships, because the river is not rapid there, and as we have said about the dock, that we should find benefit if we could have a good one. We might also add, that if ever we should be forced to the necessity of it, our settlement there would enable us to command the river; but this is not to be so much as publicly hinted at, lest it alarm the government."

In a subsequent communication, the Directors say, "Remember, we are not fond of much territory, especially if it lies at a distance from you, or is not pretty near the water-side, nor indeed of any, unless you have a moral assurance it will contribute, directly or in consequence, to our real benefit." How would the authorities of those days be astonished did they wake, to behold the extent of British India at the present time! In the infancy of this sway, however, there seems to have been a politic mixture of firmness, caution, and delicate management. In 1721, the formation of new roads was recommended, to the utmost out-guards, to facilitate the march of soldiers when necessary, besides other purposes—the inhabitants to be persuaded to bear the charge. The study of the country languages was also at the same period strongly recommended, especially to the young servants of the Company; but the face of the Directors was set against allowing parties, whether licensed or unlicensed, to have access to the interior.

"We understand some of the persons we have permitted to reside free merchants in India, have suggested that, by virtue of the licence contained in their covenants under our common seal, they have an equal liberty with ourselves to trade where and how they please: and think themselves no way accountable for mal-administration, or to be questioned by our Presidents and Councils (who are our representatives) when chargeable therewith. Give public notice to all with you, that if they persist in that opinion, they will find themselves mistaken, and that by a clause in their covenants they are obliged to return for England whenever we shall see just cause. That you have our authority to send them accordingly, whenever you find them acting contrary to our general interest, or that of the English trade in India. As to such as are not under covenants, and therefore presume they are no way accountable for their behaviour towards us or the interest aforesaid; do you take care to let them know, that by the laws, no subject of his Majesty can stay in India without our leave, and therefore, as they are there only during good behaviour, so you will let them continue no longer than they deserve it.

"Though we have laid down these rules on such general terms, yet we add, that we will not have the President and Council put them in practice so far as to send any to England, unless where the accusation is full, and as well proved as the case can admit of, and the fault of a notorious nature; *such as assisting our enemies, or openly striking at our privileges, or*

refusing to comply with the rules by us prescribed for the good government of our settlements, where such person or persons shall be; and this not by inferences only, or strained constructions or interpretations."

Nay, to check the extravagance of a president, in 1725, the home authorities refused to allow the price of a chaise and a pair of horses to be paid him out of the Company's funds, and said, "if our servants will have such superfluities, let them pay for them." There is no occasion, however, to mark particularly many other politic suggestions and recommendations, which served to plant in a stable manner the foundations of that afterwards flourishing empire. Some of the most illustrious characters connected with its history shall now obtain some notice, as given in the pages before us. Here is the first reference to Lord Clive, who did so much towards laying the foundation of our Indian empire.

"It is a singular coincidence, that the soldier who achieved such conquests, and the historian who recorded those achievements, were both appointed Writers by the Court of Directors on the same day, *viz.* the 15th December 1742; Clive for Madras, and Orme for Bengal. Clive reached Madras in 1743. He appears to have had a strong predilection for a military life, for which he soon abandoned the civil service. He held the rank of ensign under Major Lawrence in 1747. The Court of Directors, in their letter to Madras of the 4th December 1747, alluding to the capture of that settlement, wrote: 'Be sure to encourage Ensign Clive in his martial pursuits, according to his merit: any improvement he shall make therein shall be duly regarded by us.' Again, on the 24th January 1753, adverting to the favourable change in their affairs on the coast, and to the services of Major Lawrence, they observed: 'And here it is but justice to express the great regard we have for the merit of Captain Clive, to whose courage and conduct the late favourable turn in affairs has been greatly owing, and he may be assured of our having a just sense of his services.' After a series of gallant exploits, among which the siege of Arcot stood most prominent, he returned to England, on account of his health, in October 1753. He received the thanks of the Court of Directors, with other marks of their approbation."

The Council at Calcutta, after Lord Clive's final retirement in 1767, when comparing the state of India with that in which it was, at the commencement of his presidency, declared in their dispatch to the court at home, that instead of leaving it as he had found it—divided, headstrong, and licentious, a government without nerves, a treasury without money, and a service without subordination, discipline, or public spirit;—that instead of a general stagnation of useful industry and of licensed commerce, when individuals were accumulating immense riches, which they had ravished from the insulted prince and his helpless people, who groaned under the united pressure of discontent, poverty, and oppression,—when his lordship retired, a perfect contrast had been established in every branch and quarter, furnishing one of the most satisfactory proofs

to be found in history of how much one man may accomplish by his genius, integrity, and decision in behalf of a nation, not merely during the term of his authority, but in after generations.

Few names connected with British India have attracted so much notice as that of Warren Hastings, and whatever we have farther to extract will refer solely to him, from which the author's spirit and style may be correctly estimated. We agree with him, that the life of that extraordinary man is deserving of a separate publication; and surely there must be abundant materials, both public and private for a work that, as respects variety of incident and depth of interest, cannot easily be surpassed. His parentage, and the earlier stages in his life are thus given:—

"Mr. Hastings, the son of the Rev. Penniston Hastings, was baptized at Churchill, in the county of Oxford, on the 15th December, 1732, and proceeded to Bengal as a Writer, on the 29th November, 1749, being then in his seventeenth year. He reached Calcutta in the autumn of the following year, and was attached as an assistant in the Secretary's office. In 1755 he appears to have been appointed one of the Council for managing the affairs of the factory at Cossimbuzar, where the ability which he manifested in discharging the duties of his office, gained for him the confidence of the Government. In 1756, the obstacles occasioned by the conduct of the Nabob to the progress of the Company's affairs, led to his being deputed with one of his colleagues, to demand a private audience for the purpose of declaring, that unless measures were adopted to check the system of plunder pursued by his ministers, to gratify their avarice, on the Company's tenants, they should withdraw from the province. As there was reason to believe that some immediate change would take place in the native government, Mr. Hastings was authorised to expend 20,000 rupees amongst the servants of the Durbar in securing the interests of the Company. Mr. Hastings was one among a number of the Company's servants who stood forward at that crisis and accepted a military commission, which, it appears, he resigned, together with Messrs. Scrafton, Cartier, and Rider, in April 1757, when the troubles had terminated. In the following year he was at Moraudbaug, and entrusted with arrangements connected with the settlement of the Nabob's revenues and the claims of the Company. His conduct was highly approved by the Council at Calcutta, and a native agent, named Cossinaut, was sent up to aid him in the management of the responsible duties committed to him. Cossinaut was not to settle any thing finally, but through means of Mr. Hastings, and with his entire approbation. Throughout the year 1759 he appears to have encountered considerable difficulty in settling the Company's claims on the Nabob, and in attempting to satisfy a spirit of discontent which Jaffier Cawn manifested. As his pecuniary arrangements with the Durbar were considerable, he rendered full and explicit accounts of the monies which passed through his hands, to the satisfaction of the government."

We take a long stride in going forward to the close of Mr. Hastings' residence in India, which, indeed, brings the present volume to a conclusion. It is well observed by the author that

although the administration of this Governor was not distinguished by those brilliant achievements which marked the course of the noble founder of the British empire in India, it yet forms an epoch in the history of the Company and of his country to which great interest must always attach, whether viewed in connexion with those eminent names that stand prominent amidst the principal actors in the chequered and trying scenes which so rapidly followed each other abroad, or with the state of parties at home, to whom the affairs of that country and the conduct of the Company's servants presented such fertile ground for political differences. These differences, struggles, and events thus alluded to, must be well remembered by every reader of English history, and need not be repeated here. But as a criterion of the author's manner and opinions, we cite part of his general review of the character and conduct of Hastings.

"Few public servants have been placed in more trying positions than Mr. Hastings. The very commencement of his government was marked by instructions of a character repugnant to his feelings, and which placed him before the British public in a questionable light. The negociations with the Mogul and the Vizier unavoidably brought his government in contact with the Rohillas and Mahrattas, and gave rise to those grounds of difference which occurred on the opening of the new government at the close of 1774. The parties selected for councillors had their minds prepossessed with the unfavourable views that had been formed at home regarding the conduct of the Company's servants. Their opposition to Mr. Hastings was systematic and unceasing. He endured with unshaken firmness a series of personal attacks, that partook of a virulence, equalled only by the subsequent conduct of his still more powerful enemy, in the origin and progress of the celebrated impeachment.

"The lengthened period during which Mr. Hastings presided over the Company's affairs in India, may be designated as one of experimental legislation. Measures devised by Parliament with the view of securing the rights and advancing the happiness of the people, failed of the desired effect from having been framed in ignorance of the laws, customs, and usages of the people to whom they were applied. The embarrassments consequent upon such a state of affairs naturally followed, until the jarring elements of a discordant system constrained the Legislature to enter upon a general revision.

"The measure brought forward by Mr. Fox bore the stamp of a great and energetic mind, inventive but arbitrary to a degree, and would have invested the Legislature with a power unknown to the constitution. The East-India Company would have been swept away; their property taken without even the shadow of a compromise being offered, or an attempt made to soothe either objection or prejudice. It had the effect of uniting the Sovereign and the people against a majority of the House of Commons. Of this measure Mr. Burke, who so strongly charged Mr. Hastings with a thirst for arbitrary power, was a most strenuous supporter. His zeal helped it through the Commons, and it is said that he stood on the steps of the throne during the discussion in the Lords, anxious and agitated, and

desirous to give every aid in carrying it through. The loss of the Bill was to him the loss of place, the pecuniary effect of which was not repaired until he became a pensioner on the state in 1795. This circumstance is not abverted to with any inviduous intention, for it was justly observed by Lord Macartney on the occasion, that a pension was a far more honourable reward than the maintenance of a sinecure office under a hypocritical pretence of having supposed duties to discharge."

After the lapse of thirty years from the period of Mr. Hastings' return to England, and eighteen from the termination of his impeachment, he appeared before the House of Commons to give evidence on the renewal of the Company's Charter. This was in the year 1813. Mr. Auber says, that he was under the gallery of the House at the time, and witnessed the respect manifested by the members to this venerable witness—the whole of them rising simultaneously on his returning from the bar at the close of his examination. To a question of the opposing counsel, which purported, how the witness reconciled the evidence he then gave with an opinion he formerly entertained, Hastings replied, "I do not come here to defend my inconsistencies, but to declare what my opinion is, formed on mature reflection."

The East India Company were Mr. Hastings' undeviating supporters, and he seems to have entertained for them the most ardent gratitude in return. The letter which we now quote, and which the author of the present work states was written to a member of the Court of Directors only a few hours before the decease of the writer of it, contains a noble and affecting expression of his grateful feelings.

"'Daylesford House, 3rd Aug. 1818.

"'I impose upon myself the last office of communication between you and me to inform you, that a few hours remain, which are to separate us from each other for ever. The infliction that must end me is a total privation of the function of deglutition, which is equivalent to the extremities of hunger, by the inability to take nourishment. I have called you by the only appellation that language can express me, "*Yar Wooffadar*," my profitable friend; for such, with every other quality of friendship, I have ever experienced yours in all our mutual intercourse, and my heart has returned it (unprofitably I own), but with equal sentiments of the purest affection. My own conscience assuredly attests that I myself have not been wanting in my duty to my respectable employers. I quit the world, and their service, to which I shall conceive myself, to the latest moment that I draw my breath, still devotedly attached, and in the firm belief that in the efficient body of Directors I have not one individual ill affected towards me. I do not express my full feelings; I believe them all to be kindly, generously disposed towards me; and to the larger and constituent body I can only express a hope, that if there are any of a different sentiment, the number is but few; for they have supported me, when I thought myself abandoned by all other powers, from whom I ever thought myself entitled to any benefit. My latest prayers shall be offered for their service, for that

of my beloved country, and for that also whose interest both have so long committed to my partial guardianship, and for which I feel a sentiment in my departing hours, not alien from that which is due from every subject to its own."

How different are the sentiments excited by the above letter to those which Mr. Burke's conduct and feelings, as described by our author, arouse, when he declares, that that celebrated statesman and orator's correspondence show, even at the close of his life, and when suffering through severe domestic affliction, that he still retained the strongest feeling against Mr. Hastings, and that the idea of his being likely to be rewarded with a peerage literally haunted his imagination!

We have now given such an account, and copied such specimens from the volume before us, as will serve to show to every one of our readers who take a deep interest in the affairs of the East India Company, and the prospects of that empire, the tenour of the work. In conclusion, the author, after stating that although the Company had been incorporated nearly two centuries, says it was during the last ten years only of the period comprized in this volume, that the following parliamentary enactments were passed. He also glances at the farther measures that have been since adopted, which will be explained in the succeeding portion of his performance—a performance which the author has been permitted to dedicate to the King.

"A regular Government had been established in India.
"A Supreme Court of Judicature had been instituted,
"The Receipt of Presents had been prohibited.
"The Rate of Interest had been defined.
"Rules, Ordinances, and Regulations had been ordained.
"Justices of the Peace had been appointed.
"Appeals had been provided for to the King in Council.
"The King had authority to disapprove of Dispatches from the Court of Directors to India.
"The Jurisdiction of the Supreme Court had been defined; and
"The Natives were secured in their Religion, Laws, and Usages.

"But something more was required. The discussions which occurred in 1783, awakened the public mind to the affairs of India. The great and essential provision still wanting in the system was the existence of a controlling power, competent to give effect to such measures as should be clearly beneficial, when determined upon.

"The Sovereign,
"The Parliament,
"The Court of Directors, and
"The Court of Proprietors,

were each possessed of separate and independent powers, which if exercised by either might render any measure nugatory, although based on the wisest principles of government, and calculated to ensure the greatest possible benefit to this country and to India.

"The Crown might disapprove a proposed dispatch by the Court of

Directors, or it might amend it; but when so amended, could not enforce its transmission to India.

"The Parliament might vote a declaratory resolution, but it had not the means of giving it effect.

"The Court of Directors might prepare a dispatch, and the Crown might fully approve of it; but the Proprietors might prohibit its being forwarded.

"Such a state of things called loudly for some remedy. The difficulty was to devise a scheme which should preserve the East India Company, who had been found a valuable instrument in administering the affairs of India, and at the same time infuse a vigour into the system, and impart a power to some constituted branch of it, which should be effectual for all the purposes of good government, without endangering the constitution.

"How far the object was attained, will be seen in the measure submitted to Parliament by the Minister, and ultimately passed into a law with the concurrence of all parties interested in its completion.

ART. XI.

1.—*Posthumous Memoirs of a Peeress; or, the Days of Fox.* Edited by Lady C. BURY. 3 vols. Colburn.

2.—*The Clockmaker; or, the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville.* 12mo. 367 pp. Bentley.

3.—*Piso and the Præfect; or, the Ancients off their Stilts.* 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

4.—*The Victims of Society.* By the Countess of BLESSINGTON. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

As usual the most fruitful branch of the literary tree is that of prosaic fiction; and although we have, of late, treated our readers to numerous and various tastings obtained from this prolific source, perhaps on no occasion has this sort of presentation contained such a diversified and richly concocted dish as the one that is now before us. It is really too far gone in the day, among the cents. of novels that are issuing from the press, to attempt anything like a critical classification, or precise appreciation of their individual departments and merits. Such an undertaking would amount to nothing better than a splitting of hairs, or it might be, a disarrangement of niceties. Suffice it, in a general way, to declare that an extraordinary amount of talent—may we not add of presumption—of crudities, and eccentricities, are in these latter times, drafted into the service of the imaginative powers? and being the most open and seemingly available sphere, no wonder, during the era of almost universal authorship, it should be well occupied. Without farther preliminaries, therefore, we now proceed to offer our candid opinion

relative to each of the noticeable, and, indeed, clever works at the head of this article.

The "Memoirs of a Peeress," purport to be edited by Lady Charlotte Bury; that is, as we apprehend, she is the authoress, and and by this very flimsy sort of profession, hopes to throw around the performance, a presumptive excitement and recommendation that may help forward the interest of the story. And yet on our part this is taking matters too seriously, for certainly it is a legitimate device, which studies, either to put the reader of a work of fiction in good terms with the author he is about to consult, or by a harmless stratagem to transport him from the open day of reality to the realms of imagination. But however this may be, no one who reads the smallest portion of the work, can for a moment dream or feel that it required any trickery to recommend it.

The intention of these Memoirs is to show up the fashionable vices and ways that prevailed in the London world fifty years ago. The Prince of Wales, Fox, Sheridan, Carlton House, and many other easily recognized characters and scenes, though not so plainly pronounced, appear on the foreground.

We need not, at least, we will not endeavour to thread the intricacies of the story, nor to pursue the line of art that connects a great number of actors and episodes, which serve to build up the fabric of the plot. It may be enough to state, that a country squire's daughter, noble by the mother's side, is sent to the metrolis, and under the protection of a fashionable but giddy aunt, who happens to be a duchess, and a widow, proud and poor, is appointed to entrap a coronet. The amiable and virtuous young lady, however, chooses for herself, and weds a man who is not rich in gold, but in independence of spirit and high accomplishments. A good deal of tragedy follows this step; and we can only add, always alarmed as we are of forestalling and murdering, that the duchess is made to wind up the moral of the tale by a deserved fate. Now for some specimens, which, though cleverly conceived, may easily be detected, as the work of one accustomed to draw far more upon the resources of a vivid imagination, than the stores of solid study or accurate information. Here is an attempt at a generalized picture of high life, as it existed in London half a century ago.

"Though London was then comparatively circumscribed, and the outworks of the great world were far more strongly set up against the approaches of aspiring opulence, society was less easy to collect into a focus. There existed, as in Paris, distinct societies of the court and the town; and Windsor Castle ate its roast mutton, while Carlton House fed upon devilled kidneys. Religion and politics, if less potential, were more polemic. People did not slide from a house where high church implied salvation, to one where low church was all in all: or glide from an assembly given by a Whig premier, to a ball graced by the blessed hierarchy of the Tories.

There were as many divisions and subdivisions in society, as there are canals in the city of Ghent, where a thousand bridges are indispensable to enable neighbour A to live on neighbourly terms with neighbour B. Under such disadvantages a general picture of society must be less accurate than at the present time, when all is imitation,—all echo,—all tautology; —when 'half the platform just reflects the other,' and the aristocracy of rank stands grimacing, like a posture-master on its pedestal, in order that its illegitimate brother, the aristocracy of wealth, may try to prove affinity, by aping every contortion, and out-vaulting every leap. Nevertheless, some generalities existed that serve to inscribe the epoch on my memory. Much as has been said of the demoralisation of the higher classes during the decrepitude of George IV., the demoralisation prevalent during his youth was far more remarkable. Paris, like a repentant Magdalen, affected just then, on the death of a vicious, and the accession of a virtuous sovereign, the most prudish propriety; and, as Horace Walpole used to say of France and England, that, 'like the sea and land, one could not gain without the other being a loser,' the vices put out of countenance by Louis XVI., took refuge under the protection of the Prince of Wales. Madame du Barri retreated into the obscurity of her pavilion at Luciennes, and the emblazoned chariot of a Perdita drove triumphantly through the parish of St. James. From the days of Alcibiades, however, to those of Brummel, fine gentlemen have existed, like excrescences on the oak, the disease and not the product of the age. It is rather from the women, the matrons of the times, I would draw deductions of its morality; and I own that, in defiance of the example of a most domestic court, the noble ladies, my contemporaries, would have little to learn from the levities of their granddaughters. Though less graced with superficial accomplishments than the damsels of to-day, our reasoning faculties were at that time better cultivated. We performed no miraculous concertos, competed for no prizes at the Society of Arts; but we were the chosen associates of a Johnson, a Cowper, a Sheridan. We listened more,—we chattered less. But this superiority of intellectual cultivation added only a new page to the annals of gallantry. It was only the conversion of Laïs into Aspasia. From Mrs. Robinson to my lovely relative, the danger was but magnified through the atmosphere of refinement surrounding the meretricious charms of the goddess of voluptuousness. In its highest circles of *haut ton*, London already emulated the witty profligacy of Paris under the sceptre of Louis XV., and the influence of a Boufflers and a Du Deffand. Of these, enough, and too much, has been consigned to us, in the memoirs of their day. But, saving in the archives of Doctors' Commons, nothing remains to perpetuate the peccadilloes of our grandmothers; for England is a prude who, like the Spartan virgins, heeds not that her zone should be unbound, so it be done in silence and obscurity. Nevertheless, a few septuagenarians, like myself, are not hypocritical enough to witness, unmoved, the canonization of our century. Like the devil's advocate-general, whose duty it is to plead against every new aspirant to the honors of the kalendar, I lift up my voice to attest that the last age was a sinner in its generation; and, unmisled by maternal blindness or bitterness, have no hesitation in tracing the effeminacy and fatuity of certain lords of the creation and the realm of the present day, to the enervating and vicious

habits of their progenitresses. When I arrived in London, its ways were 'pleasant, but wrong.' It was something, at least, that they *were* 'pleasant,' for I have since found them 'wrong,' yet mightily disagreeable."

There are some hard rubs upon saintship; but being put into the mouth of a frivolous person, and levelled at hypocrisy, do not militate against the piety of the author. For example, the Duchess asks, "What but the desire of high distinction in paradise is the origin of saintship?" Then there is Sir Obadiah Shenstone, a man of low extraction, who on his return from Bengal, thought to gloze over, in the eyes of man, that origin, by bribing into wedlock the daughter of an earl; and "to gloze over, in the eyes of Heaven, the sin of his oriental peculations, by trying to make a conventicle of the House of Commons, and assuming in the conventicle the dictatorial importance of a conscript-father."

We return, in our last extract, in preference to these imaginary scandals, to some notices, perhaps not less fanciful, which yet allude to real personages. The Prince again is introduced.

"From the day of obtaining his majority, he had laid the foundations of expensive buildings at Carlton House, and of debts of honour and * * * * innumerable. Every folly of the day grew to excess under his cultivation. He out-drove Sir John Lade—he out-diced Charles Fox. Ten thousand guineas were expended in a single year on his toilet; and, between play-debts and debts of gallantry, the turf and the tailor's shop, it was hard to say in what quarter his royal highness's pecuniary engagements lay heaviest. But the nation, or (as the London part of the nation is called) the public, was satisfied! So long as he shared his hazard with Charles Fox, his claret with Sheridan, not a syllable was to be said. The sordid respectability of Kew, or the petty German courtliness of Windsor, might be lampooned by Wolcot, reviled by Junius, and burned in effigy by Wilkes's mob;—while the fine, gay, bold-faced * * * of Carlton House was a thing to be applauded in play-houses, and rewarded by prodigal grants to his Majesty's court of parliament. Well!—Heaven mend us! —The cardinal virtues of this virtuous kingdom of Great Britain have ever been a stiff-necked and perverse generation! Time out of mind our sovereigns expectant have waged war against our sovereigns regnant, with a ready faction at their heels."

There is cleverness and too much truth in the current of these shadowings. But what we are now about to speak of, and cite, will surpass the Peeress's Memoirs, at least in the matter of vulgarity and humour; for "Samuel Slick of Slickville" is a sly and a queer fellow. This work, we believe, appeared first in some one of the Nova Scotia journals, or periodicals, and being full of the Yankee character, is hardly so well suited to our quarter of the globe, as more familiar slang and sallies of humour might be. In fact, these materials are rather too thickly laid on, and frequently repeated, to meet in a taking manner our taste. Nevertheless, the perambulating clockmaker is a shrewd chap, and has an excellent

knack at disposing of his goods to the best advantage, as well as at making homely and home-thrust remarks.

"'What a pity it is, Mr. Slick,' (for such was his name), 'what a pity it is,' said I, 'that you, who are so successful in teaching these people the value of clocks, could not also teach them the value of time!' 'I guess,' said he, 'they have got that ring to grow on their horns yet, which every four-year-old has in our country. We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents. They do nothing in these parts but eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about house of assembly. If a man don't hoe his corn, and he don't get a crop, he says it is all owing to the bank; and if he runs into debt, and is sued, why, he says the lawyers are a curse to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell you.'"

There is a good deal said of certain great men both in England and the United States. Here is a sample.

"Taking a small penknife from his pocket, he began to whittle a thin piece of dry wood which lay on the hearth; and, after musing some time, said, 'I guess you've never been in the States.' I replied that I had not, but that, before I returned to England, I proposed visiting that country. 'There,' said he, 'you'll see the great Daniel Webster; he's a great man, I tell you; King William, No. 4, I guess, would be no match for him as an orator; he'd talk him out of sight in half an hour. If he was in your house of commons, I reckon he'd make some of your great folks look pretty streaked; he's a true patriot and statesman, the first in our country, and a most particular cute lawyer. There was a Quaker chap too cute for him once, tho'. This Quaker, a pretty knowin' old shaver, had a cause down to Rhode Island; so he went to Daniel to hire him to go down and plead his case for him; so, says he, 'Lawyer Webster, what's your fee?' 'Why,' says Daniel, 'let me see, I have to go down south to Washington to plead the great insurance case of the Hartford Company; and I've got to be at Cincinnati, to attend the convention; and I don't see how I can go to Rhode Island without great loss and great fatigue; it would cost you, may be, more than you'd be willing to give.' Well, the Quaker looked pretty white about the gills, I tell you, when he heard this; for he could not do without him no how, and he did not like this preliminary talk of his at all: at last he made bold to ask him the worst of it, what he would take? 'Why,' says Daniel, 'I always liked the Quakers; they are a quiet, peaceable people, who never go to law if they can help it, and it would be better for our great country if there were more such people in it. I never seed or heerd tell of any harm in 'em, except going the whole figure for Gineral Jackson, and that everlastin', almighty villain, Van Buren; yes, I love the Quakers; I hope they'll go to the Webster ticket yet, and I'll go for you as low as I can any way afford; say 1000 dollars.' The Quaker well nigh fainted when he heerd this, but he was pretty deep too; so, says he, 'Lawyer, that's a great deal of money; but I have more causes there: if I give you the 1000 dollars, will you plead the other cases I shall have to give you?' 'Yes,' says Daniel, 'I will, to the best of my humble abilities.' So down they went to Rhode Island, and Daniel tried the case, and carried it for

the Quaker, Well, the Quaker, he goes round to all the folks that had suits in court, and says he, 'what will you give me if I get the great Daniel to plead for you? It cost me 1000 dollars for a fee; but now he and I are pretty thick, and, as he is on the spot, I'd get him to plead cheap for you;' so he got 300 dollars from one, and 200 from another, and so on, until he got 1100 dollars; jist 100 dollars more than he gave. Daniel was in a great rage when he heerd this, 'What!' said he; 'do you think I would agree to your letting me out like a horse to hire?' 'Friend Daniel,' said the Quaker, 'didst thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine.' Daniel laughed out, ready to split his sides, at this. 'Well,' says he, 'I guess I might as well stand still, for you to put the bridle on this time, for you have fairly pinned me up in a corner of the fence, any how; so he went good humouredly to work, and pleaded them all."

The loquitor goes on to say, that "Ilctante them that stare the most, that see the best always." He adds concerning the Yankees, that they have their faults, and "I know them (I warn't born blind, I reckon), but your friends, the tour writers, are a little grain too hard on us." And the truth is thus forcibly illustrated—"Our old nigger wench had several dirty, ugly lookin children, and was proper cross to 'em. Mother used to say, 'Juno, its better never to wipe a child's nose at all, I guess, than to wring it off.'"

Slick is remarkably full of wise saws and modern instances. Take him on certain matters that especially engage statesmen and philosophers—viz., great national affairs. He says—"It is in politics as in horses; when a man has a beast that's near about up to the notch, he'd better not swap him; if he does, he's een amost sure to get one not so good as his own. My rule is, I'd rather keep a critter, whose faults I do know, than change him for a beast whose faults I don't know."

Our concluding extract from the clockmaker's book of wisdom, which, has been reported to claim the parentage of Mr. Haliburton, conveys Slick of Slickville's opinion of the English.

"The English are the boys for tradin with; they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather—it flies all over the thrashin floor; but then they are a cross-grained, ungainly, kicken breed of cattle, as I een a most ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull, knew what he was about, I tell you; for they are bull-necked, bull-headed folks, I vow; sulky, ugly tempered, vicious critters, a pawin and a roarin the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks.'"

Piso and the Præfect, according to its entire title, immediately suggests the days of Roman grandeur and luxury. Every one of us have imbibed from ancient history and the classics, certain notions of imposing pretensions regarding the refinement and majesty of that people. Of these the author is a complete master, having in these

volumes made all such derived and suggestive knowledge conduce to the furtherance and finish of his story. There have of late years been several attempts made to turn such materials to good account, and no small share of learning and talent expended in the service; but that learning has, in all such instances, been forced to abide so much on *stilts*, and talent has had to deal with eras and characters so far back, that we have ever felt disinclined to repose upon any other or more familiar and precise representations than such as have been bequeathed to posterity by the writers themselves who belonged to the classic ages. In short, we have not been able or predisposed to sympathize with these subjects. As to the case before us, we find no exception to our past experience and feelings. True, the author has succeeded in representing the leading features of human nature, which must be pretty nearly the same throughout all ages and all countries; and these features he has attributed to personages belonging to ancient Roman history. But, on the other hand, there is necessarily a want of those peculiar and delicate shadings and attitudes, which in a novel are absolutely necessary to individualize character, and to make the reader be so led away with the delineation, as to find himself for the time identified with the being that has been felicitously introduced and coloured; or, when these personal and descriptive traits are fancied and produced, they can only assume the appearance of modern features, and the nationality of the country whose manners and peculiar spirit must be most potently and vividly impressed upon the author's mind. Accordingly the personages who figure in the pages before us, are English in everything but name, epoch, and abode, excepting when certain recorded facts or circumstances, which may be gathered by the students of Roman antiquities, are dragged into the plot, but which, to our eye, always maintain an unbending and ungenial attitude in relation to any fanciful liberties that may be taken with them. Without, however, detaining our readers longer with such general remarks, we present an example or two, after premising that Piso, the latest scion of the Culpurnian family, an illustrious race, returns from Athens, where he was educated, to the queen of cities, and takes up his abode with Scribonius Mummius, who is his uncle, and a pedantic philosopher. We take up the story where the youth is conducted to his ancestral mansion.

"'Welcome, O Piso, to the home of thy forefathers! Under this roof thou first sawest the light; and though, alas! it seemeth cracked in many places, it may yet afford thee shelter. Here, I trust, thou mayest at least dwell in peace—perhaps in comfort. Rich, indeed, thou art not; but Cleobulus, the son of Evagoras, hath informed us that a measure is the best.' Here the sage paused for a moment, and, observing that his auditor was attentive, waved his hand gracefully, and proceeded with his discourse. 'These are the images of your ancestors, O youthful scion of an ancient

stock! How awfully do their dark countenances frown upon us from the walls! How majestic are their features! How dignified is their aspect and appearance! Amongst these thou wilt find the most distinguished characters of ancient Rome. That venerable statue with the broken head is no other than the great Pompey; the noseless one beside him is the wealthy Crassus; and there stands Pliny, the statesman and philosopher, whose wife was thy great-great-grandmother.' 'But stay,' continued the speaker, as he walked across the apartment; 'let us examine these inestimable relics with more attention: if my memory fail me not, I can give thee information touching them on more points than one.' *

" 'This image to the right of Numa,' said he, 'represents a very different sort of person; a man of whom much may be said, although his history is comparatively little known. He was, once upon a time, a great military commander. He was valiant to a fault, and possessed many other very excellent qualities besides. Unluckily, however, his temper was somewhat irregular and hasty. That is a memorable anecdote which Seneca relates concerning him. He tells us that, a soldier having returned from a foraging expedition without his comrade, he was charged with having slain him; and Piso sentenced the supposed offender to be decapitated. His head was on the block, his neck stretched out to receive the stroke of the axe; when the truant whom he was accused of having murdered returned unexpectedly to his post. The centurion, whose duty it had been to see the sentence performed, stayed the proceedings, and led back the culprit, with his companion, to the general; thus making manifest the innocence of the former, while the whole army followed them with acclamations of joy. Now, a moderate man, under such circumstances as these, would probably have pardoned the two wretches at once; but your ancestor, in a rage, gets him up to the tribunal, and forthwith condemns them both—the one for returning without his comrade, the other for lingering behind; unto which barbarous decree he adds the condemnation of the centurion, for having dared to postpone the execution of his own accord. Thus were three innocent persons put to death as a punishment for the guiltlessness of one.'"

There is power and correct keeping in these passages, such as remind us of Roman thought and character. Our last extract brings one of the scenes which Piso and his uncle witness in the course of their intimacy with passing life, and contemporary society in Rome, under the Pretorian Præfect, Vitalianus. Our readers will judge whether the introduction of Cockney dialect in ancient Rome, can in any measure amuse or seem real.

' " Clad in flowing robes of embroidered silk; sparkling all over with jewels of inestimable worth; his head crowned with a tiara; his neck encased with carcanets, and his arms bound with bracelets; his eyebrows tinged with black, and his cheeks dyed with vermillion: this singular personage (the most illustrious Pantominus of the age) sailed slowly into the room. Then, approaching his noble entertainer, he salaamed in the truest oriental style, lifting up his hands till they almost touched his head, and bowing down his head till it almost brushed the ground. Meeting with a reception of corresponding affability—for, indeed, the præfect was

more than usually polite—he proceeded to the pronunciation of an exculpatory speech in language much disfigured with provincialisms. 'E oped,' he began, 'that is ighness would pardon im for not harriving hearlier; but really the eat ad been so hoppressive hall the morning, that e could not find it in is eart to urry the bearers of is litter; oo, poor devils! were halmost hexhausted and quite hout of breath before they reached the hend of their journey, is ouse being a long way hoff, hat the hother side side of the Haventine Ill.' The præfect admitted the apology as valid, though he could not help smiling at the strange phraseology in which it was couched. He had, however, often heard the language of Rome marred by the natives of Syria in the same way before; for, whatever may be alleged by Caledonian critics on the subject, the abuse of the aspirate has not always been confined to the modern populace of Cockneyland.'"

The last upon the list of our Novels of the Month, is by a favourite writer, and is, we think, the best that even Lady Blessington has ever acknowledged as her own production. Certainly, it is the most finished and correct of the four named at the head of this article. Indeed, we look upon it as a model, almost perfect, of what an English novel should be.

The work is in the form of letters from writers of both sexes, who though fictitious characters, dealing with feigned events, yet keep up a story of excellently balanced and connected parts—a story too, which is full of the most vivid pictures of life, and truthful, nay, severely moral lessons, whether unblushing vice or tolerated follies be the object of her chastisements and exposures. The letter-writers, in the present instance, are persons of very various characters, but all belonging to what is (vulgarly may we not say), called the world of fashion—some of them high-minded and immaculate—others belonging to a clique of exclusives—with a sufficient supply of toad-eaters, and roués, as they separately and conjointly figure at the present day.

We are not going to withdraw the veil from a plot of absorbing, and in its latter scenes of hurrying, interest. But we may mention, with a view of making our extracts better understood, that the heroine, Augusta Vernon, a sensitive, gentle, and pure creature, is, at an age too young, and capricious, induced to become the wife of a dashing nobleman, Lord Annandale, who is an adept in all the fashionable follies of the day—a fox hunter, a gambler, a flutterer in all the most exclusive and heartless circles of London fashion. The young countess, amid the associates which her husband affects, cannot remain unaffected; and her very purity, in the absence of any real ground of jealousy, becomes the object of envy, and malicious intrigue. Although spotless, she is driven from her husband's home, the grave becoming her refuge.

Miss Montressor, who succeeds to the title of Countess of Annandale, is the grand actor in this perfidious scheme. She is as clever

as any female devil can be made—brilliant, and fiend-like. But her punishment is as signal as her crimes. In her youth she has been the victim of the Chevalier de Carency, who hearing of her good fortune, presents himself now, as the degraded and brutal Robert Macaire. Something of her sufferings may be conceived, when it is stated that he haunts her on the most delicate occasions, and extorts from her money at his will, as the price of a secret that she would die, rather than have disclosed. Numerous are the other characters, and all of them sustained with admirable effect, in their due and subordinate capacities; nor does a single letter enter into these volumes that teems not with rich thoughts and powerful feeling—the whole with extraordinay force tending to the defence of rectitude and virtue, and the castigation, as well as dissection, of duplicity and vice.

We have already seen in the "Memoirs of a Peeress," going back to the "Days of Fox," part of what the writer of that novel represents to have been the condition and doings of society half a century ago. Let us see what Lady Blessington says of our own time. It is worthy of remark that Miss Montressor's correspondence forms the most pithy and satirical portions of the work, whether to or from her; and to these letters we chiefly resort. The following concerns London.

"By the by, *chère amie*, you would be not a little shocked, could you but witness the free and easy style of the men of fashion here. It positively amounts to insolence; yet they do not mean it. No, they only mean to be at their ease; but this precludes any well-bred woman from feeling at hers, in their society. They are at once *nonchalant* and familiar; make no ceremony of talking of the House of Commons, the political questions of the day, their hunting or shooting, or, in fact, all that peculiarly concerns themselves; rarely, if ever, introducing those topics which are generally supposed to be most agreeable to women. The Comtesse Hohenlinden told me, that here the ladies are obliged to study the tastes and pursuits of the gentlemen, in order to find favour in the eyes of those lords of the creation. Is not this a dreadful degradation to our sex? Only fancy women talking of horses, and not only talking of, but visiting them in their stables! Fancy their betting, and keeping books in which are entered not *les douces pensées des dames*, but the wagers they have made, and the odds *pour et contre!* This would not be believed in France; *mais c'est un fait, je vous jure.* Here, a lady who wishes to captivate, relies, not on her charms, but on her tact, and the weakness to which it is to be opposed. Is the man who is to be won a politician?—she reads all his speeches, an operation painful and impracticable to all save one impelled by a predominant motive: she does more,—she succeeds in remembering some portions of them, and quotes them with eulogium; when, unless he is the most ungrateful of his sex, she is rewarded by his preferring her to all things save himself and his speeches. The only chance of defeat consists in the number of competitors for his favour. If a man is devoted to hunting, the ladies

who wish to please him are suddenly struck with admiration for that amusement. 'They dote on horses;' they delight in driving to the cover-side; they pat the necks of the 'beautiful animals,' and praise the red coats of their masters. Nay, examples have been known of their donning scarlet habits, and risking their necks, to attract some coveted Nimrod. If a man be fond of theatricals, then each lady who aspires to win him is dying to act too. She discovers that the amateur far excels the best actor on the stage. His tragic acting is so affecting (affected she means); and, having persuaded him that he is the only Romeo alive, she hopes to be selected as his Juliet. Military men are courted, by the female aspirants flocking to reviews, and doting on martial music. Yachters are vanquished by delicate women, who tremble at the bare idea of a storm, and turn pale at a high wave, declaring that 'they are nowhere so happy as at sea;' that 'a yacht is infinitely preferable to a house, and a sailor's life the most agreeable thing in the world, except that of being his wife.' It is thus that ladies in England administer to the weakness of the 'sterner sex,' and subjugate them (*apropos* of the word subjugate, a man said, two days ago, that subjugate and conjugate were synonymous); while you, in *la belle* France, exact that deferential homage which is woman's due, and to which she cannot resign her claims, without being guilty of a want of respect towards her whole sex. I attribute the *mauvaise manière* of the Englishmen of fashion to the want of dignity of the women. The long war took so many men away, that, owing to their scarcity, they became more in demand, and the claimants were so numerous, that the claimed grew saucy. This, I imagine, first led to the unnatural system of the men being courted instead of courting; a practice to which they have now become so used, that I know not how it is ever to be eradicated. A French *grisette* would expect—ay, and exact, too—more attention than a London fine lady dreams of meeting from the men of her circle."

The sarcasms with which the authoress treats many of the customs of high life both in London and Paris are pungent in the extreme, and chiefly so on account of the truth and correct sentiments which her strictures contain. For example, abiding at home, for we will not travel abroad to find themes for her excellent reproofs and exposures, it is said,

"*Sunday* after *Sunday* (but only on this magical day) crowds of our sex may be seen toiling to the Zoological Gardens, to exhibit at once their gay clothes, flirtations, and the proofs of their addiction to the study of natural history, in their accompanying an extensive train of biped animals; who, though far more ridiculous, are infinitely less amusing than those in the surrounding cages.

"Ask them why they frequent this place, Sabbath after Sabbath, having long since exhausted their *naïve* observations on the monkeys, and they will tell you that 'every one comes—there is such a crowd;' and that on this day alone the mob—their synonyme for people—cannot get in; and, therefore, they select it. In my simplicity, I ventured to comment on the absurdity of excluding the reputable and intelligent mechanics, and

their wives and daughters, from the garden, the only day their avocations allowed them a few hours for recreation.

"I was answered by, 'Fancy how dreadful it would be for us to have such people *nez-à-nez avec nous* at every turn! Oh, it would be insupportable!'

"'I cannot fancy,' resumed I, 'that there could be anything at all insupportable in it; *au contraire*, the seeing new and agreeable faces, and witnessing the enjoyment of those who have fewer sources of pleasure than we possess, would be more animating than encountering the vapid countenances that people have been yawning at every night during the season; and who look as weary at beholding us, as we are at looking at them. It has been said by one of their most remarkable poets—one, too, of their own rank—that the English fashionables are as tired as they are tiresome: but this fact, like the secrets of free-masonry, is attempted to be concealed, lest new votaries should be deterred from entering the lethargic circle.'"

The exclusive West-end *litterateurs* are thus shown up.

"The exclusive circle is at war with genius and talent, though their vanity often induces them to draw to their dull routs and prosy dinners, those who are considered to possess either of these attributes in an eminent degree. They think 'it looks well' (another favourite phrase) to see among the aristocratic names that are every day announced in the newspapers, as having partaken of their ostentatious hospitalities, those that form the aristocracy of genius; for they imagine themselves modern Mæcenases, who patronise poets and philosophers, from the association with whom they expect to derive distinction. For gentle dulness they have a peculiar predilection—from sympathy, I suppose; a fellow-feeling being said to make men wondrous kind. A few of the houses with the most pretensions to literary taste have their tame poets and *petits litterateurs*, who run about as docile, and more parasitical, than lap-dogs; and, like them, are equally well-fed, ay, and certainly equally spoiled. The dull *plaisanteries*, thrice-told anecdotes, and *résumés* of the scandal of each week, served up *réchauffés* by these pigmies of literature, are received most graciously by their patrons, who agree in opinion with the French writer,—

'Nul n'aura de l'esprit
Hors nous et nos amis.'"

At the risk of exceeding all reasonable bounds with our extracts, we offer another, persuaded at the same time that not one of our readers will feel it tiresome, uninstructive, or destitute of remarkable point and applicable fitness. Well has her ladyship chosen, as respects her motto, and well has she filled up its meaning. A better commentary could not proceed from the pulpit or lecturer's desk.

'Tis you that say it, not I: you do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

"The unmarried men in London are remarkable for a degree of selfishness, indulged even to an oblivion of all else, and for a prudent forethought, even in their affections, not so much the result of wisdom, as

the dictate of this all-engrossing egotism. Venus herself, without a fortune, could hardly tempt them to wear any other fetters than those of her cestus; while a very Gorgon, with a large domain, would soon find them eager candidates for the hymeneal chains. They regard every young beauty with distrust and alarm, as having designs on their freedom; or as being likely, by their fascinations, to tempt them into a rash marriage, which they consider as the premature grave of their selfish enjoyments. They look on dowerless wedlock, as on death, a misfortune to be encountered, perhaps, at some remote period; when age and infirmity prevent the pursuit of pleasures, or satiety has palled them. With the distant prospect of settling down at last with some fair young being, who is to be the soother of his irritability, and the nurse of his infirmities, the man of pleasure systematically and ruthlessly pursues a round of heartless dissipation; until his health broken, and his spirits jaded, he selects his victim, and, in the uncongenial union (which, like the atrocious cruelty of Mezentius, chains the living to the dead), seeks the reward of his selfishness. The men forming the upper class generally marry for what they term love, which is nothing more than an evanescent caprice, an *envie* to possess some object not otherwise to be obtained. They are so little in the habit of denying themselves anything they conceive necessary to their pleasure, that one of their race makes little more difficulty of marrying the girl that has struck his fancy, than he does of buying some celebrated horse, for which he has to pay an extravagant price, and probably gets tired of one as soon as the other. During the first brief months—say three or four—of his union, he considers and treats his young wife, not as the dear friend and companion of his life, the future mother of his children, but as an object of passion; to be idolised while the passion continues, and to be left in loveless solitude—cast, like a faded flower, away—the moment satiety is experienced. She has been indulged to folly, doted on to infatuation, for three months; and then, spoiled by flattery, and corrupted by unwise uxoriousness, she sees herself first neglected, and ultimately abandoned, to bear, as best she may, this humiliating, this torturing change. If she loves her husband, jealousy, with all its envenomed pangs, assails her young breast. She knows how ardently, how madly, he can adore, compares his present undisguised coldness with the fervour of the happy past, and concludes (not in general without cause), that another object has usurped her place in his heart. Love, pride, and jealous rage are now in arms; and how strong must be the virtue, and how steadfast the principles, that enable her to resist the temptations offered by vanity and vengeance! Reproaches or tears await the inconstant at home; his selfishness makes him loathe both, and he seeks abroad a *dedommagement* for the *ennui* they produce. The result generally is, that his wife either breaks her heart or her marriage vows, or sinks into that humiliating and humiliated being, an unloved and unpitied hypochondriac; who details her wrongs and maladies, in a whining tone, to the vegetating dowagers and spinsters who have no better occupation than to listen to the tedious catalogue."

ART. XII.—*General History of Civilization in Europe, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution.* Translated from the French of M. GUIZOT. Oxford: Talboys, 1837.

MANY persons are in the habit of decrying the study of political economy, and asserting that it leads to no practical benefits; while others, who do not go so far, deny the claims which its professors and advocates set up, when they call it a science. There is a kindred objection sometimes taken to the phrase the "Philosophy of History," which to a great extent is synonimous with that of the "Science of Political Economy." To our apprehension, however, there appears no unreasonable assumption in the use of the words *philosophy* and *science* when applied to the departments of investigation referred to. What is it which is required to come up to the lofty demands of these terms, but that a branch of study be capable of being improved by inductive reasoning, and that when one truth has been legitimately established, it give the inquirer a new and more advanced footing in the world of facts, and prepare him to make another stride, which, without having gained the last stage, he could not, in all probability, have ever taken? Facts are the great staple in which for philosophy or science to traffic—and so long as this is the case—that human nature and the laws that govern the universe are the same in the same circumstances—so long as cause and effect are indissolubly connected—history may be treated philosophically, and political economy be susceptible of scientific deduction and arrangement. For where are facts more abundant than in the history of a nation and of mankind? And where is there more scope or more occasion to trace the connection of these, their dependance, and ramifications, than in the history of mankind as a race, whose interests here and destinies hereafter are so grand and surpassingly important? And thus to be engaged is to philosophize—the deductions thence derived amount to a magnificent science.

The difficulty and the danger that arise in the department under consideration—that is, in an investigation into the conditions and alterations which are always occurring among our species, particularly in a civilized state—lay in giving due allowance for each of the many distinct and complex causes which co-exist, and are continually crossing and counteracting one another. So that, to use the words of an able author on civilization, it may happen, that "however clearly it may be shown in theory that a certain effect is produced by a particular cause, a hundred instances may perhaps be adduced in which that cause has been followed by no such effect." It is therefore necessary to bear in mind, when it is said a certain cause will produce a certain result, corresponding with what has uniformly occurred on previous occasions, as ascertained by patient

observation, that the meaning must be—provided other causes capable of counteracting it are not in operation. We find in the volume before us, views corroborative of some of those now taken.

"It has been the custom for some time past, and very properly, to talk of the necessity of confining history to facts: nothing can be more just. But it would be almost absurd to suppose that there are no facts but such as are material and visible: there are moral, hidden facts, which are no less real than battles, wars, and the public acts of government. Besides these individual facts, each of which has its proper name, there are others of a general nature, without a name, of which it is impossible to say that they happened in such a year, or on such a day, and which it is impossible to confine within any precise limits, but which are yet just as much facts as the battles and public acts of which we have spoken. That very portion, indeed, which we are accustomed to hear called the philosophy of history—which consists in shewing the relation of events with each other—the chain which connects them—the causes and effects of events—this is history just as much as the description of battles, and all the other exterior events which it recounts. Facts of this kind are undoubtedly more difficult to unravel; the historian is more liable to deceive himself respecting them; it requires more skill to place them distinctly before the reader; but this difficulty does not alter their nature: they still continue not a whit the less, for all this, to form an essential part of history."

We may add, that though the obstacles which impede the way to the perfecting of history upon ascertained philosophical principles exist, no good reason thence arises why the study should not be ardently pursued, and the most careful methods adopted for overcoming such difficulties. Quite the contrary: while it ought also to be borne in mind, that as to many of the leading principles in this department, no extraordinary difficulty exists with respect to access or discovery.

M. Guizot, in the present series of lectures, describes civilization as one of those very intangible facts in history, to which part of the foregoing extract alludes—stating that it is not only scarcely to be seized, but so complicated as scarcely to be unravelled, and so hidden as scarcely to be discernible—that the difficulty of describing it, of recounting its parts and progress, is apparent and acknowledged—but still that its existence, its worthiness to be described and to be recounted, are not less certain and manifest.

In this manner M. Guizot introduces the subject of the present series of lectures—a subject, than which, unquestionably, few or none can be more important or arresting; for what is civilization but the result of knowledge and virtue?—Nay, it is knowledge and virtue themselves, in a combined and loving relationship. Yet there exist opposite opinions regarding this united entity—for it has been asked whether it be a blessing or a curse?—and one party has said no, and another, yes—one decries it as teeming with mischief to the very beings whom it professes to benefit, while another lauds it

as the means whereby man will attain to his true dignity and highest excellence. Other problems remain to be solved respecting civilization, which the author, with singular discrimination, lays before his readers. For instance, it is asked, he says, "whether there is a general civilization of the whole human race—a course for humanity to run—a destiny for it to accomplish; whether nations have not transmitted from age to age something to their successors, which is never lost, but which grows and continues as a common stock, and will thus be carried on to the end of all things?" And to this he answers—"for my part, I feel assured that human nature has such a destiny; that a general civilization pervades the human race; that at every epoch it augments; and that there, consequently, is a universal history of civilization to be written."

It is with great pleasure that we find this encouraging and comforting doctrine urged by such an authority. It is a doctrine which we have frequently uttered and endeavoured to fortify by arguments drawn from general history, and, especially, that of our own country. It is a doctrine, too, which is in perfect keeping with many announcements in the inspired volume, where, for example, we read of knowledge covering the face of the earth, and which is likened to the waters of the great and boundless deep, not only, as we interpret the prophecy, in point of extent, but depth, crystal purity, and clearness. There is, we are aware, an opinion that has found many supporters, and at first sight many confirmations, in the annals of nations—which goes to this amount, viz. that the most prosperous, enlightened, and virtuous communities, are capable only of advancing to a certain height, and then are doomed to decline and fall into their original barbarism and weakness—that there is a constant and almost uniform revolution of terrestrial events—and that modern civilized Europe will have to abide such a disheartening and dreadful relapse; the generally assigned proximate causes for this decline and darkness being luxury, effeminacy, and the enfeebling, demoralizing, and disorganizing vices which necessarily attach to, or result from, such a lax state of mind and manners.

More than once, heretofore, we have taken an opportunity to combat these opinions, when put forth as forming an infallible and universal doctrine. We have said, that they do not necessarily nor apparently apply to Great Britain, for example, nor to those modern nations which have become potent, not in consequence of military conquests, but, on the contrary, of their internal and peaceful industry.

It has been well said, that those nations and empires, generally, which have risen to power by warlike genius and triumphs alone, continued great while their manners and tastes were simple, frugal, and austere—in short, that they were rich in all the materials of strength while they were poor, and their ordinary wants easily supplied; but,

on the other hand, that such a country as Great Britain has kept pace both in respect of extent and stability of power, with the luxury and artificial enjoyments of the people. Without, however, going over the arguments which might be adduced in support of this position, we merely refer to a parallel case, and state an unquestionable truth, with our solution of it. Luxury, and effeminate manners, no one will deny, are inimical to bodily health, and the constitutional vigour of those who are unfortunately the offspring of the victims of such vices. Luxury and artificial wants have been for centuries, regularly on the increase among the higher, or non-productive classes in England. But the statistical tables, the bills of mortality, the average prolongation of human life, prove that the health of the nation as a whole, has of late years been gradually bettered, and the days of human existence extended throughout the island. How comes this? The main reason, we apprehend, for such an apparent anomaly, is, that the voluptuous effeminacy alluded to affects necessarily, only the non-industrious branches, while this very effeminacy is the source of an infinite number of industrial arts; at the same time, by a natural law of our minds, one of the greatest incentives to this industry dwells in, and is identical with those very privileges and exclusive relaxations or pleasures, which the great, to the degeneracy of their corporeal and moral energies, possess and cherish. We have only glanced at an explanation of the supposed anomaly, but we think that it might be carried out to a perfectly satisfactory conclusion; a conclusion, however, not more clear than that which might be arrived at in the parallel case of a nation's virtue, dignity, and power. Feeling assured, like the author, that a general civilization, the limits to which cannot be marked, is in store for the human race, but that the history of its past vicissitudes and progress has never been fully or clearly described, we proceed to notice some of his statements and views—beginning with certain preparative definitions, limitations, and suggestions.

M. Guizot seems to be fully impressed with a sense of the necessity, the dignity, and the interesting nature of the investigation upon which he has entered—asserting, that the history of civilization comprehends every other history.

"Is it not, indeed, clear, that civilization is the great fact in which all others merge, in which they all end, in which they are all condensed, in which all others find their importance? Take all the facts of which the history of a nation is composed, all the facts which we are accustomed to consider as the elements of its existence—take its institutions, its commerce, its industry, its wars, the various details of its government; and, if you would form some idea of them as the whole, if you would see their various bearings on each other, if you would appreciate their value, if you would pass a judgment upon them, what is it you desire to know? Why, what they have done to forward the progress of civilization—what part they have acted in this great drama—what influence they have exercised in aiding its advance. It is

not only by this that we form a general opinion of these facts, but it is by this standard that we try them, that we estimate their true value. These are, as it were, the rivers of whom we ask how much water have they carried to the ocean? Civilization is, as it were, the grand emporium of a people, in which all its wealth, all the elements of its life, all the powers of its existence, are stored up. It is so true that we judge of minor facts accordingly as they affect this greater one, that even some which are naturally detested and hated, which prove a heavy calamity to the nation upon which they fall—say, for instance, despotism, anarchy, and so forth—even these are partly forgiven, their evil nature is partly overlooked, if they have aided in any considerable degree, the march of civilization. Wherever the the progress of this principle is visible, together with the facts which have urged it forward, we are tempted to forget the price it has cost—we overlook the dearness of the purchase."

He next proceeds to mark a distinction where, we think, there is only a slight and comparative difference, or rather a co-ordinate relationship, between the civilization which affects individual minds, and that which embraces the social fabric—the human community. He says—

"There are certain facts which, properly speaking, cannot be called social—individual facts which rather concern the human intellect than public life: such are religious doctrines, philosophical opinions, literature, the sciences, and arts. All these seem to offer themselves to individual man for his improvement, instruction, or amusement; and to be directed rather to his intellectual amelioration and pleasure, than to his social condition. Yet, still, how often do these facts come before us—how often are we compelled to consider them as influencing civilization? In all times, in all countries, it has been the boast of religion that it has civilized the people among whom it has dwelt. Literature, the arts, and the sciences have put in their claim for a share in this glory; and mankind has been ready to land and honour them whenever it has felt that this praise was fairly their due. In the same manner, facts the most important—facts of themselves, and independently of their exterior consequences, the most sublime in their nature—have increased in importance, have reached a higher degree of sublimity by their connexion with civilization. Such is the worth of this great principle, that it gives a value to all it touches. Not only so, but there are even cases in which the facts of which we have spoken—in which philosophy, literature, the sciences, and the arts, are especially judged, and condemned or applauded according to their influence upon civilization."

Why, if, as said in a preceding quotation, civilization be the "great fact in which all others merge, in which they all end," and so forth, we do not see that there is much ground for the doctrinal distinction which is the subject of the many reiterations found in the last extract. If civilization be the single term that stands for all the refined, ennobled, and glorious fruits of religion, moral culture, and knowledge in literature, the sciences, and the arts, as stated by M. Guizot, forcibly and correctly, we cannot discover

why the limitation should be countenanced which is conveyed, when the author supposes, that "there are *even* cases in which" these facts "are especially judged and condemned, or applauded according to their influence on civilization." In our apprehension, therefore, the distinction inculcated between social and individual civilization is inconvenient and perplexing, or, at least, unnecessary. Nay, we are of opinion, to use the ideas of Dr. Chalmers, the only inroad that can, with a legitimate hope of success, be made on the territories of ignorance and wickedness—of insubordination and error, is to assail consecutively and separately, the strongholds of each vice, and each department of prejudice and misinformation—to take instruction in one hand—correction in the other—and to go piecemeal to work, so as to produce the elements of civilization in an infinitely diversified constituency, but at the same time, in that naturally coherent and congregating form, in which all substances, principles, and excellencies will unite for the general, the universal good, public and private, individual and social.

We proceed to allow the author to explain himself more variously. He says—

"Two elements, then, seem to be comprised in the great fact which we call civilization; two circumstances are necessary to its existence; it lives upon two conditions, it reveals itself by two symptoms; the progress of society, the progress of individuals; the amelioration of the social system, and the expansion of the mind and faculties of man. Wherever the exterior condition of man becomes enlarged, quickened, and improved; wherever the intellectual nature of man distinguishes itself by its energy, brilliancy, and its grandeur; wherever these two signs concur, and they often do so, notwithstanding the gravest imperfections in the general system, there man proclaims and applauds civilization."

We have only here once more to repeat the sentiment that while admitting social civilization not to be identical with individual civilization, or in other words, with individual and personal culture of mind and morals, we maintain that if the latter be prevalent and general in a community, the former can neither be distant nor wanting; and that the surest way of securing the social, is previously to have established the individual blessing in detail; that is to say, if the efforts to bring about such ameliorations are to be separately put forth. But as we perceive no incongruity in their *pari passu* operation, and indeed, cannot conceive how they could be separated for any considerable length of time, it only remains for us on this branch of the subject, to express a strong hope and confidence that the present volume will contribute materially to give birth to such a happy and beautiful twinship.

In the following long extract, M. Guizot goes on to state a variety of most striking points necessarily belonging to his theme, and to indicate the particular branch to which he is about to address himself.

"Of the two developements of which we have just now spoken, and which together constitute civilization,—of the developement of society on the one part, and of the expansion of human intelligence on the other,—Which is the end? Which are the means? Is it for the improvement of the social condition, for the amelioration of his existence upon the earth, that man developes himself, his mind, his faculties, his sentiments, his ideas, his whole being? Or, is the amelioration of the social condition, the progress of society,—is, indeed, society itself merely the theatre, the occasion, the motive and excitement for the developement of the individual? In a word, is society formed for the individual, or the individual for society? Upon the reply to this question depends our knowledge of whether the destiny of man is purely social, whether society exhausts and absorbs the entire man, or whether he bears within him something foreign, something superior to his existence in this world? One of the greatest philosophers and most distinguished men of the present age, whose words become indelibly engraved upon whatever spot they fall, has resolved this question; he has resolved it, at least, according to his own conviction. The following are his words:—'Human societies are born, live, and die, upon the earth; there they accomplish their destinies. But they contain not the whole man. After his engagement to society there still remains in him the more noble part of his nature; those high faculties by which he elevates himself to God, to a future life, and to the unknown blessings of an invisible world. We, individuals, each with a separate and distinct existence, with an identical person—we, truly beings endowed with immortality—we have a higher destiny than that of states.' I shall add nothing on this subject; it is not my province to handle it: it is enough for me to have placed it before you. It haunts us again at the close of the history of civilization.—Where the history of civilization ends, when there is no more to be said of the present life, man invincibly demands if all is over—if that be the end of all things? This, then is the last problem, and the grandest, to which the history of civilization can lead us. It is sufficient that I have marked its place, and its sublime character. From the foregoing remarks, it becomes evident that the history of civilization may be considered from two different points of view—may be drawn from two different sources. The historian may take up his abode during the time prescribed, say a series of centuries, in the human soul, or with some particular nation. He may study, describe, relate all the circumstances, all the transformations, all the revolutions, which may have taken place in the intellectual man; and when he had done this, he would have a history of the civilization among the people, or during the period which he had chosen. He might proceed differently: instead of entering into the interior of man, he might take his stand in the external world. He might take his station in the midst of the great theatre of life: instead of describing the change of ideas, of the sentiments of the individual being, he might describe his exterior circumstances, the events, the revolutions of his social condition. These two portions, these two histories of civilization, are strictly connected with each other; they are the counterpart, the reflected image of one another. They may, however, be separated, Perhaps it is necessary, at least in the beginning, in order to be exposed

in detail and with clearness, that they should be. For my part, I have no intention, upon the present occasion, to enter upon the history of civilization in the human mind; the history of the exterior events of the visible and social world is that to which I shall call your attention. It would give me pleasure to be able to display before you the phenomenon of civilization in the way I understand it, in all its bearings, in its widest extent—to place before you all the vast questions to which it gives rise. But, for the present, I must restrain my wishes; I must confine myself to a narrower field: it is only the history of the social state that I shall attempt to narrate."

Having allowed the lecturer to explain the importance, and the meaning of civilization, and to indicate the branch which he has undertaken to elucidate, it is now proper that we should present something like an outline and summary of the volume, with a few specimens; and also that we should offer our opinion respecting the merits of the work.

The title of the publication informs the reader what is the range and extent which the Lectures embrace—viz., the History of Europe, from the fall of the Roman Empire, down to the French Revolution—or rather to the revolution in mind, manners, and principles of national freedom, which the great Civil War in England and the reign of Louis XIV. had upon Europe. In treating of such a noble subject, and discoursing of the leading events which have affected the progress of civilization, there are necessarily many references made to ancient times, and much valuable light thrown around them.

The difference, which M. Guizot says, distinguished the civilization of ancient from modern times is this, that *unity* was the leading feature of the former—*variety*, of the latter. Thus, in the commercial states of India, the great principle developed was that of democracy, while in Egypt it was that of theocracy—each possessing and cherishing a united and monopolizing character. But in the organization of modern society, every principle of union exists together.

"Powers temporal, powers spiritual, the theocratic, monarchic, aristocratic, and democratic elements, all classes of society, all the social situations, are jumbled together, and visible within it, as well as infinite gradations of liberty, of wealth, and of influence. These various powers, too, are found here in a state of continual struggle among themselves, without any one having sufficient force to master the others, and take sole possession of society. Among the ancients, at every great epoch, all communities seem cast in the same mould: it was now pure monarchy, now theocracy or democracy, that became the reigning principle, each in its turn reigning absolutely. But modern Europe contains examples of all these systems, of all the attempts at social organization,—pure and mixed monarchies, theocracies, republics more or less aristocratic; all live in common, side by side, at one and the same time; yet, notwithstanding their diversity, they

all bear a certain resemblance to each other, a kind of family likeness which it is impossible to mistake, and which shews them to be essentially European.

"In the moral character, in the notions and sentiments of Europe, we find the same variety, the same struggle. Theocratical opinions, monarchical opinions, aristocratic opinions, democratic opinions, cross and jostle, struggle, become interwoven, limit, and modify each other. Open the boldest treatises of the middle age: in none of them is an opinion carried to its final consequences. The advocates of absolute power flinch, almost unconsciously, from the results to which their doctrine would carry them. We see that the ideas and influences around them frighten them from pushing it to its uttermost point. Democracy felt the same control. That imperturbable boldness, so striking in ancient civilisations, nowhere found a place in the European system. In sentiments we discover the same contrasts, the same variety; an indomitable taste for independence dwelling by the side of the greatest aptness for submission; a singular fidelity between man and man, and at the same time an imperious desire in each to do his own will, to shake off all restraint, to live alone, without troubling himself with the rest of the world. Minds were as much diversified as society.

"The same characteristic is observable in literature. It cannot be denied that in what relates to the form and beauty of art, modern Europe is very inferior to antiquity; but, if we look at her literature as regards depth of feeling and ideas, it will be found more powerful and rich. The human mind has been employed upon a greater number of objects, its labours have been more diversified, it has gone to a greater depth. Its imperfection in form is owing to this very cause. The more plenteous and rich the materials, the greater is the difficulty of forcing them into a pure and simple form. That which gives beauty to a composition, that which in works of art we call form, is the clearness, the simplicity, the symbolical unity of the work. With the prodigious diversity of ideas and sentiments which belong to European civilization, the difficulty to attain this grand and chaste simplicity has been increased."

In producing such a variety in modern society, three causes operated—viz., the Municipal Institutions and the Church, both derived from Rome, and the Feudal System derived from the barbarian conquerors. The results flowing from these primary causes are extensively and eloquently discussed and illustrated. The lecturer afterwards proceeds to characterize the effect which the Crusades had upon civilization, and says that these formed the first European event which united all classes of society and many nations in one common bond, and for one purpose—producing the amelioration of mankind through the interchanges of commerce and of separate nations. Individual civilization, especially, was fostered and developed by means of these chivalric wars—many of the most valuable discoveries being among its fruits, such as gunpowder, the compass, the art of printing, &c.

Monarchy grew out of the Crusades also, for modern kings are different as respects power from the ancient, who, with the name,

had not the same sort of sway. The policy of foreign relationships, centralization in France particularly, and intellectual, instead of material, means of government, were natural results. After the establishment of monarchical absolutism, the Reformation gave freedom of mind. The English Rebellion or Revolution above alluded to, and the wars of Louis le Grand, which led to the association of the Allies, under William of Orange, for one definite purpose of policy, bring the lecturer to the close of his speculations and discussions.

The field which M. Guizot has traversed, it will easily be seen, from this most imperfect outline, is always boundless; and that he has occupied it without advancing some questionable doctrines, some partial details, or exhibiting considerable defects, cannot be asserted. That, on the other hand, the learning, the reflection, the philosophy, and the observations which he has brought to the task are extraordinary, is still more manifest. His eloquence is of a superior order, yet it does not surpass in excellence the current of sound and common-sense views which he is constantly putting forth and illustrating. There is a good deal of French character in his manner and modes of reasoning. He is never cold, he does not confine himself to one department of knowledge for parallels, and he has the art of exhibiting the various conditions of society in a living form before you. He looks more to things than to signs or forms. He may be sometimes illogical, his arguments are not always clear, or well disclosed, and his conclusions may on other occasions be found lame or unimportant. But, in no instance, is the moral or political lesson, taking his dissertations in connexion, obscure or feeble. In short, regarding the work as a whole, it is one of the most comprehensive, as respects subjects, as well as the resources brought to its discussion by the lecturer, that is to be found in modern literature, being alike essential to the politician, the philosopher, and the elegant scholar; to the student of history, the volume is indispensable. Two extracts will sufficiently impress our readers with the feeling, that M. Guizot is not only a singularly instructive writer, but lively and descriptive, beyond almost any other, who has ever handled similar subjects. For an example of the former excellence, we quote some paragraphs.

"Let us suppose that in the year 1789, at the commencement of the terrible regeneration of France, a burgess of the twelfth century had risen from his grave and made his appearance amongst us, and some one had put into his hand (for we will suppose he could read) one of those spirit-stirring pamphlets which caused so much excitement—for instance, that of M. Sieyès, *What is the Third Estate?* (*"Qu'est-ce quele Tiers?"*): if, in looking at this, he had met with the following passage, which forms the basis of the pamphlet—'The third estate is the French nation without the nobility and clergy,' what, let me ask, would be the impression such a sentence would make on this burgess's mind? Is it probable he would understand it? No; he would not be able to comprehend the meaning of the

words 'the French nation,' because they remind him of no facts or circumstances with which he would be acquainted, but represent a state of things to the existence of which he is an entire stranger: but if he did understand the phrase, and had a clear apprehension that the absolute sovereignity was lodged in the third estate, it is beyond a question that he would characterize such a proposition as almost absurd and impious, so utterly at variance would it be with his feelings and his ideas of things—so contradictory to the experience and observation of his whole life.

"If now we suppose the astonished burgess to be introduced into any one of the free cities of France, which had existed in his time—say Rheims, or Beauvais, or Laon, or Noyon—we shall see him still more astonished and puzzled: he enters the town, he sees no towers, ramparts, militia, or any other kind of defence; every thing exposed, every thing an easy spoil to the first depredator, the town ready to fall into the hands of the first assailant. The burgess is alarmed at the insecurity of this free city, which he finds in so defenceless and unprotected a condition. He then proceeds into the heart of the town; he inquires how things are going on, what is the nature of its government, and the character of its inhabitants. He learns that there is an authority, not resident within its walls, which imposes whatever taxes it pleases to levy upon them without their consent; which requires them to keep up a militia, and to serve in the army without their inclination being consulted. They talk to him about the magistrates, about the mayor and aldermen; and he is obliged to hear that the burgesses have nothing to do with their nomination. He learns that the municipal government is not conducted by the burgesses, but that a servant of the King, a steward living at a distance, has the sole management of their affairs. In addition to this, he is informed that they are prohibited from assembling together to take into consideration matters immediately concerning themselves—that the church-bells have ceased to announce public meetings for such purposes. The burgess of the twelfth century is struck dumb with confusion: a moment since, he was amazed at the greatness, the importance, the vast superiority which the 'tiers ètat' so vauntingly arrogated to itself; but now, upon examination, he finds them deprived of all civic rights, and in a state of thraldom and degradation far more intolerable than he had ever before witnessed. He passes suddenly from one extreme to the other, from the spectacle of a corporation exercising sovereign power to a corporation without any power at all: how is it possible that he should understand this, or be able to reconcile it? his head must be turned, and his faculties lost in wonder and confusion.

"Now, let us burgesses of the nineteenth century imagine, in our turn, that we are transported back into the twelfth. A twofold appearance, but exactly reversed, presents itself to us in a precisely similar manner. If we regard the affairs of the public in general—the state, the government, the country, the nation at large—we shall neither see nor hear any thing of burgesses; they were mere ciphers, of no importance or consideration whatever. Not only so, but if we would know in what estimation they held themselves as a body, what weight, what influence they attached to themselves with respect to their relations towards the government of France as a nation, we shall receive a reply to our inquiry in language

expressive of deep humilty and timidity; while we shall find their masters, the lords, from whom they subsequently wrested their franchises, treating them, at least as far as words go, with a pride and scorn truly amazing: yet these indignities do not appear in the slightest degree to provoke or astonish their submissive vassals.

"But let us enter one of these free cities, and see what is going on within it. Here things take quite another turn: we find ourselves in a fortified town, defended by armed burgesses. These burgesses fix their own taxes, elect their own magistrates, have their own courts of judicature, their own public assemblies for deliberating upon public measures, from which none are excluded. They make war at their own expense even against their suzerain—maintain their own militia. In short, they govern themselves—they are sovereigns."

For a specimen in which the lecturer's vivid and graphic powers are conspicuous, we quote a description of ancient society in Rome and other states.

"Rome in its origin was a mere municipality, a corporation. The Roman government was nothing more than an assemblage of institutions suitable to a population enclosed within the walls of a city; that is to say, they were *municipal* institutions; this was their distinctive character.

"This was not peculiar to Rome. If we look, in this period, at the part of Italy which surrounded Rome, we find nothing but cities. What were then called nations were nothing more than confederations of cities. The Latin nation was a confederation of Latin cities. The Etrurians, the Samnites, the Sabines, the nations of Magna Græcia, were all composed in the same way.

"At this time there were no country places, no villages; at least the country was nothing like what it is in the present day. It was cultivated, no doubt, but it was not peopled. The proprietors of lands and of country estates dwelt in cities: they left these occasionally to visit their rural property, where they usually kept a certain number of slaves; but that which we now call the country, that scattered population, sometimes in lone houses, sometimes in hamlets and villages, and which everywhere dots our land with agricultural dwellings, was altogether unknown in ancient Italy.

"And what was the case when Rome extended her boundaries? If we follow her history, we shall find that she conquered or founded a host of cities. It was with cities she fought, it was with cities she treated, it was into cities she sent colonies. In short, the history of the conquest of the world by Rome, is the history of the conquest and foundation of a vast number of cities. It is true that in the East the extension of the Roman dominion bore somewhat of a different character; the population was not distributed there in the same way as in the Western world; it was under a social system, partaking more of the patriarchal form, and was consequently much less concentrated in cities. But, as we have only to do with the population of Europe, I shall not dwell upon what relates to that of the East.

"Confining ourselves, then to the West, we shall find the fact to be such as I have described it. In the Gauls, in Spain, we meet with nothing but

cities. At any distance from these, the country consisted of marshes and forests. Examine the character of the monuments left us of ancient Rome—the old Roman roads; we find great roads extending from city to city; but the thousands of little by-paths, which now intersect every part of the country, were then unknown, Neither do we find any traces of that immense number of lesser objects—of churches, castles, country seats, and villages, which were spread all over the country during the middle ages. Rome has left no traces of this kind; her only bequests consists of vast monuments impressed with a municipal character, destined for a numerous population, crowded into a single spot. In whatever point of view you consider the Roman world, you meet with this almost exclusive preponderance of cities, and an absence of country populations and dwellings."

ART. XIII.—*England under Seven Administrations.* By ALBANY FONBLANQUE, Esq. 3 vols. London: Bentley, 1837.

INSTEAD of saying England, the title of this work should rather have been "*The Examiner* newspaper under Seven Administrations," and even then, there should have been some more definite intimation in the form of a double announcement, informing the public that only some of the crack leaders in that weekly journal, written by Mr. Fonblanque during the period mentioned, are here bound up together. Several of the articles, indeed, contain little or nothing bearing upon the history of the kingdom, either in its domestic or foreign relationships, at any time; while in all of them there is a greater display of mere literary skill than information, concerning any of the remarkable events which occurred during the last nine years which the author has embraced. In fact, several of the most extraordinary changes in men and measures that could have stamped any era, or happened in any country, are passed over with the slightest possible commemoration, or are altogether unnoticed; such as the repeal of the Test Acts, and the passing of the Reform Bill! We do not even find in the whole work, in which political dissertations necessarily form the staple, any important lights thrown upon great and fundamental principles of national government—any thing that will establish the publication as an authority on any one question.

What then, it may be asked, is the character of the contents, what the merit of the work?—a work, which has already, and will for some time to come, create a considerable sensation among the reading public? We have already indicated the nature of the ground for this excitement, when alluding to the literary skill of the author. Mr. Fonblanque has been for a number of years one of the most accomplished and *trenchant* political writers even among the multitude of clever and able men who have raised, to an unparalleled eminence, the periodical literature of Great Britain. In these papers

he discourses with the most remarkable epigrammatic point, concerning a great number of those questions, which, during the period specified, have occupied the public mind—such as the practice in our legislation and laws—political morality, so to speak, and, in short, of much that, at the date when the articles were written, was the subject of popular discussion. Commentary and an extraordinary redundancy of illustration, concerning the points handled, are the characteristics of the publication; such as, indeed, have secured for the newspaper in which, from time to time, the dissertations appeared, no small share of popularity. There is not much, however, besides a display of an uncommon political gladiatorship, and Benthamite philosophy. Excepting remarkable dexterity as a partisan, in dealing with the surfaces of things, there is little in the work that entitles it to be re-read, and much that will not be understood by those that have not a very minute recollection of the transitory occurrences of the week when any particular article was composed.

It is seldom, indeed, that even the most stirring and convincing articles in a newspaper, at the time they first appear, are worthy of being republished in a permanent form, and for a historical or political purpose. We think, that did they possess this enduring value, they would be unsuited to a daily or a weekly journal. Newspapers are read for the purpose of obtaining accounts of the latest facts, or to gather what are the current opinions and feelings of the various parties in the state, concerning the points that immediately occupy the attention of the leading men belonging to each. Newspapers, therefore, necessarily mirror the complexion of the time being; and the more brilliant the colouring, however transitory or liable to fade, the more admired and popular becomes the publication.

Now Mr. Fonblanque is one of the most dextrous, amusing, and pungent writers of this class that ever existed. No man can excel him for smartness, plainness, and redundant illustration. His parallels are almost endless, when he wishes to exemplify and elucidate a point—to expose an absurdity—or to cover an opponent with ridicule, or to overwhelm him with jests. But he is master of few facts; there is seldom more than one idea or distinct piece of matter in a paper. The reader need not look for information from Mr. Fonblanque, and is all along conscious that he gathers little or nothing of lasting value from him. If any one wishes to have his fancy tickled, by exhibitions of ingenuity, or to be astonished by expert references—when the subject is a political squabble or difference of opinion, on which most men would be as argumentative and profound as possible—to novels, tales, plays, farces, and jest books, never can he find a performer equal to the writer whose efforts are here before us. Now for some specimens; only premising that the papers here collected begin with the appointment of the Canning administration, or rather the dissolution of that of

Lord Liverpool, and come down to about the close of the last parliament. The first of these specimens contains the manner in which Mr. Fonblanque ridicules the weakness and folly of any liberal man or party expatiating upon the difficulties and contributing in any shape to the inaction or the want of firmness of their leaders. The "Policy of Mr. Canning's supporters" is the theme.

"The Administration is big with excellent designs, and its tender nurses demand for it, in respect of its delicate situation, the most unbounded indulgence during the period of gestation, and a suspension of all useful works. Madam must do nothing, lest it should hurt her. She must lie on a sofa, and be fondled and caressed by her Whig consort, who must give way to all her whims and fancies, and anticipate all her longings and nonsenses. Hint to the gentleman that it is not becoming to see him acting so uxorious a part—to see brother Bruin suddenly transformed into Jerry Sneak—and he excuses himself by urging that every respect is due to the dear creature's interesting situation; and that after she has been fairly delivered of the good she has conceived, he will be a man again. Now we have to remark upon this apology, that many a healthy constitution has been destroyed by such refinement of care, and many a disposition generally excellent spoiled by such pampering and encouragement of its little failings. Further, we must observe, that though Madam has undergone considerable aggrandizement about the waist, it is yet by no means certain whether she is big with a bairn or a bolster; and if it should prove the latter, after all the fondling and foolery of the doating Whig consort, after the rapper has been tied up, and the straw laid down, and Joseph Hume thrashed for making a noise in the street which might or could disturb the sweet love, and after the midwifery and the nursing, and the fuss and the nonsense, the making of baby-clothes and the parade of the cradle, and loud outcries on Juno and Lucina for help in the hour of parturition,—after all this *ado*, we say, a pretty, "shrunken and wooden posture" (to use Bacon's expressive phrase) the goodman's face will be in if his other half should in due season be delivered of nothing but a bundle of feathers, with which she may have stuffed herself out to work on his tenderness. That such will be the case we by no means pretend to aver; but there are conjunctures at which ladies find it convenient to be in the family way, just for the sake of gaining time and sympathy; and a prudent man should be careful lest he commit himself too far on the strength of embryo good pleaded at trying emergencies. Madam may be fairly big with excellent things; but whether she is so or not, we think that her consort is more fond than judicious in his nursing. All her failings he encourages by his pernicious system of *coddling* and coaxing. To drop metaphor: however friendly and honest in motive may have been the course pursued by the supporters of the new Government, we are persuaded that, so far as it has gone, one more injudicious or dangerous to the object in view, could hardly have been devised. The leading Whig supporters have discovered, on several occasions, a disposition not merely to yield to the bias of Mr. Canning's politics, opposed to the popular sentiment, but actually to outrun it. In doing so they have doubtless imagined that they were serving him at the present moment;

but we are sure that they were entering on a line of conduct which must if pursued, be equally fatal to him and to themselves. * *

"We are persuaded that, in showing a disposition to give way to Mr. Canning, his Whig supporters have acted according to their ideas of the demands of public policy. To assure him of their assistance, and firmly seat him, are their main objects; and when these things are accomplished, they trust to his own judgment and liberality for the rest. But we think they are, in the course of complaisance referred to, incurring two dangers, that of hazarding their own characters—for the public judgment on *appearances* is often rash and hasty—and of encouraging the bias of Mr. Canning's mind, which sets against the ultimate object they have in view. If they make a wreck of their own now honourable reputations, by a seeming desertion of principles, they will lose their influence and the Premier his best moral support; and if they set him once rolling down the hill on the wrong side, no power on earth will be able to prevent his fall. He cannot be indulged with a short trundle on his favourite way; for ten thousand times the force which may first gently jog him on the slope, would not be able to check his headlong descent when set in downward motion."

Some persons, whom we could name, would say, that the following harangue might be aptly applied to a certain ministry at this moment.

"There is an old song the burden of which is the discovery that "rogues will be rogues in a very high degree." Earl Grey, in his speech of the 6th, appears to have made at last the brilliant discovery that Lords will be Lords in a very high degree. We quote his words—'I can declare to your Lordships that I experience no great satisfaction in occupying my present situation. Give me leave to assure you that it cannot be very agreeable to me to sit here, night after night, to see arranged on the opposite benches a number of your Lordships, which I know, whenever called into a division, must decide the question against me. Nevertheless, I have persevered under all the difficulties and disadvantages incident to this state of things, in the hope that better times would occur. The noble Earl says that he is disappointed in the expectations which he formed with respect to the conduct of Government. I, also, have been disappointed in another respect; for, notwithstanding the forbearance, for observing which, during the present session, the noble Earl takes so much credit to himself, I observe symptoms of a bitterness of spirit which I cannot help deploring. In conclusion I will observe, that if the noble Earl has good reasons for entertaining the opinion which he has expressed respecting the conduct of Government, he ought to adopt proceedings to effect our removal from office; but if he will not do this, let him at least permit our measures to proceed, without endeavouring to excite throughout the country a factious spirit of discontent.'

"The Lords will do neither the one nor the other; their time is not come, cannot come, till, *under the hands of men at once their rivals and their tools*, the people have been reduced to despair. The Grey Ministry *must be made to do the work of its own disgrace before the pear will be ripe for the Tories.* Lord Grey must exercise more forbearance towards

the Lords before the Lords can, out of his weakness, make their strength, and hazard their last blow against the liberties of the people. It is their policy to condemn the Government to 'lie in cold obstruction, and to rot'—a lifeless, useless, offensive body; to make it despised as King Log, to prepare the way for the dynasty of King Stork."

"And will the Ministry grapple with this plan of operation, or will it attempt to hold on in the *milieu* course, which propitiates no enemies and secures no friends? Will it be the flying fish of the political world, passing from air to water and from water to air, and finding enemies in either element?'

Other words to the same tune might be quoted; for example—

"To drop appropriate imagery, derived from tragedy burlesqued, and to address ourselves literally to the rumours of the week — it has been reported that the Ministry is tottering, that it wants the powers necessary to its purposes—in a word, that the Royal support fails it. It is not the first time that we have heard this doleful story. The fact is, that from the very hour of their entering on office, the adherents and partisans of Ministers have delighted in giving out, that they are not long for this Downing Street; that they are very feeble in some quarter or other; *that their improvements have outgrown their strength, that they are too good to last;* that the corruptions of place cannot abide their purity; that Heaven sends its favourites early doom; that a supernatural benignity is the disposition of their Government; and that their spirits will speedily be dismissed from their tabernacles in Westminster to their respective country-houses. We have heard stout, durable-looking, square-built, large-salaried, official men, hold this moving sort of talk, while their cherubimical countenances have assumed a radiance (or beaming, as the poets call it) suited to their ethereal qualities and destination. It was expected of the hearer that he should thereupon look sad, draw out a handkerchief, and pass it across the eyes, lament, in a solemn tone of suppressed emotion, that virtue was so unpractical, and express an earnest hope, that Ministers *would not attempt too much*, promising that all allowances should be made for any deficiencies, in consideration of their delicate predicament. We state, as a matter of fact which will occur to the recollection of hundreds when it is mentioned, that the most zealous partisans of Government have been perpetually throwing out doubts of the stability of the Ministry, and even naming periods for its dissolution. Their talk has been suited to a Curtius, about to devote himself to destruction for the good of the country —with this difference, that by a hint of the inutility of the sacrifice, they have seemed to invite a charitable interference. Whether this language has been countenanced by the Ministers we know not, but that it has been held by their adherents many will vouch, and we have always interpreted it as a demand upon forbearance and allowances—'a shamming Abraham' for the sake of the petting and indulgences."

Mr. Fonblanque has never been a disguised advocate for the reform of the House of Peers, nor does he ever miss an opportunity of lashing the errors of our hereditary legislators, or of holding up to ridicule and scorn, what he considers to be their follies or

their prejudices. He is speaking in the passage we next quote of the session of 1836.

"The common remark is, that nothing has been done in this session; but *we are of opinion that much has been done*, in the demonstration of the incompatibility of the existing House of Peers with good government. Indeed, when we regard the long lists of measures of improvement destroyed by the Lords, as the price at which they have made their power understood by the people, *the lesson appears cheap;* and for the impression on the public mind we cheerfully compound for the sacrifice of present convenience at which it has been made. We have had a paroxysm of acute disease which drives the sufferers to remedies, instead of the insidious chronic malady whose attacks, as they are less sharp, are neglected while impairing the system."

We now quote apassage, the design of which is to expose, ridicule, and confound a doctrine alleged to have been laid down by Sir Robert Peel, in a debate on the Corn Laws. The alleged doctrine is, that the people are bound to maintain the aristocracy and magistracy as indispensable portions and branches of the nation.

"If, however, it be the constitutional policy of this country to maintain the Aristocracy and Magistracy, it is also the policy of this country to maintain them in a manner least onerous or detrimental to itself. The end being avowed and agreed on, the directest means will be the best, and it will be wiser to vote a yearly supply in pounds, shillings, and pence for the maintenance of the Aristocracy and Magistracy of these realms, than to keep them by means of a tax on bread, which cramps the industry of the country. Let the Aristocracy and Magistracy take their place in the estimates with the Army and Navy; let money be voted for so many Lords and so many Squires, a-year, and country houses be built, repaired, or fitted and found like ships. No one surely will grudge a few millions for the support of the wooden heads of old England! If it be declared that we must take our masters into keeping, in God's name let us do it openly and directly, and maintain them according to their wants. Mr. Goulburn, in this case, will come down to the House, and show that Squire Western is so reduced in his fortunes as to be unable to afford a pack of hounds: whereupon the Commons will vote him the dogs necessary to the constitution, inasmuch as they are necessary to the Squire's credit. Or he will set forth, that Lord Squander cannot keep a mistress, as he greatly desires to do, and as his ancestors have done before him; whereupon Parliament will vote him the wherewith for a concubine. One man cannot drink claret, another is sunk below champagne; various are the dilapidations in the estate of the Aristocracy and Magistracy, and the country must repair them, according to the ministers; but not, we say, by a tax on bread; substitute, in the place of it, the immediate process of a demand on the public purse. Let the wants of Lords and Squires be spread before us, hounds, horses, concubines, claret, champagne, &c., like those, as we have before said, of the Army and Navy. The advantage of this mode over the present method of maintaining the Aristocracy or Magistracy, or, in other words, of keeping our masters, is manifest. By way of illustration—George Barnwell perceived it to be

necessary to his constitution to keep a mistress, but for lack of a direct supply from his old-fashioned uncle for so requisite and respectable an appurtenance, he robbed the shop, and ultimately cut his kinsman's throat, just as the man killed the goose to get the golden eggs, or as the Squires kill this country to keep up the price of their corn. If Barnwell's uncle had been distinctly told by a neighbourly Mr. Peel that it was absolutely necessary that his nephew should maintain Millwood, none of this mischief would have happened. The robbery would have been avoided; also the personal inconvenience of assassination to the sufferer. What was requisite for Millwood's 'dresses and decorations,' as the play-bills have it, would have been considered, and the damage would not have exceeded the occasion. The present method of keeping our Millwood is attended with this obvious mischief, that the cost of the maintenance of the hussy is more than proportioned to her wants. Our constitution requires that Squires and Lords should be supported; but Squires and Lords need support in different degrees; some need it very little; some very much; and some again not at all. How stupid it is then to give to these various claims and conditions one measure of supply! What a manifest offence against economy! As Lord Eldon would say, 'God forbid,' that we should dispute with Mr. Peel the propriety, fitness, and constitutional policy of starving the people for the good of the Aristocracy and Magistracy: all that we contend is, that they should be pinched with discretion, and that a judicious manner of picking pockets should be substituted for the practice of taking the bread out of their mouths."

Our readers cannot fail of discovering the pervading faults and beauties in Mr. Fonblanque's diatribes, from these specimens. His command and ingenuity of illustration, his happiness of expression, the resources of his memory, are manifestly of the first-rate order, and in these respects his papers are remarkable compositions; but his paucity of facts, his want of narrative upon which to lay a foundation for argument, and, indeed, his deficiency in skill and power to argue soundly, are equally apparent. Scholars will relish his lucubrations, as wonderful specimens in the departments of literary execution now mentioned; but those who look in these volumes for historical information, and profound political disquisition, will look in vain.

ART. XIV.

1.—*The Star of Seville; a Drama, in Five Acts.* By Mrs. BUTLER, (late Miss Kemble). London: Saunders and Otley.

2.—*Cosmo De' Medici: An Historical Tragedy.* By R. H. HORNE; Author of the "Exposition of the False Medium," &c. London: Templeman.

THOUGH the Drama be in disrepute in England at present, there is no lack of dramatists and aspirants for the honour rightfully belonging to this high walk of literature. Bulwer, Knowles, and several

others, besides the candidates whose productions stand at the head of this article, have, within these two or three weeks, stepped forward in this field, and asserted their claims to the laurels due to the dramatic muse. Confining ourselves, however, on this occasion, to the "Star of Seville," and "Cosmo De Medici," we shall find sufficient evidence that it is not for want of honourable achievements in the most difficult department of poetry, that the age has been stigmatized as purely utilitarian and unimaginative. First of all, we have here, a clever, though by no means a perfect or unobjectionable effort of one, who may be said to possess by inheritance a genius for officiating as a priestess at the shrine of Melpomene. The "Star of Seville" is the production of one who has evidently long and often studied at the feet of our elder dramatists, and hence partakes both of their beauties and their faults. Poetry, not unworthy of a successor and pupil of Ford and Massinger, here displays itself; and yet, it is not without a feature of originality, which shows that Mrs. Butler has rather adorned herself with the riches which their works have guided and persuaded her to search for, than become a mere imitator.

There is not much intricacy or art displayed in the plot. *Alphonso* is the king of Spain, and at the period which the tragedy occupies, is young and gay. He visits Seville, to which city *Don Pedro* and *Don Carlos* belong, the latter of whom is greatly attached to Alphonso, and about to be wedded to *Estrella*, the sister of Don Pedro. The King beholds her at a balcony, in his progress through the city, and is suddenly smitten with outrageous love for the beauty. He employs the necessary and ready instruments of his will to secure an interview with her. Her alarm at his intrusion, brings her brother to her protection; but the King, after a severe struggle, escapes. He is, however, revengeful, and engages Don Carlos to assassinate Don Pedro, on the ground of his having assailed the life of his Sovereign. Don Carlos swears to execute the deed according to the command of the despotic Alphonso, before he knows who is to be the victim; and even after the discovery, erroneously thinks the oath binding. Accordingly the deed is done. Don Carlos is executed for the murder—Estrella goes mad—hurries to the scaffold when her betrothed is about to suffer, and they die together.

The tragedy is thus deep enough; and yet one of the greatest blemishes of the piece consists in the fact, that the dialogue is for the most part, humorous and comic, even when madness, murder, despair, and other violently tragic passions are the immediate or closest subjects of observation and reflection. Thus, we find, after a highly wrought, and, indeed, the most affecting scene in the drama, the following most jarring dialogue.

"*Isabel.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! I pr'ythee give me leave, there shall no play—ha! ha! no acted play—shew better—ha! ha! ha!

Florilla. Nay now, but coz—come, coz—come, Isabel; stint laughing, and let's to work.

Is. Pray Heaven I die not on't!—ha! ha! ha!

Flo. Beshrew thee, then! what, wench, hast lost thy wits?—marry, coz, coz! Hang thee, vexatious minx! thou puttest me past my patience.

Is. I have not put thee far; ha! ha! is't not a jest? is not a jest a thing to laugh at?

Flo. Yea, but not this jest—lo you now, Isabel, we lose the time, he will be here, and nothing ready. My father will be coming, or Vasco, or —, and we shall lose the very prime of our sport, for thy laughing.

Is. Nay, that were a bad joke at best. Where be these diamonds?

Flo. Here, in this casket: I pr'ythee put them in my hair for me—quick.

Is. Meantime, do thou tell me what for thou hast indited this same amorous clothes'-peg.

Flo. Marry, first in the street, as thou saw'st his outward man did hit my fancy's humour, as shewing him very fit—

Is. For a very mad jest—where shall I place this band?

Flo. So, o'er the brow; 'twas so my mother wore it: they were her wedding diamonds, rest her soul!

Is. Amen!—and second, how? good preacher, finish thy points, though they were fifty.

Flo. Why, I have since learned, that this same many-coloured fly is the veriest braggadocio that ever flinched from a chaste woman's frown: fetch me yon mirror.

Is. Angels defend us! and where heard'st thou this?

Flo. Pedrillo late last night was with them at the Anchor, where, as thou know'st, they drank the sun to his bed, and well nigh out of it again; among the guests was this same resistless wooer, who, as he saith, did utter such incredible tales of his amorous exploits, and did in such wise misprize and set at naught us luckless women, holding the conquests that he made by handfuls as cheap as handfuls of dust, that Pedrillo swears he must have lov'd more ladies than would people all the seraglios of the East.

Is. Is he rich? he sure must be; for he hath no charm else to tempt the veriest wanton—he must be very rich.

Flo. Tut, dost thou believe all this; credit me, coz, if there be knaves of such a sort as this fellow would pass himself for, there be also fools that have enough iniquity in them to wish for a villainous renown which they have not the daring to achieve, and who think by boasting and big words to make good their claim to an infamous repute which they have not the boldness to merit in very deed—and such an one, or I am much deceived, is this. Among many others did he tell the tale of this same Segovian lady, to whom he said he was by contract bound. This is the fair forsaken thou must enact, and it shall go hard if between us we do not shew this same all-conquering senor the mettle of our Seville ladies.

Is. Art thou not horribly afeard of being alone with one so badly reputed?

Flo. Afraid! I'll tell thee, Isabel, it is our weakness makes those boasters strong. Credit me, did we but know and feel our footing firm, making a high and resolute mind in us stand stead of outward and mere bodily vigor, there's not the boldest braggart of them all but should strike colours to the veriest maid that ever bore our sex's blushing standard on her cheek. But for this mannikin—did'st look in his face?

Is. I looked for his face; but indeed he was so monstrously bearded that he may have one or no for aught mine eyes can vouch.

Flo. Faugh! a beard becomes a man as well as the want of it becomes a woman; but to see such a villainous bush of hair on the skin of what hath the mincing gait and lisping syllables of a pampered wanton, begets a very disgustful indignation in me. But come, Isabel, unbind thy hair, I pr'ythee, so, upon thy shoulders—now put me on a look like the forsaken Dido—could'st thou not weep me a tear or two?

Is. I'll use all endeavour.

Flo. Now spread thine arms abroad thus: weep, rant, rave, be disconsolate; remember he hath deserted thee, and thou hast followed hither to claim him."

This is not the first time that we have been obliged to notice *Fanny's* unfeminine and indelicate style of language, as if, in her admiration of the dramatists of a former, and less scrupulously spoken age, she thought it becoming to copy their grossest phraseology and allusions. Why does she not submit her effusions to the revision of her husband, or her father, or some judicious friend? The mere excuse that may be set up in behalf of vivacity or the wilfulness of a daring muse will not satisfy any one who either regards the purity of the drama, or the morality of the public, or the honour of the sex. But, anxious to escape from this painful theme, we now cull some passages of great beauty, whether poetic thought, or expression be regarded. Who but woman can appropriately discourse of love?

Carlos. Oh! Pedro, pardon me; thou ne'er didst love!
'Tis writ in the smooth margin of thy brow,
And in the steady lustre of thine eye.
Thy blood did never riot through thy veins
With the distemper'd hurried course of love;
Thy heart did never shake thy shuddering frame
With the thick startled throbbing pulse of love:
Thou hast ne'er wept love's bitter burning tears;
Hoped with love's wild unutterable hope,
Nor drown'd in love's dark, fathomless despair.
Thine is a steadfast and a fixed nature,
'Gainst which the tide of passion and desire
Breaks harmless as the water o'er the rock,
And the rich light of beauty shines alone
On thy soul's surface, leaving all beneath it
Unmoved and cold as subterranean springs.
Love hath no power o'er spirits such as thine,
Nor comes not nigh to them.
Estrella. Oh! tell me, Pedro,
Whom hast thou loved?
Pedro. Thee, from thy cradle upwards!
Est. Nay; but whom dost thou love?
Pedro. Thee, more than life!
Est. Flouter, wilt thou not answer me in seriousness?

Pedro. Some other time, sweet; but for that, no matter
Whether my heart hath bled beneath the dart,
Or whether there hath stuck no arrow there;
I know the very difference that lies
'Twixt hallow'd love and base unholy lust;
I know the one is as a golden spur,
Urging the spirit to all noblest aims;
The other but a foul and miry pit,
O'erthrowing it midst of its career;
I know the one is as a living spring
Of virtuous thoughts, true dealings, and brave deeds—
Nobler than glory, and more sweet than pleasure,—
Richer than wealth, begetter of more excellence
Than ought that from this earth corrupt takes birth,
Second alone in the fair fruit it bears
To the unmixed ore of true devotion:
I know that lust is all of this, spelt backwards;
Fouler than shame, and bitterer than sorrow,
More loathly than most abject penury—
Nor hath it fruit or bearing to requite it,
Save sick satiety and good men's scorn.
He that doth serve true love, I love and honour;
And he that is lust's slave, I do despise,
Though he were twenty times the King of Spain;
Wherewith I do commend me to your favours,
And leave ye to your parting undisturbed."

Here is part of a touching dialogue which occurs on the eve that precedes the intended marriage.

"*Carlos.* There's nothing half so fair, or half so holy;
There's nothing half so wise, or half so lovely;
Nothing so wholly good and excellent,
As thou my dear one! Thou art the very breath
That in me breathes; the blood within my veins,—
Heart of my heart, and spirit of my spirit;
My nearest and dearest of life, my essential self!
Estrella. Pray leave protesting, sir, unless you wish
To burn my blushes out; I sha'nt have one
To help me look becomingly to-morrow,
An' you waste them all to-day.
Carl. To-morrow! Estrella,
Tell me, tell me, dost thou love me
As I love thee?
Est. No by this living light!
Not as thou lov'st me; not in the self-same way,
For that's a question I could ne'er have asked thee.
Carl. Why not?
Est. Why not? Because—here comes my brother."

There is more of the poetry of thought in the two extracts which we subjoin.—

"*Est.* Oh, nature knows no other coin for joy
Or grief, but melts them both alike in tears.
I have a thousand stifling feelings press
My heart to bursting; joy to the height of pain
Comes like a flood upon my every sense;
Thy voice runs through my frame like the soft touch
Of summer winds o'er trembling harp-strings playing,
Thy gentle words and looks that, though I love,
I dare not meet, make my soul faint within me.
Oh! Carlos, there is pain in this deep pleasure,
And e'en our joys taste of earth's bitter root;
Besides, there is a thought that, hand in hand
With the sweet promise of our marriage, comes
Like shadow upon sunlight—I must go
From my dear home—the home of all my life,
Where I have lived, oh! such a happy time!
Aurora' tears are not more like each other
Than the bright ever-blessed maiden hours
That the sun of time has, one by one, dried up."

There is equal elevation in the next effusion, but the warmth is rather too much.

"*Est.* 'Tis a strange life; and in my hand I hold
Its strangest riddle: a throbbing, restless joy
Beats in my heart, and flutters there like fear;
My little day of life comes back o'er me:
My past existence, Heaven has made it sweet,
Unmixed with any taint of bitterness;
And the bright future like a sunny land
Descried afar, stretches like paradise
In rosy bowers and golden fields before me.
Farwell, my home! farewell, my pleasant chamber,
Where time and I have still been gay companions;
Farewell, my virgin couch, which I shall press
No more with slumbers light, and smiling dreams,
That were not brighter than reality.
Night spreads her raven wings, and nears the earth;
My blood's on fire! Oh, for a breath of air
From the cool gardens underneath the balcony!
Once more I'll listen to the rustling boughs,
Beneath whose leafy screens I've 'scaped the sun
Of eighteen summers; and, for the last time,
Mark how the moon-beams pierce the crystal folds
Of yonder fount. (*Opens window.*)
Sleep hangs upon them all;
The trees do rock, the waters flow in sleep,
The sleepy stars wink in their sapphire beds,
The air breathes gently, heaving in its sleep,
And the round world spins sleepily on's axis.
I'll to my couch; mine eyes reflect no more

This earth's fair picture;:—'tis night, 'twill soon be morrow.
Now then to dream of him, till he returns.
Fare thee well, sweetheart!—Good night, Carlos,—husband!"

In "Cosmo De' Medici," there is more of action and character, and less of the poetry of thought than the "Star of Seville" contains. It is, taken altogether, a tragedy of very considerable merit, and one that would be effective if brought out upon the stage; or, in other words, it is dramatically constructed, both in plot and development. We think, however, that there are manifest grounds upon which to found objections both to plot and detail. Mr. Horne says, it has been his wish "to produce an uncompromising tragedy, without a gross murder, and without a 'villain.'" The latter sort of character has, certainly been excluded; but if there be no gross murder, there is a most unnatural destroyer of human life, and one, whose conduct in the deed which forms the depth and intended strength of the piece, obtains our execration and a revulsion of our feelings, instead of any softening and commanding sympathies. That a father, should in any circumstances, stain his hands with the life blood of a son, excites horror and emotions that are hostile to ennobling or poetic imaginations. *Cosmo's* character, therefore, while shorn of its obvious cruelty and ferocity, does not strike us, as in any shape natural. Of his sons, again, we do not find that *Giovanni* is either one thing or other; and as to *Garcia*, the promise which his first appearance offers, whether as to decision or brilliancy of character, is, by no means fulfilled in the action and furtherance of the story. To our mind, *Luigi del Passato*, an enthusiastic artist, is the best conceived and fulfilled character in the piece. There is originality, as well as a sustained unity, in the portraiture.

Again, as to the execution and the dialogue, although there be not a few passages of great power, and eminently dramatic in feeling and expression, there are others that are heavy, common-place, or prosaic. We are not, however, going to analyze the play closely, nor even to sketch the outline of the story; for we are unwilling to anticipate the curiosity of our readers, or to be the occasion of defrauding them of the pleasure of scrutinising and criticising for themselves, a production, the perusal of which will amply repay them. A few extracts, presenting what we think are fair specimens of its most effective, as well as others, which, in our apprehension, are samples of its feeblest and most faulty parts, must suffice.

Here is a highly dramatic passage; it is when Cosmo is informed of his son *Giovanni* being found in the forest dead, and at the moment when he descends from his ducal chair to conduct his courtiers to the banquet-hall. *Dalmasso* enters hastily.

"*Dal.* Duke!
Your Highness' private ear—

Cosmo. Come, sir; be brief. [*They step aside.*
Dal. The Prince Giovanni—
Cosmo. Wherefore stays he thus?
Giovanni and young Garcia should be here:
I'm angered at their stay—ha! what has happen'd,
That thus aghast you look?
Dal. Giovanni's dead!
Cosmo. Who?—dead?—who's dead?
Dal. Giovanni—Prince Giovanni!
We've found his body in the forest.
Cosmo. And dead?—utterly?—the last spark gone?
Dal. Quite cold!
Cosmo. Stand fast!—remain you here.
Duch. (*advancing.*) We wait
Your Highness' pleasure.
Cosmo. I shall join you anon.
Some strange intelligence from distant lands
Immediate audience claims. Duchess, lead on!
[*Exeunt, all but Cosmo and Dalmasso.*
Cosmo. Repeat thine horrid news: or if't may be,
Correct and qualify—say he is dying,
But by a timely aid may yet be saved!
Tell me thou art not in thy proper mind,
But do not tell me that my son is dead!
Dal. Would I were mad, or wild with wine, or dreaming!—
But 'tis too true!
Cosmo. How should he die!—what dastards
Stood by to see the forest boar's fierce tusks
Root out his life?
Dal. 'Twas no fierce boar that did it,
Nor wolf——
Cosmo. Aha! death's face grows darker! what, then, did it?
Dal. We know not: in the forest's depths we found him.
His wild steed, bounding past us, help'd the search.
His blood had still some warmth—but he was dead.
Cosmo. Art sure?
Dal. Most sure: one huntsman only with me,
We could not thence remove him.
Cosmo. Lies he there
E'en now?
Dal. He does: the huntsman seated close,
With face as white. Near him this broken point,
As of a sword-blade——
Cosmo. Whose is't?
Dal. I know not;
But by his side we found his own.
Cosmo. Unsheath'd?
Dal. Unsheath'd and stain'd, as tho' he had fought.
Cosmo. No, no!
He hath been foully murdered, and 'twas drawn

To cheat stern retribution—*who* has done it?
Where's Garcia—where was Garcia when 'twas done?
Dal. The Princes parted from us when the chase
Was at a headlong height; when he rejoin'd us
He came alone, nor knew he aught of it—
As it did seem.
Cosmo. Oh! I will find the truth,
Were't from the very stones! My passionate grief
Shall breed an inspiration and a power
Oracular—executive!
(*After a pause*) Now, mark me fixedly:
When that the banquet doth confuse all thoughts
With dazzling vanities and high-wrought blood,
Hie thou away into the forest gloom,
With fit attendants, whom thou well can'st trust.
There, from grey dawn to dusk thy vigil keep:
Then, secretly return. As secretly
Bring thou my son's dead body with all care,
And forthwith place it in the anteroom
Of mine own private chamber! Go at once;
But let no syllable of these commands
By thee be breath'd, or those who shall attend thee;
Nor aught relating to this dark event.
Dal. Your Highness' orders shall——
Cosmo. Dost understand?
Dal. I do, my liege.
Cosmo. Go then, at once, I pray you.
Exit Dalmasso."

It may be mentioned that *Garcia*, in an encounter with his brother *Giovanni*, unintentionally kills him; but the manner in which he excuses himself, and strives to conceal the deed, really puts us so much in mind of a late hideous transaction which has afforded, for weeks, matter for newspaper speculation in the British metropolis, operates to the creation of a sort of disgust, which the author is not answerable for, although it affects the interest which we take in the story. But without reference to this unhappy parallel, who would expect, that he who is made to speak in the manner which the former of our following extracts represents, should, towards the conclusion of the drama, acquit himself so pusillanimously as the latter declare? Two cavaliers and courtiers, *Cornelio* and *Dalmasso* accost *Garcia*, Cosmo's younger son; *Passato*, the sculptor has not been introduced.

"*Enter Garcia.*

Cor. Bright skies attend my lord; give you good day!
Gar. (*smiling.*) I thank the skies: sometimes they frown upon us,
But they are ever great great and lofty.
Cor. My lord,

That is most true ; albeit our hopes below
Are oft as flat as a pond.
Gar. Drown not thy soul,
Like a blind whelp : hast thou no birthright, sir ?
[*Pointing upwards.*
Dal. We joy to see you walking in the sun :
'Tis not your constant pleasure.
Gar. Nor my pride :
But for your courteous greeting take my thanks,
Full measured by your own sincerity.
Shall I enquire the stranger's rank ?
Dal. A sculptor
Luigi del Passato.
Gar. He is welcome :
The Duke, sir, and my brother, will receive
Your visit graciously.
Cor. (*aside to Dal.*) Now we'll take wing,
And leave the chisel to our royal flint !
Dal. My lord will pardon our abrupt departure :
We have a summons.
Gar. Cavaliers, good day !
Exeunt Cornelio and Dalmasso.
(*To Pass.*) They shun me, for they are my brother's friends.
And go by instinct : follow them, I pray ;
The favour of Giovanni best will serve you.
Pass. I am no hasty man. I'll e'en stay here.
Gar. Thou canst know little of the court, to give
This preference to me. All who seek favour,
Appreciation, and due patronage,
Make interest with Giovanni : they do right.
He hath most brilliant talents—I have none ;
Gentle and courteous is—'tis plain I'm neither.
So many say this, I suppose 'tis true.
Pass. I'll wait my time.
Gar. I deem thou'dst wait for ever
In any other court, by such neglect.
Pass. Those gentlemen were courtiers,—so they said ?
Gar. And truly. Sir, I will be free with you,
For you do show a nature undisguis'd,
And act as if alone in the wide world.
Pass. I speak my thoughts, young sir, and calmly stand
On the vast slab of time : a mere clay figure,
And not a pendent gem.
Gar. Those gentlemen
Are called Dalmasso and Cornelio.
The first, a man of sense ; yet I dislike him :
He reasons and retreats ; he bows too low,
And studies chemistry to please the Duke.
The other hath a wit beyond himself ;
Its spirit uttering things he knows not whence,

Why, how, or whither; a rich fancied fool:
His vanity revolves around a button,
Wherein he suns and glasses his fond face.
Pass. Leave him his happiness: why shake the flower
Within whose cup of dew the butterfly
Beholds his plumage, and is blest? The earth
Hath pleasures varied to its motley crowd;
Let us not interfere.
Gar. Sir, will you walk with me?
Your conversation throbs about my heart
Like new-born hopes: I seem at last to have found
A book which I would read most seriously.
Come, you shall be my tutor and my friend.

[*Exeunt.*"

The father questions his younger son regarding the death of the elder.

"*Enter Garcia.*

Gar. (*after a pause*). Sir, I am here.
Cosmo (*advancing close, and fixing his eyes upon him*).
Art worthy to be here?
Shouldst thou not rather be within thy tomb?
Gar. I rather would be there.
Cosmo. Wherefore wouldst rather?
Gar. Because, sir, I am sick of this vile life
Which I am made to lead by constant questions
Touching my brother's absence. Whereso'er
I turn, suspicions fang me; words are fangs,
And looks are words—therefore I'm sick of life.
Cosmo. Thou dost anticipate me, and thy craft
Equals thy fix'd audacity.
Gar. What craft?
Cosmo. Come, let's be brief: you know Giovanni's murder'd!
Gar. Murder'd, my lord!—impossible!
Cosmo. *Thou* did'st it!
Thou art the murderer!
Gar. What hideous liar
Hath blown this monstrous seed in your quick ear?
Cosmo. Thou hast a demon's tongue, oh, iron-faced boy,
That should be rooted from its upas hold,
And cast to hungry imps! I know thou did'st it!
Gar. Then may your Highness listen to these facts:
Cornelio and Dalmasso are both murderers—
And all the rest who follow'd to your wars!
My mother is a murderess, in that she
Hath wish'd success to wars her kin have waged!
Then, there's Ippolita—a murderess too;
Self-sacrificed, and in a convent buried!
And those who ne'er have done a deed of death,
Have oft in private thoughts imagined it

From causes trivial that have stirr'd their passions:
Even the child who strikes intends to kill!
Thus, all the world——"

Garcia has previously reasoned and resolved in the following manner:—

"*Gar.* Thro, the wild silence of this savage forest
I've wander'd with quick steps to shun the scene.
I'm on the outskirts now—where would I go?
Where'er I turn, Giovanni's dying form
Lies in my path—and in my tingling ears
Giovanni's dying words are still repeated!
Where would I fly—unless into the grave?
But wherefore?—for I know not how 'twas done.
He struck me—lung'd at me—we fought—he fell—
How was't he got his death wound? Oh vain thought!
What can restore him—what can bring him back?
Nothing!—for he is dead—I left him dead—
And I must answer for it! Answer!—how?
What can I answer—save that we did fight,
And he is slain? There is no other answer.
But can I say this to my father?—no!
It is impossible!—or to his mother!
It is impossible!—Oh 'twould increase
Their agonies—dragg'd with a dripping harrow
Through and beyond the natural gates of death—
To know his brother slew him! I am resolv'd!
They shall *not* know it: I myself will bear
All the sharp torment, weighing down life's balance
With inward-molten lead; and let my soul,
That in calm virtue's ether should be pois'd,
Sink all alone to premature dark hell—
But show no shadow of't in words or looks.

[*Exit* Garcia."

Is this the youth of whom Passato says, he "had that within him might have sunn'd the world?" As to the phrases and expressions that want dignity, or are unbecoming the refinement of tragic poetry, we may instance the heroine's asseveration when she assures her interloquitor that she is resolved to betake herself to a convent, in these words: "Yes—it is sure as death." Again, we do not like the pirate, *Zacheo's* denunciation, when to one of his companion's statements that "the moon does not rise these two hours," he exclaims, "Sink the moon!" The comic scenes are, perhaps, the dullest and least effective in the piece; on the other hand, as already intimated, there are many passages that are happily conceived and vigorously expressed. *Passato*, throughout, speaks nobly and finely. For example—

"*A Street.—Enter Garcia and Luigi del Passato.*
Pass. Then, there's the tomb of the Assyrian King,

Where couchant sphynxes stare on vacancy
'Neath the broad shadows of white mulberry trees
That, in a double range, converge in front.
It is a level mass of solid stone—
Traced o'er with hieroglyphics and strange forms—
Whereon the fabric of an ancient god,
Grown blind with gazing on eternity,
Sits in the gap of unprogressive time,
And seems an Exile from remoter worlds!
Gar. These are too far remov'd for sympathies—
Such as I fain would feel.
Pass. Say not, too far:
He who died yesterday is full as old,
In his new state, as Cheops and King Nine.
Gar. (*aside*). Oh brother! art thou, then, so grey in death
Already!
Pass. 'Tis a lovely monument
Where Livy sleeps in Padua. I have oft
Sat for whole days beside it, and have smiled
To see the fingers slowly change their gold—
Grow bronzy—white—and then, o'ermassed with shade.
Gar. Why should'st thou smile because it held a stranger,
For whom, if thou had'st known him, tears had flow'd?
Pass. Mine eyes are wet for no man: but when years
Are pass'd, and mourners have forgotten love,
The tears o' the mind congeal, and with slow hand,
That's sensitive with memory in each touch,
I shape them to a marble bust, and place it
In some sequester'd place where no one comes—
Unless to pray.
Gar. Oh! that in such a place
I had the bust of one who is no more,
That I might ease my soul to it, in prayer!
Pass. (*aside*). Some heavy loss is figur'd in his heart;
I do but grieve him by this conversation
Which he did seek so earnestly: I'll leave him.
[*Exit Passato.*"

There is grandeur in both of the speeches we next quote.

"*Pass.* Would I could weep: my heart hath got a load
Which blessed tears might lighten and disperse.
'Tis Cosmo yonder! Darkly and tall he stands,
Like an extinguish'd beacon of the night,
Whose watchman hath been cast into the sea.
Hither he moves. [*Passato seats himself on a bank.*
Enter Cosmo, in a sable robe.
Cosmo. Vast is the bosom of heaven:
Descended thence, man thither should aspire,
There only can grief breathe, and find repose.
I am not calm; I struggle without aim:

I walk with fortitude as with a friend;
But feel that one of us is false."

And there is originality in the manner of Cosmo's death; but, somehow, though it closes the tragedy, it fulfils not our expectations and desires as to the impressiveness which such a woful story should convey as the whole developes. The occasion is when a mass is performed in a chapel, where three biers are elevated pyramidally, on which the bodies of the Duke's two sons and wife are placed.

Chios. (*aside*). Grief hath disturb'd his brain.
Dal. (*aside*). What he hath done
Is now too plain. How terrible a secret
For his appall'd successor's ear!
Chios. (*to* PRIEST). Speak to him.
Lo! where his heavy scalding tears pour down!
Cosmo (*with forlorn dignity*). Continue! Noble gentlemen and friends.
I cannot explain these things. My present state
Savours too much o'the elements. 'Tis a story
Such as in pealing thunder might be told—
Yet better lost in echoes o'er the sea,
Since none can thoroughly *know* what's in the soul.
Pray ye, excuse me! I am not much in years;
And tho' this morn methought my hair look'd grey,
'Tis but a few nights' snows. Yet, sorrow is strong,
And I an unarm'd and a childless man.
Once more, your pardon.
[*He advances to the lofty chair placed for him.*]
Let the mass proceed! [*Seats himself.*

MASS.

From depths of gloom and grief
Seek not a vain relief,
Till the heart's heavy load o'erflow;
But grant us strength, O Heaven! to bear
This weight of agony and fear
That presses down the atmosphere,
And round our brows with searing glow
Clings like the leaden crown of Woe!

[*As the Mass concludes,* COSMO *falls back in the chair.*]
Dal. The Duke!—he faints!
All. The Duke
[*Nobles and attendants rush towards him.*
Cosmo. 'Tis well. Great God *thou* knowest!
[*Dies.*
Chios. (*after a solemn pause*). There sped—on mighty wings, o'erspanning all
This nether globe—the noblest soul that e'er
Stoic, or Platonist, or sage full-hearted,

Framed in imagination of the just,
And man's immortal destiny made clear
By mortal practice superseding death.
There broke a solid heart! Drop we no tears
On this colossal wreck; or, while our eyes
Play rebel to high thoughts, close, close his lids,
So their stain'd orbs reflect not this our weakness—
Needful as rain to those who dwell on earth.

In the Preface, Mr. Horne declares that "the contents of the following pages are the *result* of a life of impassioned thought; as the execution, however unpolished, is that of many years private labour in a similar walk." We do not clearly perceive the import of this statement, nor exactly understand, though it may convey the precise truth, how or why such facts as the former branch of the sentence communicates, can bear upon the dramatic skill and power of the author, when he sets himself down to the task of writing a tragedy. But whatever may be the advantage of having passed a *life of impassioned thought*, to such a labourer, we hope that Cosmo De' Medici is not the last of his productions in a similar walk; for, we are convinced that more practice and longer study will enable him to produce a much better and more highly-finished play, than even the present very creditable performance.

NOTICES.

ART. XV.—*Poems, Original and Translated.* By CH. PERCY WYATT, B. A. London: Fraser. 1837.

THE original pieces in this volume consist of ballads, sonnets, and soothing effusions devoted to meditative themes, while the translations are chiefly from the German. Throughout the whole there is great sweetness of versification, and no small share of lyrical spirit. It is impossible to read any considerable portion of these poems, without experiencing the refining influence of a cultivated and reflecting mind at work. There is more of melody, generally speaking, in the verse of the Minor Poets of late years, than elevation of thought, and more of imitation than originality. In not a few instances, however, Mr. Wyatt proves himself superior to these secondary qualities, and commands while he charms. Here is a specimen from a fragment.

"The old bards
Hymned the bright streams that murmured to their song,
And deified their fountains; and thus paid
A glorious debt of endless gratitude
With their own strains coeval. They are gone,
Lords of the lyre! and countless generations,
The living, now the dead, have trodden o'er them:
Yet stream and fount flow on. And thou, fair river!
Wilt roll thy crystal waves when I no more

Shall bring to thee the homage of my lyre,
Voiceless, and buried with me: thou wilt flow
Joyous and bright, these meads and ripening fields
Gladdening, as thou dost now; and not a breath,
And not a spirit in thy fountain-caverns,
To tell thee of the love the poet bore thee.
Oh! thousand loves the dying poet leaves
That know not of his passion: the broad streams,
The old green forests with their shaded haunts;
The sunny plains and pastures, and the paths
Of lonely mountain, where his steps have trod
Exulting. Oh! when ruthless fate shall call
From all he loved so well the bard away,
How can his heart part pangless from the scenes
Of so much love and beauty? how forget
These innocent flowers, those birds that in their joy
Fly singing 'mid the sunbeams; the blithe morn,
And the rich sunset, and the hush of eve,
And night's innumerable pageantries?
O sights and sounds how lovely! Ye are they
That bind the dying poet, whilst his soul
Struggles 'twixt earth and Heaven; and to his lyre
Fain would he raise his chill and drooping hand,
To strike one parting note, one fond farewell,
Longingly, lingeringly.—Ye on earth
Have been his soul's enchantments, and should be
(Could there regret have entrance) his regrets,
His memories in Heaven;"

ART. XVI.—*Sermons, Preached at the British Episcopal Church, Rotterdam.* By the REV. C. R. MUSTON, M.A., Author of "Recognition in the World to Come." Lond: Hatchard. 1837.

IN our apprehension these Sermons are models, whether considered in the less important matter of art as regards their composition and style, or the all-important spirit of Christian doctrine that throughout distinguishes them. The author is master of those arguments which should be addressed first to the understanding, secondly of those heart-stirring appeals that should, on subjects concerning man's eternal salvation, be addressed to the feelings and affections, and thirdly of that cultivated taste, not merely as regards language, but the regulation of the judgment, which forbids the introduction of any extravagant representations or unauthorized uses of Gospel-truth. His zeal, in short, though warm and elevated, is according to Scripture, and shorn of austerity; his theology founded on the peculiar and all-sustaining doctrines of the New Testament. One specimen will serve to explain the author's manner and excellencies, better than any general criticism of ours.

"Every human creature feels that he is encompassed by innumerable dangers. He sees elements of evil at work around him which he cannot control, and prevent from acting against himself. It is true that the plea-

sures or busy occupations of life must frequently divert his thoughts from his real situation, and, in the buoyancy of health, in the pride of manhood, or in the excitement of the angry passions, he may have more or less of worldly courage. But still there lurks in the heart of man the feeling of uneasiness and fear, ready to be called out into action, at any moment, by a change in his views and circumstances. There is the dread of certain evils which are unavoidable, and of others, which, in his apprehension, may befall him either in this world or in the future. He is not, therefore, in the possession of peace: and how often is he held by his own feelings in bitter and degrading bondage! But what have we to fear? Not the accidents and sufferings to which we are exposed in the present world—not the loss of property, health, or human friendship—not the wrath of man, whose power is derived, limited, and incapable of pursuing its victim beyond the narrow confines of a mortal life—not the approach of death, which, with regard to its immediate effect, is but the dislodgment of the soul from its earthly tabernacle, the separation of the spirit from its material appendage—not any of the created elements and agencies with which we may come into contact in other spheres, and in the evolutions of eternal ages. But the primary and only proper object of fear to man, and to every other intelligent creature, is the displeasure of God; or, what amounts to the same thing, it is sin, which, by occasioning the loss of His friendship, becomes the source and root of all evil. It is this, and nothing but this, that induces uneasiness, dread, or solemn forebodings of judgment to come. Operating by means of conscience—the vicegerent of Deity—it constrains us to flee from His presence, as in the case of the first pair, when, overcome by the tempter, their innocence had departed from them, it drives its victims from the guardian wings of the Supreme Parent, and sends them forth, without any effectual shelter or refuge, from the evils and perils of their alienated condition. And, since every one has sinned, and carries about, within his own bosom, the consciousness of delinquency, so the bondage of fear is more or less felt over all the world, and discovers itself in those various artifices, those cherished delusions, or superstitious usages, by which man vainly attempts to hide from himself the realities of his condition, and throw off the burden of guilt from his misgiving spirit."

ART. XVII.—*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* Volume the Second. London: Murray, 1837.

THE Second Volume of this most engaging work has just reached us; but rather than wait to give any analysis of its contents, which, indeed, owing to their diversified and miscellaneous nature, could be little less than an abridgement of the whole, we have chosen simply to acquaint our readers with the fact, that Mr. Lockhart and the publishers have redeemed their pledge in so far as regards the regular and prompt appearance of this volume, which may be taken as a sufficient presumption that there will be no annoying delay in the publication of any of the remaining portions of the work. We only think it necessary to state that the chapters now before us bring down Scott's Life from 1804 to 1812, inclusive of portions of both of these years, and to extract one or two passages.

Here is an anecdote of Lord Napier, the father of the unfortunate nobleman of the same name, who, at no distant date, fell a victim to a Chinese climate and Chinese tyranny, and trickery. The anecdote is from Mr. Lockhart's own recollections, and is illustrative of a certain fidgetty nervousness as to all points of form, on the part of the person alluded to, who, at the time, was Lord-Lieutenant of Selkirkshire, and who had taken occasion to complain of the Sheriff's (Scott's), manner of discharging his Shrieval functions. "I remember," says his biographer, "being much amused with an instance of Lord Napier's precision in small matters, mentioned by the late Lady Stewart of Castlemilk, in Lanarkshire. Lord and Lady Napier had arrived at Castlemilk, with the intention of staying a week; but next morning it was announced that a circumstance had occurred which rendered it indispensable for them to return without delay to their own seat in Selkirkshire. It was impossible for Lady Stewart to extract any further explanation at the moment, but it turned out afterwards that Lord Napier's valet had committed the grievous mistake of packing up a set of neckcloths which did not correspond *in point of date* with the shirts they accompanied!"

Scott's Toryism was rampant, but sincere, and undisguised. On the acquittal of Lord Melville from the impeachment by the Whigs, who for a short time were in office, at that period, the poet gave utterance in verse, to his delight; to the estrangement, however, of some of his most cherished friends, whose feelings were different, and, it would appear, to his own regret afterwards. The Song has been omitted in the late collective edition of the bard's poetical works; but we now copy it, as given by his Son-in-law, because, as he remarks, it contains some of the strongest personal feelings that ever animated his verse. It was sung by James Ballantyne, at a public dinner given in honour of the event on the 27th of June, 1806.

"HEALTH TO LORD MELVILLE.

Air.—*Carrickfergus.*

"Since here we are set in array round the table,
Five hundred good fellows well met in a hall,
Come listen, brave boys, and I'll sing as I'm able
How innocence triumphed and pride got a fall.
But push round the claret—
Come, stewards, don't spare it—
With rapture you'll drink to the toast that I give:
Here, boys,
Off with it merrily—
Melville for ever, and long may he live!

"What were the Whigs, doing when, boldly pursuing,
Pitt banished Rebellion, gave Treason a string?
Why, they swore, on their honour, for Arthur O'Connor,
And fought hard for Despard against country and king.
Well, then, we knew, boys,
Pitt and Melville were true boys,
And the tempest was raised by the friends of Reform.
Ah, wo!
Weep to his memory;
Low lies the Pilot that weathered the storm!

"And pray, don't you mind when the Blues first were raising,
And we scarcely could think the house safe o'er our heads?
When villains and coxcombs, French politics praising,
Drove peace from our tables and sleep from our beds?

Our hearts they grew bolder
When, musket on shoulder,
Stepp'd forth our old Statesman example to give,
Come boys, never fear
Drink the Blue grenadier—
Here's to old Harry, and long may he live!

"They would turn us adrift; though rely, Sir, upon it—
Our own faithful chronicles warrant us, that
The free mountaineer and his bonny blue bonnet
Have oft gone as far as the reguler's hat.
We laugh at their taunting,
For all we are wanting
Is license our life for our country to give.
Off with it merrily,
Horse, foot, and artillery—
Each loyal Volunteer, long may he live.

* * * * * * *

"Our King too—our Princess—I dare not say more, Sir—
May Providence watch them with mercy and might!
While there's one Scottish hand that can wag a claymore, Sir,
They shall ne'er want a friend to stand up for their right.
Be damn'd he that dare not,
For my part, I'll spare not
To beauty afflicted a tribute to give:
Fill it up steadily,
Drink it off readily—
Here's to the Princess and long may she live."

According to this specimen posterity has no reason to lament that Scott seldom indulged in strong expressions of his political or personal feelings. Neither the poetry nor the spirit displayed in the song from which we have taken the above verses come pleasantly upon us at the present day: but yet the biographer has certainly done no more than became him in thus affording every means by which the reader can acquire a just and comprehensive view of the subject of the Memoir. The fidelity of the portraiture, the reader may be assured, is by this evidence confirmed.

To those who are in any considerable degree acquainted with Scott's works, and who is there that is not, the extreme dates mentioned above as comprising the current of this volume, will suggest, that some of the most splendid of the poet's productions belong to it, and several of his most marvellous advances upon the worlds' admiration. But we must refer to the volume itself for the fullest and most refreshing account of these things, only declaring farther that it is worthy of its predecessor.

ART. XVIII.—*State and Prospects of British Agriculture; being a Compendium of the Evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed in* 1835, *to Inquire into Agricultural Distress; with a few Introductory Observations.* By a MEMBER of Parliament. London: Ridgway. 1837.

WE have before had an opportunity to declare to our agricultural readers that the labours of the Committee in question, was by no means so barren of useful information and valuable suggestions as has been asserted by prejudiced or misinformed persons. The Report which they issued, however, was so voluminous that hardly any one could be expected to take

the trouble of extracting the corn from the chaff, which it contained. But the author of the thin pamphlet before us, has done this in a manner that precludes the necessity for any other person undergoing a similar toil, and therefore every one who has an immediate interest in the subject will remain inexcusable if he avails not himself of its condensed and easily accessible information.

ART. XIX.—*An Introductory Lecture, Delivered before the University of Dublin, in Hilary Term*, 1837. By ISAAC BUTT, L.L. B. Archbishop Whateley's Professor of Political Economy. Dublin: Curry.

THIS Professorship derives its special designation from its having been established by the munificence of the present Archbishop of Dublin. According to the terms of the endowment, the Professor is to deliver nine Lectures every year, and to publish one of them. The present is the First of the four which belonged to the Term mentioned in the title; and which have been directed to the subject of "Production." The introductory portion contains an able and an eloquent defence and recommendation of Political Economy as a science, the study of which must lead to great practical results.

ART. XX.—*Arithmetic Illustrated by Wood-cuts; by which System the Principles of calculation may be acquired as an Amusement.* Invented and Arranged by ARTHUR PARSEY, Author of "Perspective Rectified." London: Longman. 1837.

MR. PARSEY has proceeded on safe grounds, in supposing and asserting that sensible signs are far more easily understood than abstract relations and terms. Accordingly, he has in this ingenious and very satisfactory little work, used forms to represent figures, or, the relative quantities rather, which those numerical figures express—illustrating admirably the primary rules of arithmetic, as popularly taught. The invention cannot fail of engaging the minds of young persons; and the moment they are so engaged, they must be improved, and must feel delight in pursuing what would otherwise be most intricate, and, to them, repulsive trains of reasoning.

ART. XXI.—*The Little Villagers Verse-Book; consisting of Short Verses for Children to Learn by Heart*, By the REV. W. L. BOWLES. Second Series. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1837.

THE purpose of these simple and short pieces, as more fully expressed by their author, is to excite by means of the familiar images of country life, the first feelings of Humanity and Piety. The Rev. author and accomplished poet, whose benign and touching little effusions of a similar class, as published in a former series, have obtained an extraordinary notice, has in the present instance presented along with his verses, a brief account of the Parsonage House and Garden, where he has long resided, and also some Village Epitaphs, which from time to time he has composed to commemorate members of his humble and rustic flock.

This Series, like the former, is entitled to take rank along with the most exquisite of Isaac Watts's lays for the young or the unlearned, and even exhibits a more artless and simple pathos. The account of the Parsonage House and Garden, shows so much of the scholar, the man of refined taste, of choice adornments, and Christain attainments, that one can never feel it tiresome to retreat to it.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1837.

ART. I.

1.—*The Chronicles of Rabbi Joseph Ben Joshua Ben Meir, the Sphardi. Translated from the Hebrew*, by C. H. F. BIALLOBLOTZKY. Vol. II. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund.

2.—*Joseph and Benjamin: a Series of Letters on the Controversy between Jews and Christians.* By JOSEPH SAMUEL C. F. FREY. 2 vols. New York. 1837.

3.—*The Jewish Intelligencer. A Monthly Publication.* Vol. I. By J. S. C. F. FREY. New York. 1837.

THE first volume named in the above list is a continuation of a work, of which a considerable time ago we gave a pretty lengthened account, so that we need not repeat what was there said as to its plan, purpose, and style. The principal contents of the Rabbi's work consist of minute details of the sufferings of the Jews, who are dispersed throughout almost every nation on the face of the earth, and who are everywhere "an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word." Besides these heart-rending records, some of which are probably exaggerations, though taken as a whole, they by no means exceed the truth, nor equal the injustice and cruelties which that peculiar people have had to endure for many generations, and in many countries, there are not a few allusions and incidental notices, as well as detailed accounts, illustrative of general history and some of the most celebrated events that occurred in Christendom before, and during, the life of the author; the whole conveyed in a style of language and idiom studiously modelled according to that of the sacred writers in the Old Testament. For example, in the present volume there is an account of the revolt at Genoa, of which Rabbi Joseph was an eye-witness, and also many curious particulars connected with the wars of Charles V., that have escaped other historians. We likewise find references to several extraordinary phenomena in the natural kingdom, which occurred contemporaneously with the other matters described, such as the over-

flowing of the Tiber in 1530, and the volcanic eruption in 1538, which swallowed up and destroyed many villages in the vicinity of Naples, and produced other tremendous effects. But, as already stated, it is to the condition of the Jews, and how they were affected by events which belong to general history, that the author chiefly, and with unusual earnestness, directs his attention. One specimen is all that we can find room for quoting in this paper. It is from the account which the Rabbi gives of the death of his favourite son, on an occasion when the Jews were banished from Genoa, and otherwise most inhumanly treated, to satiate intolerance and fanaticism. In some parts of the lamentation our readers will deeply feel the force of the bereaved father's eloquent pathos.

"'For the mountains will I take up a weeping and wailing, because I looked for good, and evil came unto me; my harp also is turned to mourning. I looked for peace, and there was none; for the choicest of youths taken away when the fruit of my womb, the son of my vows, was visited: the Lord is righteous! Why did the knees prevent me to see labour and sorrow; let not the day wherein my mother bare me be blessed. The violence done to me be upon this my evil time, which has brought me to days and years in which I have no pleasure; for what pleasure have I yet, after this grief, when the arrows of his trials which *my son* met with, set themselves in array at the gate; they smote me, they wounded me, and embittered me; He has caused the arrows of his quiver to enter into me; my reins they have broken asunder; they did not give me rest till I swallowed down my spittle; so that my days were consumed in vanity; my bitter and impetuous heart roareth like the seas; mine eye trickleth down and ceaseth not. Weeping endureth at night, and in the morning cometh lamentation; and a mourning as the owls. Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears! for it is no good report.

"'Judah, the priest, my son, was a lion's whelp, of whom we said, 'Under his shadow we shall live.' Because of our transgressions, he stooped down, he couched, and was not; for God took him in the night of the sixth day, on the twenty-ninth of the month Shebat in the year three hundred and nine. And he went to his rest and left us sighing. Blessed be the true Judge! Let that night be solitary, for on the same my house was spoiled suddenly; in a moment were my curtains spoiled, for my sun was darkened; the crown of my head fell, the stars of my heaven drew back; who has believed my report, my grief is very great. The work that *has been wrought* is grievous unto me, and there is no comforter; he that was stronger than a cedar (in wisdom a father) planted by the finger of God; alas! the hewer came upon him when he was seventeen years old. Woe unto the eyes which have seen this! this I will recall into my bitter and impetuous heart, that our Maker has prepared for him a fountain of life; with this we can be comforted, as there is left for our souls an everlasting salvation in the house of the king. I hope that the God of the spirits of all flesh will bind up his pure soul in the bundle of life, and that his rest will be glorious. And on me, the embittered one, and on the grieved spirit of my wife Paloma, HE will have compassion, and comfort us, and will deal more kindly with our latter *end* and last

days, than with our beginning, for the sake of his great name; for in him my soul trusteth, therefore I hope in him.'"

The name of the author attached to the other two works in our list, must be familiar to many of our readers, whether learned or unlearned. To the former, we need hardly mention him, as being the author of a "Hebrew Grammar, a Hebrew, Latin, and English Dictionary, and editor of Vander Hooght's Hebrew Bible." To the latter he will be remembered, before his going to America, as a zealous preacher of the gospel in London, and for his other earnest and laborious undertakings in behalf of his brethren throughout the empire and the world. His "Joseph and Benjamin" contain, in the form of letters between himself and a brother, the substance of the lectures he delivered to the Jews in London and other places—the names of the correspondents, also, standing very aptly as the representatives of the whole of the tribes of Israel. But as they comprise the controversy between Jews and Christians, and therefore are chiefly employed in expounding, defending, and enforcing the most important doctrines of the New Testament, it cannot be expected of us, that we should go into the work, or treat particularly of its merits. This much, however, ought to be said of it, that perhaps no other publication exists, which is so well adapted for circulation among the Jews, not merely because it has been written expressly for the purpose of exhibiting the claims of Christianity as contrasted with those of Judaism, but also because it has been written by a converted Jew, who must be presumed to be particularly well acquainted with those arguments and illustrations best calculated to strike the minds and prejudices of his brethren.

It would appear from the account which Mr. Frey gives in his memoir of himself, in the second of his publications named above, and from various other notices in both works, that there are monstrous defects connected with the education of the Jews, even in the most enlightened nations of Europe, and that the prejudices which they cherish against the doctrines of Christianity, would be wonderfully weakened and widely dispelled, were this people but made fully acquainted with the Old Testament.

Mr. Frey tells his readers that though he was the son of a German Jew, who was nineteen years a private tutor in a Jewish family, and who studied, "as it were, day and night, the sacred Scriptures and the traditions of men,"—and though he was even a *Morah Tzedeck*, that is, a person to whom the Jews apply for direction in difficulties arising from the observation of the innumerable religious ceremonies with which their ritual abounds—and though the author himself and his brothers were "put under the care of a tutor in our own family, who instructed us daily, according to the Law and the Talmud, and every Saturday we were examined by our father in what we had learned during the week,"

yet that the chapters and passages in the writings of the prophets, which contain the most clear and striking descriptions of the person, life, sufferings, death, and resurrection of the Messiah, were never read nor heard of. At the same time, Mr. Frey declares, that his tutor "took every opportunity to impress us with prejudices and hatred against the Christian religion,"—that his mother, of whom he speaks with yearning affection, "herself narrowly watched us, and would never suffer us to read any book but in the Hebrew language, lest we should read anything about the Christian religion,"—nay, that, among other curses which are poured out upon a converted Jew, this is one—"let his name and memory be blotted out." We are not going to keep by the author in his autobiography to any considerable length, but the following paragraphs aptly come in as respects the matters we are at present referring to.

"It is an ancient custom among the Jews to read in the synagogues, every Sabbath day, a section out of the Law, or five books of Moses, so as to read the whole once every year: and as their leap-year has fifty-two weeks, they have divided the law into so many sections, each of which is called *Sedrah*, or Section. In those years which have not so many weeks, and in which no festivals fall on the Sabbath, two sections are joined on certain Sabbath days. It is handed down as a tradition, that, when Antiochus Epiphanes prohibited the reading of the law, they substituted fifty-four portions out of the prophets, which they called *Haphtoroth*, one of which is still read every Sabbath day after the section of the law is finished. I have often been surprised that in the selection of these *Haphtoroth*, those parts which speak the plainest respecting the Messiah are left out, especially as the 52d and 54th chapters of Isaiah are appointed, but the three last verses of the 52d chapter and the whole of the 53d are skipt over. The only reason I can assign is, that the people might be kept in *ignorance* of him of whom the prophets spake, and of whom it is written in the book of Psalms. The omission of so many precious and most important portions of the writing of the holy prophets, as the 7th, 9th, and 53d chapters of Isaiah, the 23d chapter of Jeremiah, and the whole book of Daniel, particularly the 9th chapter, has led me among other reasons taken notice of by Vitrinda, (de Synag. vet. lib. iii. p. ii. c. xi. p. 1007,) to suspect the truth of the antiquity of the selection of these Haphtoroth. I am rather inclined to think, that, at a much later date, to prevent the people from reading the whole Bible, this method has been adopted. Hence we find most Jewish families in the possession *only* of that part of the Hebrew Bible which contains no more than the law, the Haphtoroth, and five books out of the Hagiographa, viz.: Canticles, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, and Esther. This circumstance may be considered as one great cause why so very few of the children of Israel know any thing of so great and useful a part of the Sacred Scriptures.

"That the rabbins have studiously prevented the people from becoming acquainted with the predictions respecting the Messiah, may be further proved by the impious circumstance recorded by several Jewish writers, that a curse is denounced in the name of R. Jonathan, a great man amongst

the Jews, against the computers of the seventy weeks in the 9th chapter of Daniel, viz. *Tepach azmon shel mechashvay kizin*, i. e. ' let their bones rot who compute the times of the end.' My beloved brethren and kinsmen after the flesh, I beseech you, if you love your souls, if you wish to be really happy in the life that now is, and in that which is to come, let nothing hinder you from searching the Scriptures, ' for in them you think you have eternal life, and they are they which testify of the Messiah.'

" When I was nine years old, the holy book of God was shut up and laid aside, and in its stead the productions of men, as the *Mishnah*, *Gemarah*, &c. &c. were brought forth and eagerly studied by me in succession with pleasure and satisfaction, being nourishment to my earthly and sensual affections, and fuel to my corrupt heart; and thus was I four years longer absorbed in vain speculations, spending my strength for nought. On the first Sabbath after I was thirteen years and a day old, I read in the synagogue, according to custom, the section of the law appointed for the day; and was now considered a *man*, fit to be one of the ten necessary to constitute a full number for public worship. I was now obliged to observe the law for myself, and was therefore called *Bar Mizva*, and was no longer considered under the power of my father. I had now arrived at that period of life in which it it is usual with the Jews to decide whether a person will engage in business, or qualify himself for any religious office. Having chosen the latter, I continued five years longer in the study of the Talmud and its various commentators."

At the age of eighteen, he goes on to say, he also became a tutor in a family of six children, " teaching them to read Hebrew, and to understand the literal meaning of the five books of Moses," &c. At twenty-one, he was appointed a *Chasan*, or leader of the worship in the synagogue, to read the public prayers and the law of Moses. But his ambition led him to aim at the title of *Shochat*, whose office it is to kill the animals which the Jews eat.

" I therefore took great pains and spent a whole year in obtaining the knowledge of the Jewish method of preparing the knife for killing the animals, and to be well versed in the laws respecting the lungs. None but those who have learned these ceremonies, can judge of the difficulty of acquiring such a knowledge of these things as to stand an examination. At length I obtained this honourable degree from the Rav, or Rabbi of Hesse Cassel. In the use of these ceremonies observances I was extremely strict, although not one of them is to be found expressed in the book of God. But these are only a few of the innumerable vain and extremely burdensome traditions received of the fathers."

He elsewhere says, when speaking of the office which his father held—

" If a grain of corn should be found in any kind of food during the feast of unleavened bread, it may happen that not only the food must be thrown away, but even the vessels which contained any part of it dare not again be used during the feast. Or suppose a family, while feasting on meat or fowl, should find that their knife or fork is one of those which are used in eating food prepared with milk or butter, the company must desist from eating

any more of those victuals; nor dare they use any of those knives, plates, or other vessels, till the case has been decided by the Morah Tzedeck, whose verdict is very frequently, that the food must be thrown away, and the earthen and china vessels in which it was served be broken in pieces, and, if an iron pot, it must be cleansed by fire."

Did ever superstition appear in more trifling guise than this? and has it not been truly declared that the burthens which the Jews have imposed upon themselves, and have had to groan under, are more than they can bear?

The "Intelligencer" from which we have gathered the above extracts, is, as its title announces, a periodical publication—twelve numbers being here bound up in one volume, coming down to July last inclusive. Mr. Frey is not only editor, but by far the greatest contributor to its pages. The subjects he handles are principally classed under the following heads—the History of the Jews from the earliest period of their existence, down to the present—the Origin, Dispersion, and Future Restoration of the Ten Tribes—Jewish Antiquities containing the Ecclesiastical and Civil Institutions of the Hebrew Nation until the Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus—Modern Judaism—Conversion of the Jews, giving a history of the origin and progress of Christian efforts, for this great end, since the commencement of the present century—Narratives of Converted Jews, &c. &c. Within this ample field, Mr. Frey shows himself to be an expert as well as an indefatigable labourer, and seems to be perfectly competent to give a much fuller and more accurate account of modern Judaism in particular, than any that we have ever met with. Indeed, he declares that there is not only a great want of general information on the part of the Christian world, concerning the present and modern condition of his brethren, but that much error prevails on the subject even amongst the best-read men. A particular description of the rites, ceremonies, traditions, and opinions which have been observed by that singular people, since their dispersion, cannot, therefore, fail of exciting, not only a deep interest as a history, but must have a direct tendency to awaken Christians out of that apathy, as well as antipathy, concerning the Jews, which certainly generally exists; and thus lead to strenuous efforts for their enlightenment and redemption. We have read the volume with strong feelings of curiosity, and must say that we have been much gratified by the perusal. To examine a work which has been written by a man who was not merely a Jew by birth and education, but a Jewish Rabbi, and who proceeds to describe all the peculiarities of that race in language plain and earnest, is no ordinary occurrence, and merits no ordinary attention, both on account of its rarity, and the paramount importance of the topics discussed in it.

Of the main subjects that have engaged Mr. Frey in the volume

before us, we now select one only as a theme of narrative and argument, viz., that which concerns the history and present condition of the Ten Tribes. More than twenty-five hundred years have elapsed since their downfall, since they have become "outcasts," and were driven far away, not being permitted to revisit the land given to their fathers, and even the very countries to which they went, and through which they were scattered, being unknown; so that all certain trace of them has been lost. Yet there is a very general opinion on the part of the ablest commentators upon the Bible, that these tribes are, at some future day to be recognised, to be converted to Christianity, and to be brought back like their Jewish brethren to Palestine. And most assuredly he who believes in the Divine predictions contained in the Holy Scriptures, and who interprets these according to their literal and most obvious meaning, cannot, for one moment hesitate, regarding the question. This is a part of the subject, however, which we entirely pass over, after mentioning that, Mr. Frey strenuously maintains that the Ten Tribes, if God's promises are to be relied on, as given in the Bible, are to return to the land over which David reigned, and to "fear the Lord and his goodness in the latter days."

The point to which alone we direct attention is, can the Ten Tribes be recognised in any, and in what, countries at the present day? Numerous have been the conjectures and opinions in answer to this question—one traveller and investigator convincing himself that he has discovered them in one region and on one continent, another on some far distant and distinct quarter of the globe. It is a question, indeed, which from various causes and facts, is necessarily enveloped in much doubt and obscurity. One of them is, that the nation and kingdom of Israel, by which title the Ten Tribes were distinguished from the kingdom of Judah, from the time of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, were always, even before being cast out, much addicted to idolatry; and, since it is not likely that a purer worship would prevail with them after they were dispersed among idolaters, they consequently cannot now be recognised by their adherence to the Mosaic ritual. Mr. Frey, like many others, however, is of opinion, though the subject be involved in much mystery, and any attempt at unravelling it necessarily exposed to numerous difficulties, yet that the darkness is not complete, or sufficient to render useless all human scrutiny concerning it.

The author leans strongly to the opinion that the aborigines of America, commonly called Indians, are the Ten Tribes, or rather a great portion of them; because they may have in their wanderings divided and taken different directions. The inspired writers inform us that the Israelites were taken to Halah and to Habor by the river Gozan, and to the cities of the Medes, and that

their places were filled up by certain colonies, who afterwards were known as Samarians. If the Book of Esdras in the apocryphal writings may be relied on, there is additional information as to these wandering tribes. It is there said, that the Israelites resolved to "go forth into a farther country, where never mankind dwelt." But the manner in which those argue, who think that the American Indians are descended from the Israelites, may be thus introduced—they say that this opinion is consistent with the few scriptural indications with which we are furnished—that it is suggested by the traces of Hebrew that remain in the Indian language—by the fact that they worship but one Great Spirit—by the circumstances that some of their traditions seem to be borrowed from that part of the Bible which was known at the time they left their own country—by the striking resemblance which their religion and other institutions, their manners, and prejudices bear to those of the Israelites. The celebrated William Penn, for example, has said when speaking of the natives of Pennsylvania, before their manners were corrupted by an intercourse with Europeans, that he "found them with like countenances to the Hebrew race; and their children of so lively a resemblance to them, that a man would think himself in Duke's-place, or Bury-street, in London, when he sees them." James Adair, Esq., who lived as a trader amongst the North American Indians for forty years, has in his history of them, expressed his conviction that they are descended from Israelites. The Rev. Dr. Jonathan Edwards, and many others, have expressed similar sentiments. Mr. Frey quotes a passage from a letter, written in 1824, by a missionary among the Choctaws, which is as follows:—

"'By information received of Father Hoyt, respecting the former traditions, rites, and ceremonies of the Indians of this region, I think there is much reason to believe that they are the descendants of Abraham. They have had cities of refuge, feasts of first fruits, sacrifices of the firstlings of their flocks, which had to be perfect, without blemish or deformity; a bone of which must not be broken. They were never known to *worship images*, nor to offer sacrifices to any god made with hands. They all have some idea and belief of the Great Spirit. Their feasts, holy days, &c. were regulated by sevens, as to time, i. e. seven sleeps, seven moons, seven years, &c. They had a kind of box containing some kind of substance which was considered sacred, and kept an entire secret from the common people. The said box was borne by a number of men, who were considered pure or holy: (if I mistake not, such a box was kept by the *Cherokees*). And wherever they went to war with another tribe, they carried this box; and such was its purity in their view, that nothing would justify its being rested on the ground. A clean rock or scaffold of timber only was considered sufficiently pure for a resting-place for this sacred coffer. And such was the veneration of all the tribes for it, that whenever the party retaining it was defeated, and obliged to leave it on

the field of battle, the conqueror would by no means touch it.' Mr. Smith remarks, that 'this account well accords with accounts of various others from different regions of the Indians; but it is unaccountable upon every principle, except that the Indians are the descendants of Israel.'"

It may be asked, how, if the facts be as argued by the author, came the American Indians to lose the knowledge of the arts and sciences which the Israelites possessed? But it is suggested by way of answer, that they might have greatly sunk into ignorance and barbarism before reaching America—that if the Ten Tribes be anywhere, it is certain that as a nation they are so degraded and ignorant, as not to have been able to make their skill in the arts and sciences known to the world; and, farther that there is reason to believe that the ancestors of the American tribes did in former times possess knowledge, which is not displayed by them in late times; witness the bricks, earthenware, implements of iron, and other metals, that have been found in the regions they inhabit—the mounds, the fortifications, and other remains of ancient dates.

"If these were not made by Indians of former ages, how came they there? Shall it be supposed that the Scythians, or natives of the north-east of Asia, passed over and made them? This is not likely, or rather not possible, for they possessed no such civilization at the time the Indians must have reached this land.

"An intelligent writer has furnished an hypothesis far more probable than that just suggested; he says, 'The probability then is this, that the ten tribes, arriving in this country with some knowledge of the arts of civilized life, finding themselves in a vast wilderness filled with the best of game inviting them to the chace, most of them fell into a wandering, idle, hunting life. Different clans parted from each other, lost each other, and formed separate tribes. Most of them formed a habit of this idle mode of living, and were pleased with it. More sensible portions of this people associated together to improve their knowledge of the arts, and probably continued thus for ages. From these the noted relics of civilization discovered in the west and south were furnished. But the savage tribes prevailed, and in process of time annihilated their more civilized brethren. And thus as a holy vindictive Providence would have it, and according to ancient denunciations, all were left in an 'outcast' savage state. This accounts for their loss of the knowledge of letters, of the art of navigation, and the use of iron. And such a loss can no more operate against their being of the ten tribes, than against their being of any other origin. Yea, we cannot so well account for their evident degeneracy in any other way, as that it took place under a vindictive Providence, as has been noted, to accomplish divine judgments denounced against the idolatrous ten tribes of Israel.'"

In tracing the affinity and descent of nations, language always ought to be considered as one of the most important and illustrative sources of evidence. Now, while it is maintained by certain able and learned men, who have devoted much time to the study and

observance of the dialects spoken by the various tribes of American Indians, that the language of all is substantially the same; it is added, that it contains many symptoms of being akin to Hebrew, and indeed there is much Hebrew in it.

"As to their language, Dr. Edwards, Dr. Boudinot, Mr. Adair, and others, are decidedly agreed that it appears to have been Hebrew. Dr. Edwards remarks, that both the Hebrew and Indian are found without prepositions, and all formed with prefixes and suffixes; a thing probably known to no other language. And he shows, that not only the words, but the construction of phrases in both have been the same. He also remarks that their nouns and pronouns are manifestly from the Hebrew. Mr. Adair speaks with great confidence as to their language being Hebrew, and notes their laconic, bold, and commanding figures of speech, as exactly agreeing with the genius of the Hebrew language; and says, that after living forty years among them, he obtained such knowledge of the Hebrew idiom of their language, that he viewed the event of their having for more than two millenaries, and without the aid of literature, preserved their Hebrew language so pure, to be but little short of a miracle. To illustrate the Hebraism of their figures, he furnishes the following address of a captain to his warriors when going to battle:—'I know that your guns are burning in your hands; your tomahawks are thirsty to drink the blood of your enemies; your trusty arrows are impatient to be on the wing; and lest delay should burn your hearts any longer, I give you the cool refreshing word: *join the holy ark; and away to cut off the devoted enemy!*'

"Dr. Boudinot remarks, and quotes to sustain him, Stackhouse; History of the Bible, vol. i, page 8, in a note: 'There is no language known in Europe, except the Hebrew, without prepositions; that is, in separate and express words. The Indians have all the other parts of speech, except as above. They have no comparative or superlative degree more than the Hebrews. They form the last by some leading vowel of the divine name of the *Great Spirit* added to the word. It is observed by some Jewish as well as Christian interpreters, that the several names of God are often given as epithets by the Hebrews to those things which are the greatest, the strongest, and the best of their kind, as *ruach elohim*—a mighty wind.' Both languages are very rhetorical, nervous, and emphatical. And Dr. Boudinot remarks, that those public speeches of the Indians that he had heard or read, had been oratorical and adorned with strong metaphors in correct language abounding in allegory.

"Not only is the style and construction of the Indian language similar to Hebrew, but it contains many words and phrases which are Hebrew. Dr. Boudinot, Mr. Adair, Mr. Smith, and others, have made large lists of some of these, and from these the following collection is made, the words in which are taken some from some tribes and some from others. So far from our being surprised at not finding more Hebrew words among the Indians, we may be surprised that, after a lapse of 2,500 years, a people divided into many tribes, and having no written language, should have retained any one word as it was. They have many words, which are Hebrew syllables transposed—one of these (I—Niah—Ani) will be intro-

duced; and a more intimate acquaintance may yet lead to a considerable enlargement of the number of words here enumerated. But if the Indians be not Israelites, it would seem to be altogether unaccountable and indeed miraculous that they should at such an immense distance from Palestine use any words whatever similar to the Israelites. If the Indians did not bring them from Palestine, where did they get them? The hand of God's providence appears to have prevented the language being wholly lost, in order that his 'outcast' people may be discovered. It would be folly to expect more than we have of the pure language, when we recollect how much the Hebrew tongue became deteriorated during the mere seventy years captivity in Babylon, although literature was preserved, and that more than seventy generations have passed away since the downfall of Israel, and they have lost all their literature."

Here follow some examples.

English.	*Indian.*	*Hebrew or Chaldaic.*
Jehovah	Yohewah	Yehowah.
God	Ale	Ale, Aleim.
Jah	Yah or Wah	Yah.
Shiloh	Shilu	Shiloh.
Heavens	Chemim	Shemayim.
Father	Abba	Av, Abba.
Man	Ish, Ishte	Ish.
Woman	Ishto	Ishah.
Wife	Awah	Chavwah. [transposed.
I	Niah	Ani (the two syllables
	Parts of Sentences.	
Very hot.	Heru hara or hala.	Hara hara,
Praise to the first cause.	Halleluwah.	Hallelujah.
Give me food.	Natone bomam	Natoul bamem. Chal.
Come hither.	Hace-yete.	Aca-ati (Samaritan.)"

We have already alluded to the coincidence of the Indians of America worshipping but One Great Spirit. Now the natural propensity of men, who are altogether unenlightened by an intimation from heaven, has ever been for their imaginations to create a number of gods, and bestow upon improper objects divine attributes. Thus every nation of pagans and savages has had different deities, as if there were separate ones for separate countries. But how is it that the Indians in question should be an exception to this otherwise uniform propensity? We do not see that anything like a satisfactory answer can be given, if the American tribes are to be held as the descendants of the Israelites, seeing their fathers, when in their own land were so notoriously addicted to idolatry, unless it be to rely on the intimation that they would "bethink themselves" when carried away captive. As to the coincidences with the word Hallelujah, the following notices are striking:—

"While the Indians have various names which they apply to God, and which are expressive of his attributes, and on ordinary occasions speak of him as the Great Spirit, like the Israelite, they have their tetragram-

maton, or sacred name of four letters already mentioned; and this like them, they regard it as irreverent and sinful to name altogether in common speech. It is only on solemn occasions, and in a solemn manner, that they utter the name Y. O. He. Wah, and the four syllables are but rarely if ever sounded together. The mode in which they used the sacred name is this:—in their solemn religious dances, they commence with solemn reverence of the body, singing Yah, Yah, Yay, then Ho, Ho, Ho, afterwards He, He, He, and lastly Wah, Wah, Wah, i. e. Yehohewah. Then they will strike up again and sing the praise of the Lord in a well known Hebrew word, Hal, Hal, Hal, le, le, le, lu, lu, lu, yah, yah, yah, i. e. Halleluyah. And frequently the whole of them will then strike up afresh, Halle, Halle, Halle, Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah. So also they frequently sing the name Shiloh, without knowing that it means Christ; and this name they associate with the name of four letters—singing Shilu, Shilu, Shilu-Yah, Shilu-Yah, Shilu He, Shilu He, Shilu He, Shilu Ho, Shilu Wah, Shilu Wah. Thus they use the name Jehovah, but by dividing, into four parts, and repeating each of these parts two, three, four or more times, and then proceeding to the next, they avoid that which they deem irreverent, naming the whole of that word together. Thus they seem to have the same view of the word which is commonly entertained by Jews to the present day: who regard taking in vain *that* name as a sin against the third commandment, while they would deem it innocent to use the words God and Lord with the greatest familiarity. So it is said of the Indians by attentive observers, that if frightened or hurt, they will exclaim, Wah! or O Wah! just as we find white people exclaiming, Lord! or O Lord!

It is farther asserted that though these Indian tribes are without the knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures, and even of letters, that yet they derive from tradition some historical particulars which seem to have been borrowed from the Bible. And they are great hands at this sort of historical recordings—their "old beloved men" selecting from among the young men the most suitable persons, and delivering to them what they themselves had received in the same manner, with great solemnity. Thus, it is said, there are vestiges of the history of the creation of man, of the deluge, of the tower of Babel, of Aaron's rod, &c.

Many resemblances are pointed out between the observances, manners, and prejudices of the Israelites and these Indians—few of them when taken singly of much force as to the matter of evidence to prove their relationship, but when viewed as a whole, affording extremely interesting and extraordinary agreements. On the subject of phylacteries, which the descendants of Jacob regarded with so much strictness and solemnity, we have a very curious and wonderful story, detailed in the pages before us, which we quote in full, and with the conjectures appended to it. Our readers will make what use of it they choose, nor could any surmises of ours render the subject to be now introduced more clear or more obscure than it at present stands.

"The Rev. E. Smith has published a detailed account of the measures pursued by the Rev. Dr. Griffen, late President of William's College, to ascertain the truth in relation to a phylactery said to have been buried by the Indians, and which had been discovered. The circumstances were these: Joseph Merrick, Esq. a highly respectable and religious character, who lived at Pittsfield, Mass., was levelling some ground on Indian Hill, at Pittsfield, in the year 1815, and in doing so had occasion to remove from a particular part of the surface a considerable depth of earth. Near the spot where the earth had been dug the deepest, he found something that looked like a kind of black strap, about six inches in length and one and a half in breadth, and something thicker than the draw leather of a harness. He perceived that it had at each end a loop of some hard substance, apparently for the purpose of its being held by when carried. For a time he took but little notice of it, but afterwards examined it. When he attempted to cut it he found it hard—but on getting it open he found four leaves of old parchment. They were secured and made water tight by being sewn up in pieces of thick raw hide with the sinews of some animal. The leaves were written upon, and while the neighbours were gratifying their curiosity, one of the leaves was torn and destroyed. The remaining three were taken to Cambridge by Mr. Sylvester Larned, one of the graduates, and after they had been there examined, Mr. Larned wrote a letter, in which he says after some time, and with much difficulty and assistance, I have ascertained their meaning, which is as follows: (I have numbered the manuscripts.)

"'No. 1, is translated by Deut. 6th chap. 4th to 9th verses inclusive.

"'No. 2, by Deut. 11th chap. 13th to 21st verses inclusive.

"'No. 3, by Exodus, 13th chap. 11th to 16th verses inclusive.'"

"This is his report, and the celebrated Calmet states that (which the editor of this work confirms) these are the very texts that the Jews write upon three of the four leaves of their phylacteries. These phylacteries are usually little boxes containing rolls of parchment, upon which portions of the law are written, and they are worn, particularly during the morning prayer, upon the forehead and wrist of the left hand. At first it was suggested that some Jew had possibly lived there, but upon minute investigation it could not be found that any Jew had ever passed through the town, from the time of its settlement, excepting the editor of this work. Inquiry was made as to British troops that had been there, and it was ascertained that there was not a Jew among them. Various learned men saw the phylactery found on Indian Hill, and from the most accurate observations they could make, they were of opinion that it was so very ancient that there was no apparent reason for supposing it was not written in ancient Israel. The colour was dark yellow—similar to some Arabic parchment manuscripts belonging to the Antiquarian Society at Worcester, and which were written long before the Christian era. Rev. E. Smith mentions a statement which he had from the Rev. Chauncey Cook, of Chili, New-York, that the Rev. Dr. West, of Stockbridge, had been informed by an old Indian, that his fathers had had a book which they long preserved; but having lost the knowledge of reading it, they

concluded it would be of no use to them, and therefore buried it with an Indian chief.

"Upon this subject, Mr. Smith remarks, that if the Indians be Israelites, and brought their phylacteries to this country, they would naturally keep them with diligence—he adds, 'they would naturally become some of the most precious contents in their holy ark, as their nation formerly kept the holy law in their ark. Here such a phylactery would be safe through ever so many centuries. This is so far from being improbable, that it is almost a moral certainty. After their knowledge of reading had long been lost, some chief or high priest, or old beloved wise man (keeper of their traditions,) fearing these precious leaves would get lost or parted, might naturally sew them in a fold of raw skins with the sinews of an animal, (the most noted of Indian thread,) and kept his roll still in the ark, or carry it upon his belt. All this is what might most naturally be expected in such a case. This thing might have been thus safely brought down to a period near to the time when the natives last occupied Indian Hill, in Pittsfield; perhaps in the early part of the last century. Its owner then might lose it there; or (what is most probable) it was buried with some chief or high priest; and hence was providentially transmitted to us. This I venture to say (on the supposition the Indians are of Israel) is by no means so improbable, as that some modern Jew left it there in the situation in which it was found. The style of the preservation of these parchments appears to be Indian, but not Jewish. No modern Jew would be likely to hide his precious leaves of phylacteries in a roll of raw hide sewed with the sinews of an animal. Nor would he leave them, had he done it on Indian Hill, under ground; sooner would he sacrifice his life than thus rudely to profane the most sacred symbols of religion! It is incredible.

"This view of the subject may give an intelligible view of the account of the old Indian at Stockbridge to Dr. West, that his fathers had buried not long ago a book which they could not read; and it may give a striking view of the vigilant care of the watchman of Israel, who never slumbers in relation to laying in train this singular item of evidence among many others which should combine to bring to light that ancient people.

But there are many other less dubious coincidences and species of evidence than the discovery of this supposed phylactery; such as some of those observed and described by Dr. Boudinot and others —for example, the feasts which these Indians hold and celebrate, corresponding as several of them do, with the feasts of the Hebrews. The most important are—

1. Their feast of first-fruits, and after it, on the evening of the same day, one something like the passover.
2. The hunters' feast, like that of pentecost.
3. The feast of harvest, and day of expiation of sin.
4. A daily sacrifice.
5. A feast of love.

It is to be borne in mind that the persons who have published the fullest accounts of these things, had the advantage of studying

the manners and character of the American aborigines many years ago, and before they were affected or corrupted by any extensive intercourse with Europeans.

We shall conclude our extracts from Mr. Frey's volume on the subject of the American tribes, with one which shows that they have a law that is not very dissimilar to the divine law given to the Israelites, which provided cities of refuge for the accidental manslayer.

"They regard the blood of a kinsman as calling upon them with irresistible eloquence to shed blood for blood; to avenge the blood of a relative they will travel hundreds of miles, and keep their anger alive until they have taken vengeance, although many years may elapse. Yet they have an ancient custom of setting apart certain houses and towns as places of refuge, to which a criminal and even a captive may flee, and be safe from the avenger of blood if he can but enter it. Bartram mentions the Apalachuela town in the Greek nation as sacred to peace, and adds, 'No captives are put to death or human blood spilt here.' Adair says, that although the Cherokees are now exceedingly corrupt, they still observe the law of refuge so inviolably, that they allow their beloved town the privilege of protecting even a wilful murderer; but they seldom allow him to return home from it in safety. There is a town of refuge called *Choate*, on a stream of the Mississippi, five miles above where fort Loudon formerly stood. In this place an Englishman found protection, after killing an Indian in defence of his property. He would after a time have returned home, but the chiefs told him the attempt to do so would be fatal to him. He therefore remained until he had satisfied the relatives of the deceased with presents. In the upper country of the *Muskoge* there was an old beloved town called *Koosah*, now reduced to a small ruinous village, which is still a place of safety for those who kill undesignedly. Indeed, towns of this description appear to have been in almost every Indian nation; they are called old beloved, holy or white towns, and it does not appear that human blood has ever been spilt in them, although it is admitted that persons have sometimes been forced from them and then murdered elsewhere."

Each reader will make the best of these, and similar resemblances, according, probably, to his previous modes of thinking. That some of them are extraordinary and deeply interesting all must feel; that they are conclusive, or that they might not be weakened by apparently very strong evidence of a contrary tendency, is perhaps no less true. One important fact occurs to us, which Mr. Frey, so far as we have observed, has not combated or accounted for, and yet it militates strongly against his decided opinion and elaborately argued doctrine—if the American Indians be the Ten Tribes, and are to return at no distant date to the land of their Israelitish fathers. We refer to the circumstance which, we believe, every recent writer concerning the American Indians has mentioned, explained, and lamented; and to which the increase and prosperity of the white-men is daily adding authenticity and incontrovertible proofs, viz.

that the aborigines are at a fearful rate diminishing in numbers, degenerating in character, and losing more rapidly their national manners. These melancholy facts are the result of the incroachments of the white men, whether by superior skill in war, or peaceful diplomacy—by the habits of civilized life, which are incongruously engrafted upon a savage-stock, and above all by the abundance and cheapness of the intoxicating liquors for which the Indians have acquired a passionate desire, and which circulates amongst their tribes with a speed and a malignity that no liquid poison can ever surpass—breaking down not merely their physical energies, but destroying the intellectual powers, and implanting debilitating vices where the freedom and magnanimity, of the hunter and the warrior were before so conspicuous. It is not for us nor any man to utter a word that would intimate a limitation of Divine power, or the entire and unfailing accuracy of all his predictions. But on the other hand, we must not be rash in bending those predictions to our theories, or in giving heed to our fancies as to the manner, the place, the time in which that power is to be exercised, seeing that the persons it immediately concerns, and the mode of its operation, have not been distinctly pointed out by Deity himself.

It is but just to the author to state, at the same time, that he is careful not to commit himself by any unmodified opinion as to the actual residence of the Ten Tribes since their *dispersion*—but naturally supposes, as indeed the word purports, that they may be scattered through various distant countries, so as to afford some just grounds for the discordant conjectures of the persons who have differed in their accounts on this subject. It may not, for instance, be a very wild notion which suggests, that when the Israelites left the places to which the Assyrian monarch first sent them, though some staid behind, that the greater number passed over the Euphrates, going northward and then eastward, till they at length gained the north-east extremity of Asia. Some or many of them might then pass over to the north-west of America, by crossing Behring's Straits.

One other opinion, and the reasons for it regarding the present condition and habitation of the Ten Tribes, is the only addition offered in Mr. Frey's present volume on the subject; and this is, that the Afghans are this people. Others think they are derived from a Jewish stock. It is declared on good authority, that a learned Afghan has said, that "his nation are Beni Israel," that is, sons of Israel. We quote one paragraph on this point.

"M. Langles, in detailing the literary labours of Protestant Missionaries in the East, in the third number of the 'Archives du Christianisme,' published at Paris last March, observes that 'the country of the Afghans, called Afghanistan, extends from the 29th to the 35th degree of North latitude, and from the 62d to the 75th degree of East longitude from Greenwich;

it is bounded on the north by the mountains which divide it from Kachgar and Badakhchan; on the north-west by other mountains which separate it from Turkestan; on the west it encloses a part of Khoracan, the other part belonging to the Shah of Persia; while the south is terminated by deserts and Beloutchistan. The Indus, which rises about the 35th degree of north latitude, forms the chief boundary of Afghanistan on the east. Many learned men of respected authority, such as Sir William Jones, and others, have conjectured that the Afghans are descended from the ten tribes of Israel led away captive by Salmanasar, and banished to Halah and Hahor, along the river Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes. An intelligent Afghan, who was lately at Serampore, remarked that his countrymen were called 'the children of Israel, not of Judah.' Mr. Chamberlain, in a letter dated the 23d April, 1814, observes, 'A very great number of the Afghans are indisputably the descendants of Abraham; their language comprising a greater number of Hebrew words than any other in India.' In fact, according to Pomponius Mela, and other ancient geographers, Media was only a hundred leagues distant from the frontier of Modern Afghanistan. The greater part of the inhabitants profess the Mahommedan religion. They have borrowed the Arabic alphabet, adding some characters and marks requisite to give the sounds of the Sanscrit. The Pushtoo, the tongue of the Afghans, and the Beloutchiky, may be considered as the two links which unite the languages of Sanscrit with those of Hebrew origin. Such is the opinion adopted and maintained by the Protestant Missionaries; but all their conjectures, and even the imposing authority of that illustrious character Sir William Jones, added to my own researches, are all insufficient, as I think, to counterbalance the investigations of Mr. Elphinstone. The authority of this learned traveller appears to me to be irrefragable: 'All this theory,' he says, 'is plausible, and it may even be true; but if it be attentively examined, it will easily be seen that it rests wholly on a very vague tradition enveloped in the profoundest obscurity.' I pass over the observations and facts by which Mr. Elphinstone destroys this specious hypothesis, and *proves that the Afghans are not exotic, but aboriginal;* and indeed it more rarely happens, I believe, that the inhabitants of plains settle in the mountains, than for mountaineers to *descend in order to settle in the plain.*'"

Whilst speaking of the Afghans, we may observe that there has lately been printed by the Committee of the Oriental Translation Fund, a second volume of a history of this people. The translation is from the Persian, and is by Dr. Bernhard Dorn. In this work we have not discovered any striking intimations of a Hebrew origin; but before closing the present paper, we may as well allow our readers to taste a little of the inflated matter which fills the portion before us, which is chiefly occupied by Memoirs of the Afghan saints, and accounts of the miracles which these worthies have performed. Among the Oriental epithets used, are to be found "the son of the sphere of guidance",—"the extract of the herbage of religion,"—"that principal pole of the globe of sanctity,"—that

" crocodile in the sea of unity,"—that " falcon of the religion of the saints," &c.

" That investigator of truth, and revealer of mysteries; that flower of the just and essence of the pious, Sheikh Mati Khalil, was a strict ascetic. They constituted him the head of twelve Scarbanni clans; and the Afghans flocked in numbers to him, to become his pupils. When the rumour of his miracles had spread over the whole world, Sheikh Kutahr Kasi came to try them; and proudly asked him, ' Do you style yourself the head of twelve clans?' To which he answered, ' Yes.' While they were one day seated on the banks of a river, Sheikh Hassan said, ' The ocean consists of water; and this river, on the banks of which we sit, consists of water, too: dive down, and fetch up pearls.' To this, Sheikh Mati replied, ' O Hassan! the diver gathers pearls in the ocean; but a saint should dive under ground, and pick up pearls from thence.' Sheikh Hassan Kasi saying, ' In the name of God!' Sheikh Mati ordered his youngest son, Hassan, to dive under ground, and, filling both his hands with pearls from the Almighty's subterranean treasury, to bring them up. The ground, where he was standing, opened; and young Hassan dived down, and reappeared with his hands full of pearls, which he laid before Sheikh Hassan Kasi. Upon that, he desired to dive down himself, to procure pearls; but when he got down as far as his knees, Sheikh Mati struck his hand upon the ground, and exclaimed, ' Do not allow Hassan Kasi to dive!'—in consequence of which, the latter could only with the greatest difficulty extricate his knee from the ground. He then seized the foot of Sheikh Mati Khalil, and said, ' I am now fully convinced of thy greatness.' But God knows best the truth of this.

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" That pole-star of the saints, and evidence of the devotees; that chosen of the Deity, and wave in the ocean of eternity, Sheikh Ali Sarvar Lodi Shalu Khail, was one of the distinguished individuals amongst this tribe. He lived in the village called Gahrur, belonging to Mooltan. He was very devout; his prayers were always fulfilled, and his sight was blissful. The people of the contiguous districts ranged themselves in the series of his disciples. During thirty years, he never lay down, nor indulged in sleep. One day, while sitting in the mosque, a barber came in to shave him, but immediately lost the use of his eyes. Now, every person that Sheikh Najm Uddeen cast his sight upon obtained the gift of revelation. He, therefore, smiled, and said that this was very easy. When the barber finished his work, he felt himself in a wonderful state, and discoursed on the revelation of mysteries. He laid down his avocation, and devoted himself to an ascetic life; and people used to have .ecourse to him for the relief of their wants. Several pieces of timber having been carried to the sheikh, to repair his house, ten thieves, during the night, stole some of the pieces, put them upon their heads, and went away. On their arrival at home, they attempted to take their burdens off their heads, which, however, in spite of all their efforts, they could not effect. Being frightened in the extreme, they carried the timber back to the place where they had stolen it. In the morning they

came to the sheikh, and confessed their guilt. His noble descendants at present are the resource of high and low, and his progeny and tribes are well settled."

It only now remains for us, in reference to Mr. Frey and his volumes, to state that he has lately arrived in London from America—one of his objects being "to facilitate the gratuitous distribution amongst the Jews of his work, entitled, "Joseph and Benjamin," in the language in which it is now printed, and also to get it translated and printed in the German language,"—another important object, "is to collect materials and open correspondence to enrich the future numbers and volumes of the Jewish Intelligencer," the production from which we have drawn so copiously concerning the Ten Tribes; in all which undertakings we sincerely wish and hope that every success may attend him, that his long-continued and arduous exertions merit.

ART. II.—*Excursions through the Highlands and Isles of Scotland, in* 1835 *and* 1836. By the REV. C. LESINGHAM SMITH, M.A. Fellow, and late Mathematical Lecturer, of Christ's College, Cambridge. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1837.

THERE are a goodly number of erroneous, as well as of silly, statements in this volume, and yet it is one that ought to be and will be extensively read. Whatever opinion one may form of particular portions of it, there is a charm about the whole which irresistibly leads on from page to page, leaving at the close not merely delightful but instructive impressions. This arises from the union of culture with amiability of mind on the part of the author, together with a peculiar felicity of description which attends his representations. We have intimated that the work, which, be it observed, is modest and portable in its appearance, conveys useful lessons along with entertainment. One of these lessons, and it is not slight, consists in the deep interest which the writer felt, or rather feels, and lends in behalf of an important section of the British empire. The Rev. gentleman, in fact, begets that sort of affection towards himself, and for the land and people he visited in these Excursions, which forces the reader to wish that it were in his power to traverse the same paths, but not without him who has here sketched and vivified them. Having uttered so many generalities, we must proceed to allow the author to show himself in his own dress and capacity.

These Excursions, as the title of the volume announces, were performed at two different but very recent times in parts of Scotland, which, though often described, are exhaustless as respects the sublimity and variety of scenery, as well as the simple but ener-

getic character of the natives. It is well suggested by Mr. Smith, in his preface, that though Mont Blanc soars to an elevation to which the highest mountain in Scotland can offer no parallel, yet to the mere tourist, who has no ready scale of comparison, by which to decide, there is sufficient magnificence in the latter country to arouse the highest feelings of awe and wonder—all those emotions created by the truly sublime. "Who can look down from the crags of Ben Nevis without a shudder, or survey with indifference the gloomy magnificence of Cornishk?" Then as to historical associations, though the Highlands be greatly inferior in the eyes of the scholar to the classic lands of the south, they are so full of romantic incident as to engage the imagination as ingrossingly as the most celebrated spots described in ancient story. "The huge mountains arrayed along the western shore; the vast perpendicular cliffs, which, terminating the land all around, are fantastically chisselled into columnar islets, or subterranean caves; the boundless ocean, so prolific when calm, and so fearful in its wrath, but majestic alike in sunshine or in storm—these are features which compensate, in no slight degree, for the soaring granite, and the everlasting ice;" at the same time the "mountain peasantry of Scotland may most proudly challenge competition with all the kingdoms of the world."

It was in August of the year 1835, that the author made his first Excursion northwards; and, we should say, he commenced it a month or six weeks too late, considering the latitude, and the almost uniform humid condition at that season, of the western coast of our island, which engaged his particular attention. We find him in Greenock, on the 16th of the above mentioned month, which was Sabbath, and noting down that on that very day, and during the kirk-service, the town looked "like a desert, not a soul stirring, and the very dogs having gone to kennel,"—which notice shows that the reverend author was unaccustomed in the South to such a strictness of observance of the Lord's Day. Our English readers should not, it may here be suggested, be so much astonished at the support which the Scotch have lent to Sir Andrew Agnew's principles of legislation, nor feel so much alarmed, as many of them probably are, respecting what would be the comforts and the worldly prosperity of the people, were a similar abstinence from labour and amusement to be observed throughout the land. Again, amid the sublimities of the Western Highlands, and on the shore of Loch Etivé, he descried a white church "sleeping among the quiet woods, with not a house visible for miles around it. One wonders how so desolate a region as this can possibly supply a congregation, but I understand that people attend from immense and almost incredible distances. There it stands upon a dreary shore, peacefully rearing its slender spire among the stunted trees

that surround it—a temple in a desert!" We pounce upon these notices, not merely as characteristic specimens of the author's subjects of observation, and style of description, but as worthy themes for reflection every where. At Inverary we find this happy sketch of the Highland sheep—" the little animals are so active and graceful in their motions, and so very elegant in their forms, that," he says, he was " half-inclined to steal one"—the idea of this sort of theft being suggested to him by the fact that it is owing to the number of these animals there pastured, along with assaults (arising, we presume, not merely from the copious draughts of whisky which the people drink, but the family and clannish feuds that linger among them), almost the only crime that occurs in those parts. This statement of a well-known truth, leads us to remark along with the author, that the moral features in the character of the Highlanders are a winning gentleness of manners, a constant readiness to oblige, an honesty, in the comparatively untrodden and therefore uncorrupted districts, which is as conspicuous as their poverty, and a security of person for the traveller that is absolute —a friend being found in every one the stranger meets; so that a perfect assurance is conveyed that his person and purse are as secure as they could be in a bank or a fortress.

Tourists are constantly falling in with strange as well as unexpected encounters; and not the least interesting of these sorts of events must always be, when former friends are met with in out-of-the-way lands; or when dramatic characters, so to speak, come across a person, where nothing but simplicity, quietness, and uniformity are to be expected. We like the man who is described in the following manner, as well as him who is the describer. The solitary is met with at Inverary; but there is more in the extract.

"There was one solitary man with a weather-stained countenance, who, when I took my seat near him, addressed a few ordinary words to me. I was soon after called away by the waiter to another table, where tea was placed for me, and the weather-beaten man was again left alone. He seemed so utterly abandoned by his kind, that I could not refrain from speaking to him again; on which he immediately drew his chair to my table, seeming delighted to have a human being to associate with. He said he was just returned from Canada, where he had been residing for the last four years. The Government he described as being in a very unsettled state, on account of the animosity existing between the English and French population. In their House of Assembly, some of the speeches are delivered in French, and some in English. He resided within gun-shot of the American frontier, and spoke in no very measured terms of the American character. It is a frequent practice with them, he says, to get into debt on the Canada side, and then step over the frontier, and defy their creditors. Mrs. Trollope's book is very little exaggerated, for they have no manners, and no feeling. They speak of attending an execution as 'taking a day's pleasure!' They are

utterly selfish, even within the pale of their own family; and when the cholera raged there, many deserted their own parents and brethren. This disease was so destructive that churchyards were covered with dead bodies, for which neither coffins nor graves could be provided. A friend of his was tossed with other carcasses into the general heap, and quicklime was actually strewn over the whole, the poor man being perfectly conscious all the while, but unable to stir: at last he contrived to crawl out, and is now alive and well. Many persons were buried in this horrid and premature way, for the Americans never keep any body for more than a day, a man being good for nothing when he is dead. He told a singular story of three Irishmen, who were seized with cholera when perfectly intoxicated, and were carried in a cart to the sheds erected outside the town for the reception of the sick. The surgeon, who was exhausted with his day's work, said he should not attend to men who had no respect for their own lives; and so having administered medicines to the other patients, he left the Irishmen to their fate. When he returned in the morning, all were dead, except the neglected Paddies, who, on seeing the doctor, immediately exclaimed, 'When will your honour be ordering us a drop of drink?'—One of the victims of this pestilence was Brandt, the chief of the Huron tribe: he was a fine young man, much beloved by his people, a captain in the English service, and a descendant of that General Johnson who had such great influence with the Indians. He died as much from drinking, as from cholera; and it seems that this fatal habit is destroying numbers of the red people. My new acquaintance stated, that, on arriving at Glasgow, he wished to see three of his friends who were living there when he left Scotland; but, on enquiring, he found that they were all under the sod.

"'I am a native,' said he, 'of this very country, and was born under the sides of Ben Cruachan: I am a true Highlander, and Gaelic is my native tongue. But, though this is my birth-place, I am as much a stranger here as you, who are a Southron. My father and mother died when I was a lad, and I am now alone in the world.'

"Poor fellow! I pitied him from the very bottom of my soul. Yet he was of a sturdy frame, and seemed fully competent to push on through life without a friend. He afterwards told me, that in Canada he had resided with English people, and though born a Presbyterian, he had joined our Church, at first from necessity, but since from choice: our funeral service he deeply admired, his own countrymen having nothing of the kind. When we separated, I held out my hand, for which he seemed scarcely prepared; for he shook it very heartily, and said most feelingly—'God bless you!'

I involuntarily replied—'Thank you;' and surely a benediction so unsolicited, and so sincere, was a proper subject for gratitude."

We find the reverend author frequently reverts to the subject of the services and forms of worship of the *Kirk*. And, that we may not dwell wearifully upon one subject, or have to repeat the same opinions too often, we must say, that while he is candid and outspoken, there is that narrowness of mind—that ignorance we were almost going to say—discoverable in some of his statements, which

could hardly have been expected from an M. A., and a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. For instance, after giving us an outline of the service of the Presbyterian church, as performed in Scotland, which, surely it required no learned clerk to describe, this *rambling* gentleman goes on to say, in one part of his work, that his firm conviction is, "that in no single respect whatever can it (the service of the Presbyterian kirk) bear a comparison with the service of the church of England." Now this is very good, though not very wonderful on the part of a man, who is a licentiate of another ecclesiastical establishment. But instead of carrying any argument with it, the assertion is not only silly, but one upon which a member, or minister, of the kirk would find very little difficulty in perplexing and perhaps confuting Mr. C. L. Smith. He says, on the occasion referred to, that not a line of Scripture was read, excepting the text; and then goes on to talk as if this was according to the uniform formula in the establishment. Now, he should know better, and should have said, that a recommendation to the contrary exists in the standard of the establishment, which is very generally followed, and always, it is to be presumed, observed according to circumstances, which the minister should be best acquainted with. We venture to surmise that there was not a member of the congregation at Inverary, which gave occasion to all this discussion, who could not have posed our author on any doctrinal point of divinity with the armoury drawn from the Bible. One extract, referrible to the theme upon which we now write, though it cannot edify any one, will show up Mr. Smith as a prepossessed, and not a very strong-minded man. He is in Glasgow.

"This morning I made a point of attending the Presbyterian service in the choir of the cathedral: it differs in no respect from the service of the humblest chapel. The contrast between the simplicity of their religious forms (for, let them simplify as they will, there must be some forms) and the splendour of the edifice in which they were assembled, was by no means agreeable. Oh! how I longed to hear the sacred tones of our own majestic organ, and the rich melody of our choristers, instead of the meagre notes of one poor clerk, and the accompaniment of an unmusical congregation.

"Another thing which offended my English prejudices especially was, that the men walked into the cathedral with their hats on, and never took them off, till they had reached their pews. The moment too, that the blessing was ended, on went the hats again; as if the place were only sacred, while the voice of the pastor echoed along the aisles.

"In the afternoon I went to hear Dr. Wardlaw: his sermon was written, and very excellent. What a contrast to the tautological, disjointed harangue of the morning! He belongs not to the Kirk of Scotland, but differs I believe only in forms, not at all in doctrine. I observed two circumstances, in which there was a departure from the rules of the national kirk. The first was, that the congregation stood up to sing,

instead of keeping their seats: the second, and much the most important, that a chapter from the Old Testament, and another from the New, was read before the sermon commenced.

"These alterations indicate, that there is a tendency to revert to the forms of the Church of England, and that the servile dread of imitating its customs will speedily die away. I hope they will soon borrow from us another of our practices, that of kneeling down while in the act of prayer. It is perfectly true, that, if our homage be but sincere, all ceremonies are alike in the eye of Him, who is the common object of our faith and worship; but with reference to ourselves, and to the effect produced upon our own minds, one religious form may unboubtedly be more or less appropriate than another. Now the act of kneeling has in all times, and nations, been considered as expressive of humiliation, and as the proper attitude of a suppliant; nay, it is used by the Presbyterians themselves in their family worship, and in the solitude of their own chambers. Then, why not bring back to their temples a custom so decent and so impressive; so consonant to our earliest notions of adoration, and so grounded upon the authority of Scripture itself?"

It is not difficult to deal with the sectarianism displayed in the above paragraphs; only it would occupy too much of our space, and lead us beyond our usual sphere, were we to pursue the questions involved to their uttermost. Let it suffice to say, that if devotion and religion be matters that concern immediately the heart and the reasoning faculties of man, there may be as much risk incurred of sacrifising the interests of these immortal parts of our nature, by a multiplicity of addresses to our perishable senses, as by an austere appeal, and one denuded of almost all external ceremony. We believe that to the devout and the meditative Protestant, the cathedral service of England savours much of that which is offensive. But be this as it may, the author betrays a singular ignorance or prejudice concerning the unity of the kirk, when he supposes that a different formula should prevail in St. Mungo's Cathedral, from that followed in the plainest rustic temple in the land. Then, think of him presuming that the rules of the national church were about to be relaxed, and to revert to those observed in the English establishment, because in the chapel belonging to an Independent congregation, the worshippers *stood up* to sing! Mr. Smith may afflict himself, if he chooses, with the assurance that the very contrary tendency has been produced, which a superficial acquaintance with some not very remote discussions that took place in the synods of Scotland are capable of proving. Again, as to the act of kneeling during prayer, however expressive it may be of humility, according to our habits of thinking and conducting ourselves, we must suggest that total prostration is perhaps still more so. But surely the reverend author should be aware, that prayer includes more than one process of mind and exercise of feelings, some of which suggest contradictory postures of the body. Supplication,

we contend, is associated with a lifting up of hands—adoration with a direct address of visage and head to heaven, and an upright posture—thanksgiving with an attitude distinct from that of confession of sins. Yet each of these constitute a legitimate and appropriate, and, in fact, an indispensable portion of prayer. But why do we dwell on such subjects which are foreign to our province? The answer is, that thereby is shown how much the colouring which the narrow-minded, and especially, we may say, the exclusives of the English universities, are apt to give to peculiar observances, which are susceptible of a very simple explanation, and it may be defence—whenever they happen to be different from those to which such philosophers have been accustomed from their babyhood. In the most ordinary circumstances of life, if anything may be witnessed by these gentlemen, which is at variance with the habits of their own circle, it is set down as indicative of ignorance, perversion of mind, or want of taste. As specimens of the author's weakness and small-talk on some other occasions, we quote from two parts of the volume.

"On descending to Loch Lomond we perceived, that the surface of it was violently agitated by the wind, which was much more powerful here than on Loch Katrine. The men, whose duty it was to put us on board the steamer, stated that this was impossible in such weather, and that the steamer itself dared not leave the opposite shore. This proved to be the case, for we soon had the mortification of seeing her pass by us without notice, and keeping close in to the western side. To add to our misfortunes, the rain now commenced, and we had these three resources. We might return as we came; but nobody would hear of walking back five miles, and being rowed eight more in such weather; we might stay at Inversnaid, a wretched hovel with broken windows, and a host of rats, who had the assurance to carry on their squeaks and quarrels all around, while we were taking a little whisky; or, lastly, we might walk ten miles over a mountain path along the flank of Ben Lomond to Rowerdinnan, where there was a good inn. A guide whom we consulted said, that a pony could not be taken this way; what then was to become of the young lady? The elder B., who was a minister, and a rather corpulent man, and had never been from home before in his life, groaned in spirit; the American looked miserable; the Irishman said nothing. But Miss F. declared that she could walk ten miles very easily; and her resolution animating the others, we at last all set out for Rowerdinnan. I who had lately been so much on the mountains, knew very well what we had to encounter; and I could not help feeling very apprehensive for this poor girl; but her spirit was invincible, and she not only accomplished this most arduous task herself, but by her example encouraged and shamed into similar exertion some who would otherwise have given up in despair. The rain was incessant, and occasionally was borne along in sheets by the gusts of wind. The path also was very trying; sometimes ascending a long way up the mountain, where its slope to the loch was precipitous; sometimes leading over burns, across which there was either no bridge at all, or merely a couple of slippery

poles. My whisky flask was very serviceable, being the only one in the party. The American was the sole person besides myself who carried his own knapsack; the B—s took a carpet bag between them part of the way, but soon got assistance from one of the little huts that we passed,

"With such a numerous party, of course our progress was not very quick; but the lady was by no means the last. It was impossible to give her any assistance, because the path admitted only one person. Three of us at last agreed to walk forward without the guide, and make the people at the inn prepare fires and dinner. This was of much service to the others. All the party at length arrived in safety, and soon changed their dress. Mr. F—— and the second Mr. B——, borrowed trowsers of the landlord, the others were provided with a change of their own, except the minister and myself. We were obliged to resume our wet coats and trowsers, a marvellously uncomfortable plan; but a good dinner and a merry party soon made us forget our hardships, or remember them only as jests. Mr. F. was president, and I was vice-president. I took the earliest opportunity of proposing a bumper to the health of the young lady, who had so heroically achieved a perilous journey, and had cheered us all by her fortitude and courage. This toast was drunk with great applause. We began to look back to history, in order to discover some parallel to our mountain march. One of us instanced the passage of the Alps by Hannibal; another the retreat of the ten thousand under Xenophon; a third that of the French under Ney; but all these were abandoned, as not rising sufficiently near the sublime. The evening was concluded in great hilarity, to which port and whisky contributed considerably."

In the next extract, the reference at the commencement, is to certain objects of art at Scone palace, the occasional residence of Lord Mansfield.

"While we were examining these, a very elegant girl continued undisturbed at the piano. I was surprised to learn on enquiry that she was Lord Mansfield's eldest daughter, and could not help casting an involuntary glance at my old weather-beaten shooting jacket. A young man, who had, like myself, come to see the castle, on learning into what august presence the major-domo had intruded him, was perfectly in horrors, and insisted on leaving the gallery directly.

"'If I am not afraid of bringing you here, sir,' said the man of office, 'I don't see why you should be so very modest.'

"And then he went on explaining more fully and loudly every article in the room. But the other would not hear him, and at last we all retired from the presence of the young lady. I never longed so much for a black coat, which would have enabled me to apologise for our involuntary intrusion, and express our gratitude for being allowed to examine the whole castle, even at the expense of interrupting the domestic arrangements of its inmates. As the case stood, however, I took another look at my old jacket—saw a little rent in front—it would not do!—and followed the rest in silence."

But taking our rambles all in all, we are exceedingly well pleased with him, on account of his light and off-hand sketches. Two or three examples will make him a confirmed favourite also among our

readers. Though innumerable have been the descriptions and admiring visiters of *Auld Reekie*, Mr. Smith ought to be regarded as an acceptable follower.

"Oh! how beautiful! how magnificent! Edina, thou art fairer than all the cities of the earth, for the powers of nature and of man have united in thy decoration! How finely do the venerable, irregular, and lofty buildings on the one side, ascending, tier above tier, on the crowded hill, contrast with the geometric squares and rectilinear streets, the gardens and the statues on the other! How the eye delights to dwell on the architectural splendour of Grecian temple or Gothic pile; and to behold arising frequent from the general mass, pinnacle and spire, and dome and tower, meet symbols of a Christian city! And with what pre-eminence of majesty does that rock-built fortress stand firm and peerless over all, bringing home to the memory many a fearful tale of siege and sally, and chivalrous emprize! Northward, beyond the port of Leith, the Firth of Forth rolls fast its ample tide, bearing homewards on its bosom the goodly barque freighted with the produce of other climes: while in the opposite quarter, Salisbury crags, upreared in all the grandeur of desolation, frown over the populous scene below; and higher still soars the lion-like form of Arthur's seat.

"Such is the view from Calton Hill. This eminence itself is an extremely picturesque object, being crowned with an unfinished model of the Parthenon, the columns of which shew finely against the azure sky, and also a tall monument to Nelson, the High School, and other buildings of doubtful taste.

"I afterwards took a long planless ramble among the avenues and passages of the Old Town, delighting myself with its time-worn tenements, so shattered, yet so aspiring! Sometimes the backs of these are nearly twice as high as the fronts, owing to the very abrupt change in the level of the ground; but the lowest side is lofty compared with ordinary houses. At the distance of about every twenty yards along the main streets there branch off steep, narrow, dark alleys, called 'wynds' or 'closes,' each of them a study for the painter; their curious windows and external staircases supplying all that intricacy, which is essential to the picturesque. But besides all these natural attractions, every spot where I wandered was familiarised and hallowed by associations of history or romance. Think of Holyrood House, Herriott's Hospital, the Canongate, the Grassmarket, the Nether Bow, and a multitude of others—their very names have, like Aladdin's lamp, a creative power; and present to the mind's eye in magic array the chronicles and legends of the past."

He has a minute acquaintanceship with, and a fine taste for, the most exquisite and pure of the bards of Scotland, Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns. Edinburgh is still the locality whose antiquities and lions are described.

"But we must leave the precincts of the castle, and step down the esplanade. At its eastern extremity, and on the northern side, a little removed from the main causeway, stands the house, which was built for his own special occupation by the author of the Gentle Shepherd. The central

portion is of an octagon shape, and still remains a monument of Allan's architectural taste; but the other part has been so altered by succeeding proprietors, that the whole no longer bears any resemblance to the 'goose-pye,' to which it was at first facetiously and provokingly compared by the wags of Edinburgh. The premises still pass under the name of the 'Ramsay Gardens,' and the little street which leads by them, is called 'Ramsay Lane.' Hither, then, the veteran poet retired to enjoy, in despite of envy and of criticism, his well-earned fortune and reputation. His wealth he had acquired, partly in his original vocation of wig-maker, or 'scull-thacker,' (as he more humorously expressed it,) and partly in that of a bookseller; in which latter capacity he opened the first circulating library in Edinburgh, or perhaps in Britain. His poetical fame is known among us Southrons almost solely by his great poem, the Gentle Shepherd, 'the sweetest pastoral in any language;' but his loftiest effort is decidedly to be found in 'the Vision.' The admiration with which Burns regarded his writings is well known, and the compliments bestowed on him by the Ayrshire bard are familiar to all:

The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallon,
But thou's for ever!

This, by the way, was very much Allan's own opinion of the matter: it is extremely amusing to mark the Horatian complacency, with which he contemplates the immortality of his own productions. In this quiet retreat he passed a peaceful and a merry old age: enjoying his family party, his friend, and his jest—and whyles may-be, his 'wee bit drappie,' discreetly: and furnishing to the world the rare example of a wealthy and a prudent poet.

"Opposite to the present Royal Exchange, also in the Street, rose the Cross of Edinburgh, where many a momentous proclamation was made, and where the merchants assembled to transact their affairs:—

The lawyers eke to Cross repair
Their wigs to shaw, an' toss an air:
While busy agent closely plies,
An' a' his kittle cases tries.

Even after it was taken down, the men of business for a long while insisted on meeting at the spot, instead of retiring to the less disturbed precincts of the Exchange.

"Eastward still, and on the same side of the causeway, rose another well known building, the Town Guard-house, the head quarters of

—— that black banditti
The City Guard.

These gentry seem to have been always peculiarly obnoxious to the random mob of Edinburgh, who took every possible opportunity of annoying and insulting them:—

—— the City Guard
In military art weel lear'd,
Wi' powder'd pow, an' shaven beard,
Gang through their functions;
By hostile rabble seldom spar'd
O' clarty unctions.

That they succeeded, however, in inspiring fear as well as hatred, is evident from the following :—

Gude fouk ! as ye come frae the fair,
Bide yont frae this black squad ;
There's nae sic savages elsewhere
Allow'd to wear cockad' !
Than the strong lions hungry maw,
Or tusk o' Russian bear,
Frae their wanruly fellin' paw
Mair cause ye hae to fear
Your death that day.

" Still passing down the High Street, the next object of interest is the Tron Kirk, which, like its neighbour St. Giles, has been recased with stone ; it can boast also of a more harmonious bell than that

Wanwordy crazy dinsome thing,

which excited so much indignation in Fergusson :

For when I've toom'd the meikle cap,
An' fain would fa' oure in a nap ;
Troth I cou'd doze as sound's a tap
Wer't not for thee,
That gies the tither weary chap
To wauken me."

After his first Excursion in 1835, and when Mr. Smith took his last look of Caledonia, we have these warm testimonies of the heartfelt interest which that country had excited in him, with an appropriate gem of patriotic poetry, taken from a favourite muse.

" As I crossed the Cheviot Hills in my retreat to England, I gazed for the last time with unaffected regret on this land of mountains and of lakes. A country, in which I have met with so many natural scenes of grandeur or of beauty,—with localities so hallowed by history or song,—with oft recurring instances of kindness, and even of friendship, when I was but a stranger—must needs be long and gratefully remembered, and always with renewed sensations of delight . I had originally determined on passing the winter in Rome, but was dissuaded by various arguments from leaving my native kingdom. The harvest of entertainment which I have reaped in the Highlands, joined to the course of events in the countries, through which I must have past, has long made me cease to regret the substitution of Scottish for Italian scenes. And I can now unfeignedly sympathise in these patriotic thoughts of Fergusson, with which I close my Journal.

" The Arno an' the Tiber lang
Hae run fell clear in Roman sang ;
But save the reverence o' schools !
They're baith but lifeless dowie pools.
Dought they compare wi' bonny Tweed,
As clear as ony laumer-bead ?
Or are their shores more sweet an' gay
Than Fortha's haughs or banks o' Tay ?

Though there the herds can jink the showers
'Mang thriving vines an' myrtle bowers,
An' blaw the reed to kittle strains
While echo's tongue commends their pains;
Like ours they canna warm the heart
Wi' simple, saft, bewitching art.
On Leader haughs, an' Yarrow braes,
Arcadian herds wou'd tyne their lays,
To hear the mair melodious sounds
That live on our poetic grounds."

We now quote from the author's second ramble, which commenced in the July of 1836. The following are faithful and also beautiful descriptions:—

"The Isle of Arran, where it does not bristle up into mountains, and especially the southern portion of it, is tolerably fertile. Almost the whole belongs to the Duke of Hamilton. His Grace will not grant leases for a longer term than nineteen years, in consequence of which there is but little encouragement for building, or for improvements of any kind. A great deal of the land was formerly let in *run-rig* as it is termed; i. e. twenty or thirty families hold parallel strips at the mouth of some glen, and keep eight or ten horses among them, for their common agricultural purposes.

"Such families formed a little tribe, united by one common interest, and almost cut off from the rest of the world by the seclusion of their situation. This system originating in a very primitive state of society, must no doubt have had its disadvantages; and among them, a very serious one must have arisen from the difficulty of bringing over each individual family of the little republic, to acquiesce in any change for the benefit of the whole. Perhaps some considerations of this nature induced the noble proprietor to put an end to the system, by the wholesale expatriation of these humble feuars. For I should be loth to think, that he would drive so many human beings from the soil they were reared on, merely for the purpose of keeping his game in greater security; as many do not scruple to allege.

From Sannox, now rented by a single farmer, no less than twenty families were shipped off for Canada. It is true, that their passage was paid, and, I believe, an additional gratuity was supplied to assist them in establishing a new settlement; but what compensation was this to men banished for ever with their wives and little ones from their native isle, and long-loved homes—from the spots which they haunted in childhood —from those majestic mountains with whose every crag they were familiar in youth? It was a bitter and heart-rending spectacle that morning, when the rugged Highlanders, not without tears in their own eyes, dragged their sobbing wives, and wailing babes to the vessel, which was to bear them for ever from their native shore to a strange and distant clime.

"Torrents of rain confined me to the inn during the whole morning, and I amused myself with finishing the sketch of Glen Rosie. Towards the close of day, there was a sudden and unexpected clearing in the

western sky, and soon after I reached Ardrossan in the steamer, the setting sun went down in unspeakable glory. Oh! that I could paint that gorgeous scene!

"The clouds in light and airy shapes surround his dilated orb, and reflect from their curled borders the golden splendour of his beams. Less brilliant, but more lovely still, are the hues of the mountains beneath him, a blending of all pinks, and purples, and greys, Then cometh the ocean with its flood of rosy light, every one of its countless and laughing wavelets forming a mirror for the departing sun. To the left, and more near, the pier of Ardrossan, dimly seen in the fading light, stretches half across the landscape. Its dark reflection gives the noblest breadth to the picture, while the tall masts of the vessels, that are moored to its side, have their images marked out in long shadowy lines of tremulous softness. To the right is a small bay, upon whose yellow sands the ineffectual ripple, rolling onward in curves concentric with the shore, falls almost without a murmur. The whole is bound in by a foreground of sand, strewn with fragments of rock and sea-weed."

The author is again in Glasgow, and examining St. Mungo's Cathedral.

"The point of greatest interest is the crypt, so admirably described in Rob Roy; judge, therefore, my chagrin, when I learned, that it was closed for repairs, and that no one could gain admittance.

"'But,' said the woman who gave me this disagreeable intelligence, and who probably saw consternation depicted in my countenance, 'ye can gang to the outside, an' keek through some o' the windows amaist as as well's within.'

"Accordingly I made the circuit of the exterior, climbing up to the openings, which were only guarded by iron bars. I was thus enabled to examine the crypt from a number of points, and was amply repaid for my exertion by the singular and impressive scenes revealed to the eye. Of course a portion of light is admitted through every window; but it is soon absorbed by the groined and vaulted roof, or intercepted by the massive pillars that support it. The height, I think, does not exceed seven or eight feet, a circumstance that adds still more to the gloom of these mysterious regions. They are no longer used, as in the time of Rob Roy, for religious assemblies; but are much more appropriately dedicated to the reception of the dead.

"Look at the long line of simple graves, mound succeeding mound of bare cold earth, till the series is lost in the murky distance! The fitful gust sweeps over them with a sigh, and the damp-drop beats time, as it plashes on the tomb. Never a beam of the blessed sun penetrates that drear abode, and not a blade of grass, nor a solitary weed, can sustain existence within its pricincts. It is the mansion of Death!

"I could not help shuddering at the notion of being inhumed in a sepulchre so desolate. Yea, rather let my frail remains be consigned to the modest churchyard of my native village, where the wind blows freely, and the sun shines cheerfully, and the grass grows greenly! And let no proud monumental pile, but only one simple stone preserve my name; that the peasant in future times, when he spells over the record on the

Sabbath-day, may think of me as one who did some good—not much perhaps—but still some little good to his kind. Reason may coldly laugh at such conceits; but something seems to whisper, that it is but a shallow philosophy, to deride any of those ties, that knit us to our homes, and kindred, and neighbours, and country; and that it is a very questionable humanity, which would annhilate a single prejudice, tending to promote the great good cause of social love.

"There is a delight in lingering among the memorials of the dead, not only because of the mournful, yet not unpleasing reflections, which such objects are calculated to raise with respect to our own approaching end, but because every monument tells a tale of enduring sympathy, and unquenched affection; and because every lonely stone, though barely scored with the initials of a name, prove, that the being, whose corruptible part is wasting beneath, was once within the pale of human endearment—was valued as a friend, clung to as a parent, fostered as a child—was loved, in short while living, and consigned with sorrow to the grave.

" 'Ah! surely, nothing dies but something mourns.' "

He who writes in the above strain must be a good as well as an accomplished man. Our last extract shows that Mr. Smith has a taste for natural science; and before closing the volume, we must add, he has both a taste and an expert hand for pencil productions —several very accurate and interesting lithographic pictures from his drawings, embellishing and illustrating the work. He is now in Edinburgh again.

"Almost the whole of the new city has been built with stone from Craigleith quarry. This quarry is worthy of a visit, not only from its great extent, but also on account of the gigantic fossil tree which has been recently discovered embedded there. It has not been removed from the position in which it was originally found; and indeed a great portion of its matrix still remains undisturbed. It stands inclined at a considerable angle from the vertical, and whether its roots are at the summit, or at the base, the learned still dispute. Mr. Nicol, by a most ingenious process of microscopic observation, has determined it to be an Araucaria; a tribe of plants, whose *habitat* is now, I believe, wholly confined to Australia, or regions south of the Equator.

"How startling to meet with these unexpected records of primeval years—these singular and convincing proofs that our lands have changed their surface and their clime! And how wonderful, to find the organization of an antediluvian stem, preserved in all its freshness and intricacy down to our times! The structure of its various cells and vessels, and the exquisitely delicate reticulations exhibited by thin sections of the fossil through the lens, are seen as distinctly as those of similar sections from a modern plant: and all this after the lapse of so many thousands of years! after the shock of so many stupendous convulsions! after the whole of the vegetable substance has been withdrawn, and the present stony matter been deposited in its stead!

"Through the interest of Mr. Ellis I was admitted to see Mr. Nicol's extensive and beautiful collection of fossil and recent vegetables, arranged for examination through the microscope. His method of preparing them

is as follows. He cuts from the specimen to be examined a slice as thin as possible; one side of this he grinds on plate glass, till the requisite smoothness is acquired; the polished side is then attached to a piece of clear glass by a transparent varnish, and when the adhesion has become firm, the other side in its turn is ground, till the section is reduced to a proper degree of thinness. The last operation demands some practice and manual dexterity. For, if on the one hand the process be not carried on far enough, the result does not exhibit a simple section of the cells, but a system of two or more sections one above the other, thus creating an appearance of undue complication: this circumstance has given rise to numerous errors, in assigning the genera of plants by a reference to their intimate structure. And if, on the other hand, the grinding is continued a single turn too long, the web-like texture of the specimen is torn and broken up, and all the labour bestowed on it is thrown away.

"Some of the facts, which Mr. Nicol has established by patiently and carefully examining a vast number of different plants, are extremely curious. In the pine tribe, and also in the araucariæ, the microscopic section displays a series of parallel and equidistant fibres, perpendicular to which are disposed rows of circular vessels or annuli; in the former tribe these annuli are invariably placed exactly under each other; in the latter they always alternate with each other. By this simple test a piece of wood can at once be pronounced to belong to one or other of these genera. The yew may be recognized by the circumstance, that the spaces between the parallel fibres are occupied, not by rows of annuli, but by a set of zig-zag lines, each of which passes backwards and forwards from one to the other of the parallel fibres. The poplar may be detected very readily, by examining the section of the pith, which is always pentagonal. Of course a longitudinal section of any plant exhibits a very different appearance from the transverse section; but I have hitherto been speaking only of the latter. This in general appears the same, from whatever side of the stem the slice be taken, provided it be at the same distance from the pith: but Mr. Nicol has discovered one remarkable exception to this uniformity. It occurs in a taxodium, where it seems that, though the plan of the reticulations, if I may so speak, is symmetrical in the main stem, yet if transverse sections of a branch be taken, then those from the lower side of it exhibit a very different plan from that, which sections of the upper side exhibit: the difference consisting in a much greater complication of plan."

ART. III.—*Athens—its Rise and Fall; with Views of the Literature, Philosophy, and Social Life of the Athenian People.* By EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, Esq., M. P. A. M. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley. 1837.

THOUGH Mr. Bulwer may not possess all the requisite qualifications of a first-rate historian—that is, all the acquirements and accomplishments necessary to him who is a narrator of facts, and all the comprehensiveness and depth of views called for in tracing the cause of these facts, as well as the conclusions to which they have led—he

unquestionably displays much of that which no great and celebrated historians ever wanted. He has, for example, bestowed great pains and reflection in studying his subject—his knowledge is extensive—and his style brilliant, frequently eloquent. His ingenuity sometimes, and his originality on other occasions, are remarkable, in searching for, or giving explanations of, what was previously involved in mystery, or grossly perverted by prejudice. Perhaps there are too many efforts of this kind, consistently with the ease and the vigour that help to constitute the basis of true dignity. He labours too much to produce that which is striking, and therefore does not uniformly preserve the calmness essential to a philosophical historian. His logic is at fault, on other occasions, when a desirable point is sought to be established. It also appears to us, that Mr. Bulwer has often frittered away the strength, as well as the elegance of his thoughts, and happiest forms of expression, by a chase after the prettinesses of style, and an elaboration of that which was simple or obvious, till it has become feeble or obscure.

Two things, however, characterize these volumes—the one of a negative, the other of a positive nature, that ought to establish their fame, even in the high walk of literature to which they belong—we mean that avoidance of mere philological discussions into which the history of any part of ancient Greece has generally betrayed modern writers who have taken that field for their theme; and, on the other hand, the well-sustained exhibition of that statesman-like philosophy, which regards the progress and vicissitudes of mind and freedom as the great concerns requiring explanation in the rise and fall of any nation. To us the manner is perfectly charming, and almost unexampled, in which Mr. Bulwer has borne himself in these respects. His dissertations concerning democracy and the democratic institutions as they existed in the states of ancient Greece, are unusually satisfactory and instructive; and it ought to be added, though these are matters that are very apt to elicit a strong party spirit among modern politicians, that there is in these volumes not a symptom, so far as we have seen, of the author's tendency to any side, farther than the lights of antiquity authorise him to go.

Taking the Athenian state alone, it may be regarded as the theatre upon which, not only were many of the great principles of national government and civilization submitted to experiment, and triumphantly developed, but as the cradle, the treasury, and the shedder abroad, throughout space and futurity, of all that is most beautiful and precious in those arts which ameliorate the manners, and elevate the minds of mankind. Never had heroism, patriotism, or wisdom, more illustrious examples than in Athens. But, on the other hand, never did immorality, the sudden bursts of passion, the demons of discord and injustice, or the weakness and wantonness of superstition, more wofully disgrace the history of man. On

all of these subjects, many and mighty, as well as engaging or instructive, are the lessons to be gathered between the rise and the fall of Athens; and Mr. Bulwer has detected, developed, and enforced them with a fine and masterly hand.

These two volumes extend only to half of the proposed length of the work. Beginning with the earliest ascertained inhabitants of Greece, we have before us, the continuance of the general history to the time and administration of Pericles; and, in regard to literature, to an analysis of the tragedies of Sophocles. Many of the subjects and part of the time herein comprised, naturally call for dissertation rather than narrative; and in this department the author has displayed his peculiar powers and tastes most conspicuously. The earliest periods of history are admirably calculated to exercise the imaginings of poets. Here we give a long extract, and yet it is only a portion of the masterly style, both in point of ingenuity and beauty in which the author loves to expatiate.

"The mythology of the early Greeks may, perhaps, be derived from the following principal sources:—First, the worship of natural objects; and of divinities, so formed, the most unequivocally national will obviously be those most associated with their mode of life and the influences of their climate. When the savage first entrusts the seed to the bosom of the earth —when, through a strange and unaccountable process, he beholds what he buried in one season spring forth the harvest of the next—the earth itself, the mysterious garner, the benign, but sometimes the capricious reproducer of the treasures committed to its charge, becomes the object of the wonder, the hope, and the fear, which are the natural origin of adoration and prayer. Again, when he discovérs the influence of the heaven upon the growth of his labour—when, taught by experience, he acknowledges its power to blast or to mellow—then, by the same process of ideas, the heaven also assumes the character of divinity, and becomes a new agent, whose wrath is to be propitiated, whose favour is to be won. What common sense thus suggests to us, our researches confirm, and we find, accordingly, that the earth and the heaven are the earliest deities of the agricultural Pelasgi. As the Nile to the fields of the Egyptian, earth and heaven to the culture of the Greek. The effects of the sun upon human labour and human enjoyment are so sensible to the simplest understanding, that we cannot wonder to find that glorious luminary among the most popular deities of ancient nations. Why search through the East to account for its worship in Greece? More easy to suppose that the inhabitants of a land, whom the sun so especially favoured, saw and blest it for it was good, than, amidst innumerable contradictions and extravagant assumptions, to decide upon that remoter shore whence was transplanted a deity whose effects were so benignant, whose worship so natural, to the Greeks. And in the more plain belief we are also borne out by the more sound inductions of learning. For it is noticeable that neither the moon nor the stars—favourite divinities with those who enjoyed the serene nights, or inhabited the broad plains of the East—were (though probably admitted among the Pelasgic deities) honoured with that intense and reverent worship which attended them in Asia and in

Egypt. To the Pelasgi, not yet arrived at the intellectual stage of philosophical contemplation, the most sensible objects of influence would be the most earnestly adored. What the stars were to the East, their own beautiful Aurora, awakening them to the delight of their genial and temperate climate, was to the early Greeks. Of deities, thus created from external objects, some will rise out (if I may use the expression) of natural accident, and local circumstance. An earthquake will connect a deity with the earth, an inundation with the river or the sea. The Grecian soil bears the marks of maritime revolution; many of the tribes were settled along the coast, and, perhaps, had already adventured their rafts upon the main. A deity of the sea (without any necessary revelation from Africa) is, therefore, among the earliest of the Grecian gods. The attributes of each deity will be formed from the pursuits and occupations of the worshippers—sanguinary with the warlike—gentle with the peaceful. The pastoral Pelasgi of Arcadia honoured the pastoral Pan for ages before he was received by their Pelasgic brotherhood of Attica; and the agricultural Demeter or Ceres will be recognised among many tribes of the agricultural Pelasgi, which no Egyptian is reputed, even by tradition, to have visited. The origin of prayer is in the sense of dependence, and in the instinct of self-preservation, or self-interest. The first objects of prayer to the infant man will be those on which, by his localities, he believes himself to be most dependent for whatever blessings his mode of life inclines him the most to covet, or from which may come whatever peril his instinct will teach him the most to deprecate and fear. It is this obvious truth which destroys all the erudite systems that would refer the different creeds of the heathen to some single origin. Till the earth be the same in each region—till the same circumstances surround every tribe—different impressions, in nations yet unconverted and uncivilised, must produce different deities. Nature suggests a God, and man invests him with attributes. Nature and man, the same as a whole, vary in details; the one does not every where suggest the same notions—the other cannot every where imagine the same attributes. As with other tribes so with the Pelasgi, or primitive Greeks: their early gods were the creatures of their own early impressions. As one source of religion was in external objects, so another is to be found in internal sensations and emotions. The passions are so powerful in their effects upon individuals and nations, that we can be little surprised to find those effects attributed to the instigation and influence of a supernatural being. Love is individualised and personified in nearly all mythologies; and love, therefore, ranks among the earliest of the Grecian gods. Fear, or terror, whose influence is often so strange, sudden, and unaccountable—seizing even the bravest—spreading through numbers with all the speed of an electric sympathy—and deciding in a moment the destiny of an army or the ruin of a tribe—is another of those passions, easily supposed the *afflatus* of some preternatural power, and easily, therefore, susceptible of personification. And the pride of men, more especially if habitually courageous and warlike, will gladly yield to the credulities which shelter a degrading and unwonted infirmity beneath the agency of a superior being. Terror, therefore, received a shape and found an altar, probably as early at least as the heroic age. According to Plutarch, Theseus sacrificed to terror previous to his battle with the Amazons;—an idle tale, it is true, but proving, perhaps, the antiquity of a

tradition. As society advanced from barbarism, arose more intellectual creations; as cities were built, and as, in the constant flux and reflux of martial tribes, cities were overthrown, the elements of the social state grew into personification, to which influence was attributed, and reverence paid."

He goes on to state, that out of this more advanced condition of society, came to be fixed into divinity, such elements, as *order, peace, justice,* &c., begetting and begotten by a more refined and subtle class of human creations, but still being objects of religious homage. Of deities so created, many were the inventions of poets. Indeed, what is poetic metaphor and personification, but the natural method in which excited feelings delight and most forcibly clothe themselves, which, in a credulous age, unenlightened by Revelation, may very readily in course of time, pass into beings possessed of the attributes of life, activity, and power? Another source from which the Grecian and other heathen deities have been derived, were the heroes of an early age. Upon this theme Mr. Bulwer is eloquent and illustrative in no ordinary degree.

"As one who has been journeying through the dark begins at length to perceive the night breaking away in mist and shadow, so that the forms of things, yet uncertain and undefined, assume an exaggerated and gigantic outline, half lost amidst the clouds, so now, through the obscurity of fable, we descry the dim and mighty outline of the heroic age. The careful and sceptical Thucydides has left us, in the commencement of his immortal history, a masterly portraiture of the manners of those times in which individual prowess elevates the possessor to the rank of a demigod; times of unsettled law and indistinct control; of adventure—of excitement; of daring qualities and lofty crime. We recognise in the picture features familiar to the North: the roving warriors and the pirate kings who scoured the seas, descended upon unguarded coasts, and deemed the exercise of plunder a profession of honour, remind us of the exploits of the Scandinavian Her-Kongr, and the boding banners of the Dane. The seas of Greece tempted to piratical adventures: their numerous isles, their winding bays and woodclad shores, proffered ample enterprise to the bold—ample booty to the rapacious: the voyages were short for the inexperienced, the refuges numerous for the defeated. In early ages valour is the true virtue: it dignifies the pursuits in which it is engaged; and the profession of a pirate was long deemed as honourable in the Ægean as among the bold rovers of the Scandinavian race. If the coast was thus exposed to constant incursion and alarm, neither were the interior recesses of the country more protected from the violence of marauders. The various tribes that passed into Greece to colonise or conquer, dislodged from their settlements many of the inhabitants, who, retreating up the country, maintained themselves by plunder or avenged themselves by outrage. The many crags and mountains, the caverns and the woods, which diversify the beautiful land of Greece, afforded their natural fortresses to these barbarous hordes. The chief who had committed a murder, or aspired unsuccessfully to an unsteady throne, betook himself, with his friends, to some convenient fastness, made a descent on the surrounding villages, and bore off the women or the herds, as

lust or want excited to the enterprise. No home was safe, no journey free from peril: and the Greeks passed their lives in armour. Thus, gradually, the profession and system of robbery spread itself throughout Greece, until the evil became insufferable—until the public opinion of all the states and tribes, in which society had established laws, was enlisted against the freebooter—until it grew an object of ambition to rid the neighbourhood of a scourge; and the success of the attempt made the glory of the adventurer. Then naturally arose the race of heroes; men who volunteered to seek the robber in his hold; and, by the gratitude of a later age, the courage of the knight errant was rewarded with the sanctity of the demigod. At that time, too, internal circumstances in the different states—whether from the predominance of, or the resistance to, the warlike Hellenes—had gradually conspired to raise a military and fierce aristocracy above the rest of the population: and as arms became the instruments of renown and power, so the wildest feats would lead to the most extended fame.

"The woods and mountains of Greece were not then cleared of the first rude aboriginals of nature; wild beasts lurked within its caverns, wolves abounded everywhere, herds of wild bulls, the large horns of which Herodotus names with admiration, were common; and even the lion himself, so late as the invasion of Xerxes, was found in wide districts from the Thracian Abdera to the Acarnanian Achelous. Thus, the feats of the early heroes appear to have been mainly directed against the freebooter or the wild beast; and among the triumphs of Hercules are recorded the extermination of the Lydian robbers, the death of Cacus, and the conquest of the lion of Nemea and the boar of Erymanthus."

Among his antiquarian researches, Mr. Bulwer is very happy in treating of Homer and the purpose of the Iliad—maintaining the personality of the poet in a dexterous style. The arts and philosophy in their earlier state, also engage his disquisitional powers; and on the latter, we quote a specimen, being an able reply to the query, how much and what did Thales contribute in the history of the Ionian school, of which he was the founder?

"Chiefly this: he gave *reasons* for *opinions*—he aroused the dormant spirit of inquiry—he did for truths what the legislators of his age did for the people—left them active and stirring to free and vigorous competition. He took Wisdom out of despotism, and placed her in a republic—he was in harmony with the great principle of his age, which was investigation, and not tradition; and thus he became the first example of that great truth—that to think freely is the first step to thinking well. It fortunately happened, too, that his moral theories, however inadequately argued upon, were noble and exalting. He contended for the providence of a God, as well as for the immortality of man. He asserted vice to be the most hateful, virtue the most profitable, of all things. He waged war on that vulgar tenacity of life which is the enemy to all that is most spiritual and most enterprising in our natures, and maintained that between life and death there is no difference—the fitting deduction from a belief in the continuous existence of the soul. His especial maxim was the celebrated precept, 'Know thyself.' His influence was vigorous and immediate. How far he created philosophy may be doubtful, but he

created philosophers. From the prolific intelligence which his fame and researches called into being, sprang a new race of thoughts, which continued in unbroken succession until they begat descendants illustrious and immortal. Without the hardy errors of Thales, Socrates might have spent his life in spoiling marble, Plato might have been only a tenth-rate poet, and Aristotle an intriguing pedagogue."

In his second book, the author begins with the legislation and character of *Solon*, and from this period the splendour of Athenian history may be said to arise, whether we regard the number and greatness of the names or the events that crowd upon the page. Not to do more than mention a few from a host—just think what a scope for a historian, and what a criterion for the exercise of his judgment, taste, and knowledge, do the terms and appellations—Persian invasion—Marathon—Themistocles—Cimon—Pericles—Æschylus and Sophocles—Socrates—Aristophanes, &c., offer! On some of these, or their contemporaries, Mr. Bulwer must be heard. We do not affect to follow any order in time or consecutive passages, but only to cull a few specimens on various topics, from which the style and talent of the author, in the trying and exalted department which he has in his present work chosen, may be fairly estimated. A short passage may be very aptly introduced here, however, on account of its truthful and delightful comparison, referrible to the times concerned in the earlier portion of the work. "If we examine," says the author, "the ways of an infant, we shall cease to wonder at those of an infant civilization. Long before we can engage the curiosity of the child in the History of England—long before we can induce him to listen with pleasure to our stories even of Poictiers and Cressy—and (*a fortiori*) long before he can be taught an interest in Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, he will of his own accord question us of the phenomena of nature—inquire how he himself came into the world—delight to learn something of the God we tell him to adore—and find in the rainbow and the thunder, in the meteor and the star, a thousand subjects of eager curiosity and reverent wonder. The why perpetually torments him; every child is born to be a philosopher!—the child is the analogy of a people yet in childhood."

A general sketch of the demagogues and tyrants of Greece is not less correct or felicitously condensed.

"Now appeared the class of demagogues. The people had been accustomed to change. They had been led against monarchy, and found they had only resigned the one master to obtain the many. A demagogue arose, sometimes one of their own order, more often a dissatisfied, ambitious, or impoverished noble; for they who have wasted their patrimony, as the Stagyrite shrewdly observes, are great promoters of innovation. Party ran high, the state became divided, passions were aroused, and the popular leader became the popular idol. His life was, probably, often in danger from the resentment of the nobles, and it was always

easy to assert that it was so endangered. He obtained a guard to protect him, and conciliated the soldiers, seized the citadel, and rose at once from the head of the populace to the ruler of the state. Such was the common history of the tyrants of Greece."

When speaking of a struggle between the aristocratic factions in the state, viz., that of Cylon and Megacles,—between what he smartly calls the "Have-nots and the Haves," he says, "A conspiracy, hitherto impotent, rose at once into power by the circumstances of its defeat. Megacles—his whole house—all who had assisted in the impiety, were stigmatized with the epithet 'execrable.' The faction, or friends of Cylon, became popular from the odium of their enemies—the city was distracted by civil commotions—by superstitious apprehensions of the divine anger—and, as the excesses of one party are the aliment of the other, so the abhorrence of a sacrilege effaced the remembrance of a treason." That Mr. Bulwer has read history correctly, and observed mankind closely, might be gathered from such short and convincing passages as the last quoted. Another shorter and not less complete evidence of the acquirements and talents of which he is master, may be found in the following:—"It may be ever remarked, that the people value more a concession from the aristocratic party, than a boon from their own popular leaders. The last can never equal, and the first can so easily exceed, the public expectation."

We have previously alluded to the light which Mr. Bulwer has shed on the forms of government that obtained in the Grecian states, and the admirable manner in which he teaches his readers to make use of that light. The following comparisons and contrasts are a striking specimen, and contain some of the strongest recommendations as respects the spirit and ability of the writer.

"We should remove some very important prejudices from our minds, if we could once subscribe to a fact, plain in itself, but which the contests of modern party have utterly obscured—that, in the mere forms of their government the Greek republics cannot fairly be pressed into the service of those who, in existing times, would attest the evils, or proclaim the benefits, of constitutions purely democratic. In the first place, they were *not* democracies, even in their most democratic shape: the vast majority of the working classes were the enslaved population; and, therefore, to increase the popular tendencies of the republic was, in fact, only to increase the liberties of the few. We may fairly doubt whether the worst evils of the ancient republics, in the separation of ranks, and the war between rich and poor, were not the necessary results of slavery. We may doubt, with equal probability, whether much of the lofty spirit, and the universal passion for public affairs, whence emanated the enterprise, the competition, the patriotism, and the glory of the ancient cities, could have existed without a subordinate race to carry on the drudgeries of daily life. It is clear, also, that much of the intellectual greatness of the several states arose from the exceeding smallness of

their territories, the concentration of internal power, and the perpetual emulation with neighbouring and kindred states, nearly equal in civilization; it is clear, too, that much of the vicious parts of their character, and yet much of their more brilliant, arose from the absence of the *press*. Their intellectual state was that of men *talked* to, not *written* to. Their imagination was perpetually called forth — their deliberative reason rarely;—they were the fitting audience for an orator, whose art is effective in proportion to the impulse and the passion of those he addresses. Nor must it be forgotten, that the representative system, which is the proper conductor of the democratic action, if not wholly unknown to the Greeks, and if unconsciously practised in the Spartan ephoralty, was, at least never existent in the more democratic states; and assemblies of the whole people are compatible only with those small nations of which the city is the country. Thus, it would be impossible for us to propose the abstract constitution of any ancient state as a warning or an example to modern countries which possess territories large in extent—which subsist without a slave population—which substitute representative councils for popular assemblies—and which direct the intellectual tastes and political habits of a people, not by oratory and conversation, but through the more calm and dispassionate medium of the press. This principle settled, it may, perhaps, be generally conceded, that, on comparing the democracies of Greece with all other contemporary forms of government, we find them the most favourable to mental cultivation; not more exposed than others to internal revolutions—usually, in fact, more durable; more mild and civilised in their laws; and that the worst tyranny of the Demus, whether at home or abroad, never equalled that of an oligarchy or a single ruler. That in which the ancient republics are properly models to us, consists, not in the form, but the spirit of their legislation. They teach us that patriotism is most promoted by bringing all classes into public and constant intercourse; that intellect is most luxuriant wherever the competition is widest and most unfettered; and that legislators can create no rewards, and invent no penalties, equal to those which are silently engendered by society itself, while it maintains, elaborated into a system, the desire of glory and the dread of shame."

The author has necessarily to travel many times beyond the immediate state which engages the major part of his history; for example, to Sparta, his sketches of which are striking, but not always remarkable for anything like partiality for the people, who there rendered themselves in many ways so conspicuous. His picture of the Spartan ladies and matrons is by no means flattering as regards their private lives. However dignified and patriotic in public, they are not unjustly represented to have been viragos at home, and grossly licentious. When alluding to the state in which these stalwart females figured, we may appropriately quote an account of the death of Pausanias, and which may be taken as affording an instance where the author's lively and brilliant fancy has given a colouring to facts which does not necessarily belong to

the records transmitted to posterity concerning the characters and events described.

"Entering into somewhat of the desperate and revengeful ambition that, under a similar constitution, animated Marino Faliero, Pausanias sought, by means of the enslaved multitude, to deliver himself from the thraldom of the oligarchy, which held prince and slave alike in subjection. He tampered with the helots, and secretly promised them the rights and liberties of citizens of Sparta, if they would co-operate with his projects, and revolt at his command.

"Slaves are never without traitors; and the Ephors learnt the premeditated revolutions from the helots themselves. Still, slow and wary, those subtle and haughty magistrates suspended the blow; it was not without the fullest proof that a royal Spartan was to be condemned on the word of helots: they continued their vigilance—they obtained the proof they required.

"Argilius, a Spartan, with whom Pausanias had once formed the vicious connexion common to the Doric tribes, and who was deep in his confidence, was intrusted by the Regent with letters to Artabazus. Argilius called to mind that none, intrusted with a similar mission, had ever returned. He broke open the seals and read what his fears forboded, that, on his arrival at the Satrap's court, the silence of the messenger was to be purchased by his death. He carried the packet to the Ephors. That dark and plotting council were resolved yet more entirely to entangle their guilty victim and out of his own mouth to extract his secret; they therefore ordered Argilius to take refuge as a suppliant in the sanctury of the Temple of Neptune on Mount Tænarus. Within the sacred confines was contrived a cell, which, by a double partition, admitted some of the Ephors, who, there concealed, might witnessed all that passed.

"Intelligence was soon brought to Pausanias, that, instead of proceeding to Artabazus, his confidant had taken refuge as a suppliant in the temple of Neptune. Alarmed and anxious, the Regent hastened to the sanctuary. Argilius informed him that he had read the letters, and reproached him bitterly with his treason to himself. Pausanias, confounded and overcome by the perils which surrounded him, confessed his guilt, spoke unreservedly of the contents of the letter, implored the pardon of Argilius, and promised him safety and wealth if he would leave the sanctuary and proceed on the mission.

"The Ephors, from their hiding-place, heard all.

"On the departure of Pausanias from the sanctuary, his doom was fixed. But amongst the more public causes of the previous delay of justice, we must include the friendship of some of the Ephors, which Pausanias had won or purchased. It was the moment fixed for his arrest. Pausanias in the streets was alone and on foot. He beheld the Ephors approaching him. A signal from one warned him of his danger. He turned—he fled. The temple of Minerva Chalcicœcus at hand proffered a sanctuary: he gained the sacred confines, and entered a small house hard by the temple. The Ephors, the officers, the crowd, pursued; they surrounded the refuge, from which it was impious to drag the criminal.

Resolved on his death, they removed the roof, blocked up the entrances, (and, if we may credit the anecdote, that violating human—was characteristic of Spartan—nature, his mother, a crone of great age, suggested the means of punishment, by placing with her own hand a stone at the threshold), and setting a guard around, left the conqueror of Mardonius to die of famine. When he was at his last gasp, unwilling to profane the sanctuary by his actual death, they bore him out into the open air, which he only breathed to expire."

With two extracts we close the present paper. The former treats of the relative claims of Æchylus and Sophocles; the latter offers an ingenious solution, and a somewhat disheartening suggestion:—

"In the contrast between the 'Philoctetes' and the 'Prometheus' is condensed the contrast between Æschylus and Sophocles. They are both poets of the highest conceivable possible order; but the one seems almost above appeal to our affections—his tempestuous gloom appals the imagination, the vivid glare of his thoughts pierces the innermost recesses of the intellect, but it is only by accident that he strikes upon the heart. The other, in his grandest flights, remembers that men make his audience, and seems to feel as if Art lost the breath of its life when aspiring beyond the atmosphere of human intellect and human passions. The difference between the creations of Æschylus and Sophocles is like the difference between the Satan of Milton and the Macbeth of Shakespeare. Æschylus is equally artful with Sophocles—it is the criticism of ignorance that has said otherwise. But there is this wide distinction—Æschylus is artful as a dramatist to be read, Sophocles as a dramatist to be acted. If we get rid of the actors, and stage, and audience, Æschylus will thrill and move us, no less than Sophocles, through a more intellectual if less passionate medium. A poem may be dramatic, yet not theatrical—may have all the effects of the drama in perusal, but by not sufficiently enlisting the skill of the actor—nay, by soaring beyond the highest reach of histrionic capacities, may lose those effects in representation.

"To this solution of the question, Why literature should generally commence with attempts at philosophy, may be added another:—When written first breaks upon oral communication, the reading public must necessarily be extremely confined. In many early nations, that reading public would be composed of the caste of priests; in this case philosophy would be cramped by superstition. In Greece, there being no caste of priests, philosophy embraced these studious minds addicted to a species of inquiry which rejected the poetical form, as well as the poetical spirit. It may be observed, that the more limited the reading public, the more abstruse are, generally, prose compositions; as readers increase, literature goes back to the fashion of oral communication: for, if the reciter addressed a multitude in the earliest age, so the writer addresses a multitude in the later: literature, therefore, commences with poetical fiction, and usually terminates with prose fiction. It was so in the ancient world—it will be so with England and France. The harvest of novels is, I fear, a sign of the approaching exhaustion of the soil."

ART. IV.—*Evenings with Prince Cambacérès, Second Consul, Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, Duke of Parma, &c. &c.* By Baron LANGON. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1837.

THERE is a passage in the preface to this work, that may well provoke a contemptuous smile. The author, whose volumes it has been thought advisable to bring out in an English dress, says, "We live in such an age of selfishness, lies, and greediness, that it is no wonder that Memoirs are in fashion; and certainly the market is well provided. We are deluged by them; but the greater part, instead of useful or instructive truth, are the produce of the vapid imaginations of men, who have not even the talent of invention and who overwhelm us with nonsense and falsehood." Never, we believe, did this frivolous Baron utter a more just and descriptive opinion, provided it should be taken as pointing to himself. But the purpose for which he puts it forth being to depreciate other labourers in the same sort of forgeries, the effrontery of the statement becomes disgusting and execrable. Why, by his own showing in this very publication, he himself has been one of the most assiduous perverters of history, one of its very grossest pollutors at its fountain-heads, that even modern France has been abused by. Not to mention several others of his impostures, he now confesses that one of the first of his works was, "The Memoirs of Louis XVIII., written by himself, collected, arranged, &c., by the Duke of D***." And yet he is barefaced enough, after several similar deceptions, to come forth once more with perhaps a more obviously flagrant tissue of inventions or exaggerations, and to claim for them the character and authority of true revelations; at the same time casting mud in the face of his fellow transgressors.

That the whole of the conversations and disclosures that here appear are pure fabrications, we do not pretend to know, nor venture to assert. That many of them may have truth for their support in the most essential points, may be also admitted; but that they are everywhere intermixed with the conceits of the author, and marred by falsehoods, will be more generally and certainly experienced by the reader. These latter convictions are necessarily experienced, not merely on account of the improbabilities of the things often reported—of the silliness or dullness of the disclosures, and the suspicious fact that the dead are fathered with some of the most effective and singular anecdotes that the author has though fit to publish, but on account of the presumptions drawn from his past vocation and his admitted tampering and vitiating of truth, in a like walk of literature. We do not think it necessary to say much more of a system and a voluminous class of works to which these "Evenings" properly belong, and for which the French press is, in

recent times, almost alone responsible—than to add, that while the public on both sides of the Channel are becoming pretty generally aware of the nefarious traffic which so wickedly has thus been creating and pampering a vicious taste, the consequence hereafter will be to throw doubt and discredit on the sterling and chronicled lights of history. An outline of the matters contained in these volumes, and a few samples, are as much as need be required, either as regards their mere literary merits, or their authenticity.

The first volume opens with a morning call of the author, on Prince Cambacérès, about the period when the Bourbons had been recalled to France, and Bonaparte had been sent to Elba. These two worthies, in the course of their frequent interviews, are joined by other actors in the fortunes of France, both during the rule of the banished Emperor, and during the vicissitudes of the Revolution. Mornings as well as evenings, dinners and other definite times in the division of the day and night, come to be indiscriminately chosen, for these conversations, partly to pass the leaden hours, and partly to exercise the talkers' talents in relating the strange scenes in which they have engaged. Many are the interlocutors—Carnot, Fouche, Barras, David the painter, &c. &c., the Baron, being the scribbler, who preserved the various speeches, stories, and anecdotes. Many also were the topics discussed; but with scarcely an exception every spokesman is proved from his own lips to be as regardless of the private virtues as of public consistency. Perhaps, and we should hope, for the honour of human nature, this wholesale demoralization and destitution of principle may be but the colouring which the author's own mind and feelings naturally and unconsciously convey to all that he touches. If we except Carnot, a more time-serving and slavish pack never existed under any despotic power, or at any revolutionary period? Our extracts begin with a story by David, or, as it may be more properly described, a speech, attributed to that renowned artist, concerning Napoleon, which runs thus—

"Subsequently, he was proclaimed emperor. The first time he saw me after this change, he beckoned me to approach him. I obeyed. 'Have you any designs ready?' inquired he. I understood his hint, and, bowing, replied, 'It is not designs that are wanting; but where is the ceremony to be fixed, and in what costume?' 'We will speak of this matter another time.' Would any one have imagined that, after this conversation, I should not have been appointed to execute the programme of the coronation? Yet I was passed over, and the commission was given to Isabey. The details were all collected from the past, it is true; but they bore no trace of the glory of the Roman empire. The emperor himself directed a great share of his attention to the regulation of the costumes and decorations. He arranged the escutcheon of the empire. Here Count de l'Aude observed that, in his post of procureur-general of the *Conseil du sceaux des titres*,

he had had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with some particulars not generally known, which he would relate to us.

" ' At first,' continued the count, ' the first consul was recommended to assume the title and functions of a king.' ' That will not do,' he replied; ' royalty was destroyed on the scaffold of Louis XVI., and it would be requisite to exhume it from the ruins in which it lies buried. The title of emperor would be the thing that would enable me to leap over an interval of ten centuries. Then I should be, not the successor of Henry IV., nor of Philip Augustus, but of Charlemagne, and thus linked with the Roman empire. This would entitle me to the supremacy over other crowned heads, and to the protectorate of Germany. With the title of emperor, I might style myself supreme ruler of Italy. I should neither violate nor cause to be violated my oath; and every one would be satisfied.'

" Napoleon addressed these words to Count Regnault, who laughed, and said,—' I assure you I should not be very deeply vexed, if you should oblige me to commit perjury in such a case. We have taken so many oaths, that it would be no easy matter to find out which is the right one. If you wish for the imperial title, be it so: its novelty will please, and the nation will readily adopt it. The nation dislikes only the committee of public safety and the directors. But, before you can take your rank among the sovereigns of Europe, you must have a coat of arms. Will you adopt your father's escutcheon, which is azure, a gold rake in pale, and three *fleur-de-lis*, two in chief, one in point?' ' My dear count,' replied Napoleon, ' you are quite mistaken. Where did you learn that that was the Bonaparte escutcheon? Whoever told you so had not consulted the register of the military school where my brothers and I were educated, nor the archives of St. Cyr, where my sister Eliza was brought up. If they had, they would have known that our shield is gules with two bars of gold, accompanied in chief sinister and in point dexter by a star of gold. The shield supported by two Gothic letters B and P, and surmounted by a count's coronet. Madame Permon, likewise made me a present of the arms of her family, the Comneni. But I shall not take the one or the other. It is my wish to be in all things amalgamated with France: she is my adopted mother, and we will both bear the same shield.' ' Then,' resumed Regnault, ' you would make choice of the old Gallic cock; and he may hold in his claws a tri-coloured standard?' ' The cock,' said Napoleon, ' in spite of his good qualities, is not a sufficiently dignified representative of a great nation. We must have an animal more imposing, more emblematic of power: an elephant, for example, or the lion couchant on the map of France, with one paw thrust forward to the boundary of the Rhine, and the device, *Gare à qui ma cherche.*' ' *Ma foi!*' exclaimed Regnault, ' but why should we determine limits, which the lion may show himself inclined to overstep.' Napoleon approved of this hint, and began to think of something else. Regnault suggested the fleur-de-lis. The mere utterance of the word produced an effect almost electrical. ' Never!' exclaimed Napoleon; ' these ensigns of a proscribed family shall never again be seen among us. I am not the son of Louis XVI. I commence a new dynasty, or, rather, I found an empire. Let us not revive old recollections, but adhere to our young institutions. My dynasty will not be that Hugues Capet,—it will be my

own, and commence with myself. Names and things are the same: your fleurs-de-lis and white flags belong to the Bourbons; I will, therefore, retain the three colours with which they were driven away. We must recognise, by the difference of form and colour, the banner round which we are to rally, should the conflict commence again. You seem not to be aware of the influence of recollections on mankind: unfurl a white flag, embroidered with fleur-de-lis, and one half of France will regard as inevitable the return of Louis XVIII., an event which no one now dreams of. I am emperor! I succeed Charlemagne and the Cæsars, and I must have their emblems. The empire and myself will, therefore, adopt an eagle with spread wings, adorned with a thunder-bolt. The eagle shall be of gold, on a field—what colour is considered noblest?—gules, I think. Well, then, on a field of gules. But, stay,—the Parisians might think that too red. It would furnish a subject for jests; and it would be said that my eagle, instead of hovering in the air, was swimming in blood.' 'Would you have the mantle embroidered with eagles?' 'No, that would have a bad effect. I would have gold stars, or, rather, gold bees. The latter would be a national emblem, for bees were found in the tomb of Chilperic. That insect is the symbol of industry. The stars will be for me, and the bees for the people. These, and the gold eagle, with the thunder-bolt in his claws, on a field of azure, picturing the heaven to which he is soaring: these are more than sufficient. Then, for my livery, I shall have green. I will not have blue, lest that should revive the memory of the Bourbons. The tricoloured flag will lead us to victory; and the French of the next generation will have nothing in common with their forefathers. The lily will be irrevocably abolished. Our national colours and emblems will all refer to me; and to our descendants I shall be the founder of all things.'"

It is not for us to say how much of this long story is true, and how much a pure invention of a dull trifler; but, assuredly, it represents the great council in a singularly childish light, which, we indeed believe, is not false in the main, as regards most of the officers of state, in whatever department, which Napoleon held and used as real puppets. But still we suggest that that wonderful man, with all his known attention to minute as well as to vast measures, and all his love of ceremony and show, never stated and argued a case so tamely and circuitously as the passage now quoted represents. But it is needless to waste conjectures about a matter so perfectly unimportant; only, it may be added, if the present generation and the reigning dynasty of France, have any desire or interest in seeing the empire and its mighty agents brought into utter contempt, it is only necessary to read the volumes before us, and mark the drivellers that figure in them.

Among the absurd and improbable stories communicated in these conversations, perhaps there is no one more ridiculous than that told by Cambacérès on the alleged authority of Robespierre. It is to this effect, that England during the reign of terror, opened a negotiation with its monstrous head, and offered to make him regent and guardian of Louis XVII., and even to marry him to a

princess of the house of Bourbon. But it is not for the sake of minute criticism that we have taken up the work, so much as to allow a few of its contents to speak for themselves. Here is an anecdote, which is meant to show Napoleon's callousness in regard to female temptations.

"On another occasion of a similar kind, saw the emperor in a most violent rage. A lieutenant-colonel had sent him a letter, soliciting promotion, and adding that, should he obtain it, he had two daughters, who would be too happy to throw themselves at the feet of their good emperor, and thank him for the benefit conferred on their father. The good emperor was furiously indignant, and he said to me, 'I don't know what withholds me from having this infamous letter inserted in the order of the day of the writer's regiment.' He made some inquiries respecting this officer, and he learned that he had been a *septembriseur*, and a friend of Robespierre and Fleuriot; and that, moreover, he had attained the age which would qualify him for retirement. The emperor, therefore, immediately granted him his retiring pension. He extended his generosity to the two daughters, who were amiable young females, and totally unconscious of the infamous project entertained by their father. The emperor settled a small pension on each of them, on condition of their leaving Paris, and retiring to their native city. This fact reflects the highest credit on Napoleon. His estimable qualities are not sufficiently known. The sovereigns of Europe were bent on his destruction, but they will live to deplore his downfall. With him fell the key-stone of the monarchical arch. The present race of kings have not power to stem the revolutionary torrent, which, sooner or later, will certainly sweep them from the face of the earth."

The Ex Arch-Chancellor figures in a despicably servile style in these volumes. On the return of the Bourbons, he looked for nothing less than banishment from Paris; but that he might at once know the worst, and take the surest method of averting it, he addressed a letter to the King, soliciting a private audience, which was granted. For a few moments the conversation turned upon Carnot's having put forth a justification of the "regicide." But his Majesty having declared that the offence was to go unpunished, the Prince proceeds to narrate—

"'I assure you, my dear Leon,' said Prince Cambacérès, 'that I was extremely gratified at thus being brought to a subject which enabled me *without flattery*, to eulogize the King. Sire, said I, your return is a miracle, and your conduct a sublime example of wisdom. Your execution of the will of Louis the Sixteenth must ever secure to you the affection and veneration of the nation. May your Majesty reign long, very long, to consolidate the edifice.' 'You are satisfied with the charter?' '*It is a bridge thrown over an abyss*—the only path by which the gulf may be passed in perfect safety. It will be the beacon and polar star of the French people It appears to me clear and well-arranged.' '*It reserves to the throne all the power necessary for its preservation; and it leaves to the people all the liberty of which they stand in need.* Your

Majesty has triumphantly resolved a most difficult problem. I conjure you, my dear Duke, to use your influence to prevail on the men of the Revolution to rally round us. They will find it their interest to do so. Our intention is to follow the example of Bonaparte, and to receive every one; to employ men who are capable of being useful, both in military and civil affairs. In the first instance, some acts of injustice have been committed; but, be assured, I will repair them. I bring with me peace and a prosperity hitherto unknown to France. I have witnessed in England the advantages of the protection accorded to trade. Union and oblivion are the sole objects of my desire. You are a man of judgment and tact, and you enjoy a high reputation abroad. It excites surprise that you are not in my council: I tell you again that you will have a place there, and soon. Reside in Paris, or travel: in short, go and come as you please. If, by chance, the spirit of intrigue should destroy your quiet, appeal to me.' With these words the King dismissed me, and I returned home quite transported with my reception."

When this magnanimous and patriotic Ex-Arch became sensible that his former master was likely to return and resume his sway, there was again bitterness in the cup of life. He now sees that one ruler is as good as another, and is afraid, evidently, lest his own interests and person may be affected by another change.

"The King is a monarch of the rarest merit. If he do not fall a victim to some political tempest, he will die on the throne. But, after him, unwise counsellors will be listened to; women will resume their sway; frivolity will be considered one of the cardinal virtues among the higher ranks. The army and literary men, who form an order in the state, will be dissatisfied, and the whole edifice will totter to its foundation.' 'And how is this catastrophe to be avoided, Monseigneur? 'By following the tact of the Emperor. The change that has taken place should have been regarded merely as a question of persons, and not of principles. *The Emperor was dead* (at Elba); *we had only to cry Vive le Roi!* . . . *The King was precisely the same as the Emperor.* Everything was in its place and every functionary at his post. Except that the chief of the state bore the title of King, we were still in the Empire. The tricoloured flag and the eagle were abolished, it is true, and fleurs de lis were substituted for bees. These were the only changes; *and no official man was to be removed from his post*, except by death or voluntary resignation. Had this plan been strictly adhered to, all pretext for discontent and recrimination would have been removed.'"

In short, we think, that the "Evenings with Prince Cambaceres" must have been very dull ones indeed; and that he who has thought it worth while to make them the occasion of two volumes, has catered to "an age of selfishness, lies, and greediness," by a book which is the produce of a vapid imagination, and of one of those men, "who have not even the talent of invention, and who overwhelm us with nonsense and falsehood."

ART. V.—*Issues of the Exchequer; being a Collection of Payments made out of His Majesty's Revenue, from King Henry III. to King Henry VI. Inclusive. With an Appendix. Extracted and Translated from the Original Rolls of the Ancient Pell Office, now Remaining in the Custody of the Right Honourable Sir John Newport, Bart., Comptroller-General of His Majesty's Exchequer.* By FREDERICK DEVON, of the Chapter-House Record Office, Poet's Corner, Westminster. London: Murray. 1837.

WHATEVER may be thought of the conduct of those Commissioners to whom have been entrusted for a number of years the care and the controul of the public records of the kingdom, of their negligence or incompetency, in relation to the office referred to, and of the little they have accomplished, when the enormous expenditure to which they have put the country is taken into the comparison, it must be admitted that some of the individuals who have exercised themselves laboriously in editing and publishing portions of these precious and almost countless national documents, have done much to remedy the oversight or mismanagement of the Board, which, one might suppose, ought to take the lead in such important efforts. Not one of these private and individual editors, however, has been so successful, or has conferred so much benefit upon the students of this kind of literature as Mr. Devon, whose extracts from the Issue Roll of Thomas de Brantingham, and the Pell Records of the period of James I., our readers will recollect, were, upon their separate appearances, reviewed in our pages; and whose third contribution to the lights of history is now before us. There are two reasons which may be assigned for this success. In the first place, there does not, we believe, exist in this or any other country, such a rich, invaluable, and exhaustless mine of authentic archives as those now named; and therefore he who digs in it, and draws from it morsels, cannot fail of adding materially to that wealth of information to which the antiquarian, the historian, the statesman, the political economist, the jurisconsult, and the biographer always greedily resort, and which proves the safest and most enduring treasury of historical truth; at the same time affording immoveable landmarks by which the researches and the speculations of these various labourers should be regulated, whenever they recur to the olden time. In the second place, Mr. Devon has translated into plain—and, we are satisfied with as few exceptions as can be expected in any such work—accurate English, the whole of the extracts published by him, whereas, most of the other learned and indefatigable editors have issued their selections, which are from various records, in the abbreviated Latin, in which they originally

were written. We are perfectly aware it has been said, that whoever is likely to make use of these documents will not rest satisfied without examining them in their original shape, and that the bookworms, for instance, who wish to fortify their antiquarian researches, regarding distant periods of our history, never can be content to receive Mr. Devon's extracts or translations as sure guides. Now, this opinion, as it appears to us, proceeds on certain fallacies, and overlooks certain circumstances which may be adverted to in a few words.

It is giving credit to antiquarian students and the compilers of history for a great deal more of skill and a great deal more of patience, than the generality of them possess, when it is said that they will very profitably have recourse to these ancient fountains of information. Without giving Mr. Devon more than may be supposed due to a person of ordinary capacity and industry, it must be presumed that those ancient documents among which it is his daily vocation to labour, have become much more familiar and accessible to him, than to almost any other individual who is differently situated; and that, at least, by this time, he ought to be an expert translator. Then again, as to the selection which constitutes his extracts—whether it be the very best that might be made or not, is far less an object to be considered than the fact, that these extracts, taken as they are from a vast number of Rolls, some of which, he says, approach to one hundred feet in length, afford incontestible proofs of their general nature, their variety, and value—so as to direct and wonderfully assist all future investigators after the same sort of ore. But we are enabled to put this view of the matter beyond all manner of rational dispute by a single sentence; after which, we must proceed to the contents of the present volume. We have before us an extract from a return to the House of Commons, furnished by the Report of the Committee that has lately been examining into the Record Commission, by which it seems that of those record publications, which have appeared in abbreviated Latin, the sale has been miserably small—seldom amounting to a score of copies of each; whereas, that of Mr. Devon's volumes has been vastly greater, and, we understand, they are still selling; thus proving how much the public prefer translations to the original form in which the ancient records of the kingdom have been written.

It cannot be, at any rate, that a volume containing, as the present one does, more than five hundred large octavo pages of extracts from the Issues of Exchequer, embracing such eventful periods in our foreign as well as domestic history, as is indicated in the title page of the work, can be unimportant, or destitute of immense value. The editor, besides a luminous introduction, extending to not less than one hundred and thirty-nine pages, in which he analyzes the body

of the work, and guides the reader's attention to its main features, together with the insertion of many illustrative notes, has added to the whole a most copious Index, amounting to about one hundred and fifty pages,—one important advantage resulting from its construction, being the insertion of a more modern spelling of many names that have no uniformity in the original records,—thus producing a double reading, which generally removes all uncertainty, as to the immediate identity of the persons or places so circumstanced.

Taking it in all its aspects, whether as to the variety and amount of its contents, or the efforts of the editor, the present volume is by far the most interesting and valuable of those which Mr. Devon has published. Every page that the reader examines, every portion which we are about to quote from it, will add strength to this opinion.

Beginning with Henry III., the earliest roll from which any extract is made, belongs to the tenth year of his reign, and furnishes evidence of the existence of a fair held at St. Ives, at this remote period.

"Henry, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy, Aquitaine, and Earl of Anjou. To his Treasurer and Chamberlains, greeting. Pay out of our Treasury to Walter de Kirkeham and Walter de Brakeley clerks of our wardrobe, 200 marks, to purchase robes at the fairs of St. Ives, for the use of Richard our brother. Witness ourself, at Westminster, the 30th day of April, in the 10th year of our reign, before the Justices."

The editor states in a note, that the prescriptive right to take tolls in this fair is now in course of litigation, and thus is presented at once something that may bear upon a question concerning certain legal and municipal rights, or claims that exist in our own day. The second extract affords evidence of a curiosity of another sort; and contains these words,—"Pay out of our Treasury to Brother William, a monk of Beaulieu, going on our embassy beyond sea, 2 marks for his expenses." These were the days for cheap diplomacy. Many names and rewards to persons who supported the King and his chief Justiciary, aided by the influence of the Church against the encroachments of the Barons, are also extracted, and several interesting entries pertaining to Normandy, Poitou, and other provinces in France formerly subject to the King of England.

The earliest Roll yet discovered in the Pell Office, concerning the accounts rendered in to the Exchequer by the Jews, Mr. Devon states, is one that dates in the reign of Henry III., part of which we are about to quote; and, as he justly observes it is curious, inasmuch as it shews that a great portion of the revenue derived from this class of persons was paid by Jewesses. There is a most whimsical and grotesque heading to this Roll, if one is to judge from the lithographic impression before us.

"ROLL OF THE JEWS OF SAINT HILARY AND EASTER TERMS IN THE 17TH YEAR OF KING HENRY III.

Northampton.

"Of Samuel the son of Abraham, half a mark, as a fine for many debts.

"*Nottingham and Derby.*

"Of Rachael, the daughter of David, 11*s.* 4*d.*, for an aid to marry the King's sister.

Oxford.

"Of Copinus, of Oxford, 50*s.*, for debts purchased from the Treasury.

"Of Bonamy, son of Copinus, 9*s.*, as a fine for many debts.

"Of David, of Oxford, 40*d.*, for the chattels of Bone of Nottingham.

Wiltshire.

"Of Isaac, the son of Josces Wilton, 10*s.* 6*d.*, for an account of 6000 marks.

"Of the same, 15*d.*, for an account of 2500 marks.

London and Middlesex.

"Of Margery, for a chyrograph, 2 marks, for an account of 6000 marks.

"Of Ely Blunde, 20*d.*, for an account of 2500 marks.

"Of James Crespin, 10*s.*, for a fine for the chattels of Deudon, the son of Bonevie.

"Of the same, half a mark for the same, for Abraham the son of Benedict of Oxford.

"Of Leon, the son of Isaac, 20*s.*, for the same for many debts.

"Of Belacez, wife of Sampson Kokeman, 1 mark, for the same.

"Of Benedict Levesque, 50*s.* for the same.

"Of Ely Levesque, 10*s.*, for the same."

One entry in the same reign orders to be paid from "Our Treasury to Master Walter, keeper of our converted Jews, of London, 10 marks, for the term of Saint Benedict, at Easter." Does this intimate that an inducement was held out to tempt the Jews to change their religion, or are we to suppose that whenever one of them departed from their ancient faith, he became such an outcast amongst his brethren as to require the royal support? Most probably, we think, the keeping of these converts was an act of piety on the part of his Majesty, that was also intended to manifest the extent of his devotion to the cause of religion.

The character given of Henry III. by Hume and other historians, is fully borne out by these records, when they say that he was remarkable for his piety and observance of religious forms and duties. For example, he pays stipends to priests to say masses for the soul of his grandmother, and 2000 poor are fed for the salvation of his sister's soul, the Empress of Germany.

In the 41st year of the same monarch, mention is made of "Master Henry de Abrinces, the versifier, who receives 6*d.* per day," from "the morrow of Easter, on the 9th day of April, until Michaelmas day, including both days." This, says Mr. Devon, is

the first entry that has been found of a versifier, who, it may be conjectured, was the poet laureate of the age! The following anecdote of this son of song is copied by the editor from Andrews' history of Britain:—

"In 1251, a bard, styled Master Henry the versifier, had 100s, allowed him as a fee of office. This Master Henry chanced to offend a humourous Cornish poet, named Michael Blaunpayne, or Merry Master Michael, by reflections on his country, which drew from the western rhymer a sharp satire, [in Latin,] in which Master Henry is thus described, [as translated by James Pettit Andrews:]

> 'The thigh of a sparrow, the feet of a goat,
> Hare-lips, and boar's fangs, thee a monster denote;
> Thou canst whine like a whelp, like a bull thou canst roar,
> Thou art foul as a witch, and art as black as a Moor,
> Thus peerless appearing, believe *me*, thy songster,
> Thy grimly grimaces demonstrate a monster!'"

There is a Roll from which copious entries are extracted, which contains an account of the expenses of repairing and rebuilding part of Henry's palace at Westminster, that must interest architectural antiquaries. It includes a payment to an artist, which, considering the wages allowed to many other persons in the same Roll, appears to be large.

"And to Master William Painter, with his men, designing the picture of Jesse on the mantel of the king's chimney, and for renovating and cleaning a painting on the wall of the King's said chamber, 43*s*. 10*d*.; and for divers colours bought for the same, 7*s*. 6*d*."

The entries connected with the repairs now referred to, are remarkably minute and particular, even down to the number of nails used, as well as the names and classes of workmen employed, together with the time they were engaged. The result was in expenditure,

"Sum total of all the expenses about the petty works of the King's Court, Westminster, in wages to the workmen, and for all purchases made, from Monday next after the Invention of the Holy Cross, in the 43rd year of the reign of Henry, son of King John, King of England, until the day of the nativity next following, £126 17*s*. 8½*d*.

Of the entries in the reign of Edward I., we quote one, that not only contains payments of a curious description, but a variety of items, which enables the reader to judge of the value of money at that period, and of some of the purposes for which it was expended.

"Edward, &c.—Pay, &c., to the usher of the Exchequer, 9*s*., for taking eighteen summonses to divers of our counties in England, &c.; and 39*s*. for taking forty-seven writs for his daily allowance at divers places in England; also pay to the same usher, 8*s*. 7*d*., for wax to seal the same summonses and writs, &c.; also pay to the knights, chamberlains,

clerks, and servants of the Exchequer, and for other small necessary issues during seventy-eight days, &c.,—to wit, to the two chamberlains, each receiving 8*d.* per day, 104*s.*; to three scribes, each receiving 5*d.* per day; to the usher of the Exchequer, 5*d.* per day; to the four tellers, each 3*d.* per day; to the watchman and for a light, 1½*d.* per day; and for thirty dozen of parchments, purchased for the Rolls of the receipt, and for certain Rolls of the great Exchequer, and other necessaries, 30*s.*; for matts purchased for the house of the barons of the receipt, and for the chapel near the house of receipt, and rushes for the same, 13*s.*; for a certain leather forul, purchased to contain the Rolls of King John; for a certain canvas sack to contain the Rolls of the 15ths.; for a certain coffer, with two locks and keys to contain the Remembrancer's Rolls, 14*s.* 6*d.*; for one new chest, purchased to contain divers particulars of divers accountants, 4*s.* 6*d.*; and for twenty-six dozen of canvas bags purchased to contain the money of the receipt, 52*s.*; for porterage, of money carried from the Receipt to the Treasury, and back from the Treasury to the Receipt, 3*s.* 6*d.*; for one skin of leather to file the tallies, and a box purchased to contain the King's letters; to the precentor of Westminster, for ink for half a year, 3*s.* 4*d.*"

The price of provisions in this reign may be gathered from two or three examples; thus, a goose cost, 4½*d.*; a capon, 2½*d.*; one hundred eggs, 7*d.*; a pound of candles, 2½*d.*; and a lamprey appears to have cost the wonderfully disproportionate price of 5*s.* 9¾*d.*

The Roll of the first year of the reign of Edward II., contains an account of the preparations made for his coronation, and the things directed to be obtained for the occasion. For example,

"Paid, on the 2nd of December, 20*l.* to John de Lincs, of London, and Richard de Campes, of the same place, by their own hands, to provide and purchase by view of William de Berton, clerk, and William Corrad, for the King's use, the under.written things:—wine, honey, vinegar, cross-bows with strings of hemp for the cross-bows, darts, and divers other things, as appears by a commission which the same John and Richard have under the seal of the Exchequer, which is dated at Westminster, the 25th day of November, in the now first year; by command of the Treasurer.

"Paid, on the 13th of December, 30*l.* to Peter de Sparham, by the hands of Godin, his boy, for divers tassels of gold, a chaplet and frontal of gold, and for an alb with pearls and silk, and divers other mercery of this sort, purchased from the same Peter by the King's command, and given by him to the Countess of Cornwall and to other ladies and maids of honour then with him; by command of the Treasurer."

About the period of the eighth year of this King's reign are entries, stating the payments made for assembling the great army which marched against Scotland previous to its defeat at Bannockburn. To compare small expeditions with great ones, we find that a year or two afterwards, that Lady Mary, the King's sister, and Lady de Bourgh's going on a pilgrimage to Canterbury, cost twenty marks. An event which would be no less extraordinary at the present day than that of a princess undertaking such a pilgrimage

was that in the same month in which Edward was making such active preparations to invade Scotland, twenty shillings were paid to certain mariners, "for their labour in taking a whale, lately caught near London Bridge." A monster of the deep of this description would find it ticklish work, were it in our day, to attempt an excursion of this nature.

Before quitting this reign, we quote a curious account of the weapons and instruments of war that were then used, and which were to be carried to Stirling Castle.

"On the 18th day of October, 14*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.* paid to divers persons, as follows—to wit, to Albinus, the cross-bowman, of London, for two cross-bows of three feet, 16*s.*; for two cross-bows of two feet, 10*s.*; for nine cross-bows of one foot each, 31*s.* 6*d.*—To Master Richard of Bayonne, cross-bow maker, for four cross-bows of two feet, 20*s.*, and for three cross-bows of one foot each, 10*s.* 6*d.*; and to the said Albinus, for thirty balders for the said cross-bows, 33*s.*; for cord, nuts, and other necessary apparatus for the said cross-bows, 19*s.* 1*d.*—To William Conrad, for 5100 darts for the said bows, 115*s.* 2*d.*; and to the said Albinus, for flaskets and cord to pack and cover the said bows, 18*s.*; and to the said William Conrad, for a case to put the said darts in, 8*s.*—Expenses for carying the said bows from London to Striveling Castle, to fortify the same castle."

We now advance to Edward III. There are here many curious entries referring to the provision made for his Queen, Phillippa's, comfort and display, evincing his strong attachment towards her. For example,—

"A further payment made to the said William of £486. 5*s.* 5½*d.*, which is owing to him in the wardrobe aforesaid, for divers costs and charges by him incurred, about making the said bed of green velvet embroidered in gold with sea sirens, bearing a shield with the arms of England and Hainault, and for making a white robe worked with pearls, and a robe of velvet cloth embroidered with gold of divers workmanship, made by him against the confinement of the Lady Philippa, Queen of England, and for divers furniture made by him for the King's use, as appears by five bills sealed with the seal of the said clerk, in which the money below noted is entered, &c., 91*l.* 15*s.* 7*d.*

"To Philippa, Queen of England, in money paid to her for twelve carpets purchased and provided for her last confinement at Windsor. By writ of Easter Term in the twenty-second year, 60*l.*

"To Philippa, Queen of England, in money paid to her by the hands of the Earl of Arundel, in part payment of 300*l.* which the Lord the King granted to the same Queen, to redeem a certain crown of hers which had been pledged for so much money. By writ, &c.,—100*l.*"

It is amusing enough to hear of a queen's crown being in the hands of the money-lenders; and yet it was at one time no very extraordinary transaction, the pledging of crown jewels. The pecuniary value of another article which was purchased about the same period that this crown was redeemed, furnishes another instance of the change of times, when the present, and that of the reign of

Edward III., are contrasted. We find that "a certain Bible" cost six pounds, thirteen shillings, and fourpence.

In this volume very many sums of money are paid out of the treasuries of the various kings, to persons who happened to be so fortunate as to be the first messengers of good tidings, such as of the birth of an heir to the crown, and many large sums to those who captured prisoners of note in the wars, Edward III., for instance, rewards Sir Thomas Dagworth with 4900*l.*, for capturing Charles de Bloys. At the battle of Poictiers there was an abundant harvest of these valuable captives,—a number of whom were brought to England,—the most remarkable being John, King of France. The name of Edward the Black Prince is frequently mentioned in these entries, and, as might be expected, among the reapers of the sort of prize money alluded to above, he was a large recipient.

"To Edward, Prince of Wales, in money, paid to him by the hands of Peter de Lacy, in part payment of 20,000*l.* due to him for certain prisoners taken in the war by the same Prince at the battle of Peyters, and purchased by the Lord the King from the same Prince, viz., for Philip, son of the King of France, the Earl de Sanser, and Lord de Croon, as appears by the King's letters patent which the same Prince thereof hath in his custody, indorsed with the sum under-written, &c.,—3333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*"

In the 38th year of the King, we find the prince presenting to him a lion and a leopard. Several years afterwards, there are entries of money paid to messengers sent to divers nobility, requesting them to attend the funeral of the chivalrous conqueror at Cressy and Poitiers.

There were two persons contemporaries with the Black Prince, whose celebrity, though of a different order, has been not less worthily sustained. The following entries are suggestive enough.

"To the venerable Father, John, Bishop of Bangor, sent as a messenger from the Lord the King to the town of Bruges, in Flanders, to treat with the Bishop of Pampelone and other ambassadors of the Lord the Pope there, upon certain articles touching the Lord the King and his realm of England. In money paid to him by the hands of Walter de Somerton, brother of the order of the Preaching Friars, for his wages. By writ, &c.,—133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d*,

"To Master John de Wiclif, clerk, sent in the retinue of the said Bishop to the same town of Bruges to treat with the same ambassadors concerning the said articles, in money paid to him by his own hands for his wages. By writ of privy seal, &c.—60*l.*

"To Alan de Barley, a messenger, sent with a letter of privy seal, on the 22nd September last past, to Oxford, directed to Master John Wiclyf, clerk, to repair to London to the King's Council. In money paid to him for his wages,—5*s.*"

"To Philippa Chaucer, one of the maids of honour of the chamber of Philippa, late Queen of England, to whom the Lord the King granted 10 marks yearly, to be received at the Exchequer during her life, or until

otherwise he should provide for her estate. In money delivered to her by the hands of Geoffrey Chaucer, in discharge of the 5 marks payable to her for this her allowance,—to wit, at Michaelmas Term last past. By writ of liberate amongst the mandates of this Term,—8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

It may here be added, as connected with the name of Chaucer, the translator of part of the *Romaunt of the Rose*, that there is this curious entry on the Issue Roll of the 3d of Richard II.

" To the Lord the King, by the hands of John Rose, valet of the King's chamber, as well for *the price of a Bible written in the Gaelic language, as for two volumes, contained in two leather cases, one book containing the Romance of the Rose, the other book containing the Romances of Percevall and Gawayn*, delivered to John Bacon, as appears by the counterpart of a certain indenture made between the aforesaid John Bacon and John Rose, and by writ of privy seal, directed to the said John Bacon, concerning the delivery of the said books and bible, remaining in the Hanaper aforesaid. By general writ of privy seal above alleged,—28*l.*

Towards the close of the reign of Edward III., we find that six pounds are paid to one of the King's archers, and his retinue, for conducting and delivering up two persons, who were forgers of the Pope's seal. In a note the editor has quoted the historical fact, that about the forty-first of Edward, a large and formidable gang of fabricators of false seals excited great alarm ; that they numbered amongst them a chaplain and a goldsmith ; and that in their manufactory they used to counterfeit, not only the great and privy seals, but papal bulls and archiepiscopal and episcopal seals innumerable. History, we believe, hardly furnishes a match for this conspiracy against the rights of the state, and other sources of legal property. —a conspiracy which, in an age when few were conversant with the formalities and writing of legal documents, must have been capable, if not checked, of almost revolutionising the realm.

History informs us that it was the custom, in ancient times, for the Kings of England to proceed from the Tower of London to Westminster to be crowned, and the coronation of Richard II. has been described as peculiarly magnificent. The editor reminds us that the young monarch was clad in white robes, escorted by a vast number of the nobility and others, and his progress celebrated by all kinds of music ; that he *rode solemnly* till he came to the Chepe, thence to Fleet Street, and so to the palace,—and that Sir Nicholas Bond *led the King's horse* by the bridle on foot. This steed must have been a noble charger, if we are to judge from its enormous price.

" To Sir Alured de Veer, knight, by two tallies raised this day, containing 100*l.*, paid to the same Alured in discharge of 200*l.* which the Lord the King commanded to be paid him of his gift for a charger which the same Lord the King had of the said Alured, and upon which charger the same Lord the King rode from the city of London to Westminster at

his coronation. By writ of privy seal amongst the mandates of this term,—100*l.*"

That this weak and unfortunate prince delighted in costly and high-bred horses has been attested by one who has mirrored history with matchless truth.

"*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
"*Groom.* So proudly, as if he disdained the ground.
"*K. Rich.* So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?"

Our readers are aware, that within these few late years, a controversy has arisen concerning the time, place, and manner of Richard's death. Mr. Devon states that nothing has yet been found in the Pell Records which throws any light upon this subject, or to show that his successor had any hand in bringing his life to an untimely close. Neither should we expect that the politic Henry IV. would allow any documents to exist among the archives of his reign, that might compromise his name, supposing him to have been as guilty as tradition and certain chronicles have represented him. There are entries, however, in Henry's reign, which refer to the removal of Richard's body from Pomfret to London. Whether this was the identical corpse of the ex-king is another question. In the entries to be extracted, the reader will perceive that *certain* and *secret* affairs pertaining to the reigning monarch's interest are paid for in reference to the royal prisoner.

"To Thomas Tuttebury, clerk, keeper of the King's wardrobe. In money paid to him by the hands of William Pampleon, esquire, for expenses incurred for the carriage of the body of Richard, late King of England, from the town of Pomfrait to London. By writ, &c.,—66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

"To William Loveday, clerk of the King's great wardrobe, sent by the King's command upon the said King's secret affairs to the castle and town of Pountfreyt. In money paid to his own hands for the costs and expenses of himself and his men riding with him, and for their return on account of the King's service aforesaid,—3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

"To a certain valet of Sir Thomas Swynford, knight, coming from Pountfreyt Castle to London, to certify the King's Council concerning certain matters for the King's advantage. In money paid him for his wages and expenses, and for the hire of a horse for the sake of expediting his journey aforesaid,—1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

"To a certain other valet, sent from London, by direction of the King's council, to Pountfreyt Castle, for the protection and safe custody of the body of Richard the Second, late King of England. In money paid to his own hands for his wages and expenses,—6*s.* 8*d.*

"To Robert Eslakby, the King's almoner, in money received by him from Henry Somere, clerk, to be distributed amongst certain religious persons [priests,] to celebrate one thousand masses for the salvation of the soul of Richard the Second, late King of England, deceased, whose body is buried at Langeley, by the command of our Lord the King aforesaid,—16*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*"

It may be conjectured that the last quoted entry about the number of priests, paid to celebrate masses for the salvation of Richard's soul, shows neither whether it was remorse, hypocrisy, or piety which dictated this solemnity. It was, at all events, the manner of the age for the reigning party to be wondrously considerate concerning the welfare of the souls of their predecessors, even while, it may be surmised, there was extreme satisfaction that they were out of the way.

Before leaving Richard's Issue Rolls, it is not unimportant to take notice of some entries, which, as Mr. Devon correctly remarks, show that the making of gunpowder, or rather its use in England for the purposes of war, has generally been assigned to a later period than is intimated by these documents. In the first of this king's reign are these entries.

"To John de Arundell, in money paid to him by assignment made this day in discharge of 234*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.* due upon an account made with him at the Exchequer of account for the wages of himself, his knights, esquires, archers, cross-bowmen, *cannoneers*, and *engineers* with him, and remaining as well in the town of Southampton as in the King's castle at Corf, for the safe custody thereof, at different times. By writ, &c.,—234*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.*

"To John Lincoln, in money received by him from William Walworth and John Philippot, received to purchase and provide 300 quarters of wheat, 200 quarters of beans, 60 casks of wine, one cask of oil, 100 chaldrons of sea coals, 10,000lb. of iron, one barrel of brass, two horse-mills, 1000 planks for wainscoting, 20,000 nails, two carts, six horses, with harness for the same, *two pipes of powder*, 40 war slings, 10,000 quarrells, 200 bows, 700 quivers of arrows, and 200 lances, for defending and fortifying the castle and town of Cherburgh, in Normandy, as appears by bill, &c.,—666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

We must go over the next three reigns more rapidly, for our limits are nearly exhausted. This, however, is the less to be regretted, since, wherever we have extracted—and in doing so, our anxiety has been to present variety—sufficient evidence is afforded of the nature and the value of the editor's selections. It is at the same time but justice to him and to our readers when we mention, that the troubles which arose out of the factions to which Henry the Fourth's reign gave birth—that the glorious career of Henry the Fifth, especially in his foreign military exploits, and that the long and eventful reign of Henry the Sixth, must have furnished many occasions for the most interesting and curious description of entries made in these Issue Rolls. These successions of events the editor

has ably traced, and from the records belonging to them he has judiciously selected, and very variously extracted. A few examples must, however, suffice in our pages.

Here is an entry which refers to the death of Hotspur.

"To divers messengers and couriers sent to all and singular the counties of England, as well with writs for proclamation to be made within the said counties, of the death of Henry Percy, together with other rebels, slain in the battle fought between the King and the said rebels on the part of the said Henry Percy, near Shrewsbury; and of the capture of Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, in the said battle; as also with other writs directed to each keeper of all passage boats whatsoever, in all the ports of England, to prohibit the passage of all persons whomsoever, until otherwise thereon they should receive command from the Lord the King and his Council. In money paid to them by the hands of John Skelton, clerk, for their wages and expenses,—5*l.* 10*s.*"

Our remaining extracts are confined to the captivity in England of James, son of Robert the Third, King of Scotland, which extended to nearly eighteen years. In the entries before us there is sufficient to show the progress of the treatment which he received during that long period. He seems at first to have been committed by Henry IV. to the Tower.

"To Richard Spice, deputy constable of the Tower of London. In money paid to him, by assignment made this day, in discharge of 59*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, which the Lord the King, with the assent of his Council, commanded to be paid him for the expenses of the son of the King of Scotland, John Toures, William Seton, John Gaffard, and Master Dankirton, chaplain, being under the custody and governance of the said Richard within the Tower aforesaid, from the 6th July last past, &c. By writ, &c.,—54*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.*"

After several years captivity within the walls of this fortress, he was removed in 1407 to the Castle of Nottingham, along with the son of Owen Glendower.

"To Richard, Lord de Grey, the King's chamberlain. In money paid to him by the hands of Richard Maydeston, for the support of the King of Scotland, Griffin, the son of Owen Glendourdy, and other prisoners, in his custody. By writ, &c.,—78*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*" [Also other payments appear on this Roll upon the same account.]

On the death of Henry IV. King James is again confined in the Tower, with many of the Scotch nobility.

"To Richard Threll, esquire. In money paid to his own hands, for the expenses of the King of Scotland, the Earl of 'Fyth,' and other prisoners within the Tower of London, being there at the King's costs, immediately after the discharge of Robert Morley, chevalier, late keeper of the Tower aforesaid, as appears by the parcels of the said Richard, delivered to Lord Thomas, Earl of Arundell and Surrey, Treasurer of England, and to the Chamberlains of the Receipt of the Exchequer, remaining in the hanaper of this term,—3*l.* 17*s.*"

He seems after this to have been bountifully supplied.

"To Sir John Pelham, knight, to whom the present Lord the King, on the 22nd February last past, committed the custody and governance of James, King of Scotland, during the pleasure of the said King; and in consideration thereof there was granted yearly, by letters patent, &c., to to the said John, 700*l.* yearly for support of the said King in food, clothing, and other necessary things, incumbent for him, so long as the said John should have the custody and governance of the said King, at certain places which between the King's Council and the aforesaid John should be agreed upon. In money paid to him by assignment made this day, in discharge of 421*l.* 2*s.* 11½*d.*, paid for this his allowance, as well rateably from the aforesaid 22nd February last past, unto the last day of March next following, for 37 days, the last but not the first day included, as for the terms of the Nativity, Saint John the Baptist, and Saint Michael, last past. By writ, &c.,—421*l.* 2*s.* 11½*d.*"

He was afterwards removed to Windsor Castle, and allowed a great deal of freedom, till the commencement of the wars of Henry V. in France, when he was once more lodged in the Tower. In the latter part of this reign, however, he accompanied the English monarch to France, having been provided with necessary apparel.

"To James, King of Scotland. In money paid to him, by the hands of divers persons, as well for armour and other preparations for his person in the war, as for horses, tents, banners, and divers other things provided and purchased for him and other men attending him by order of the King's Council, upon his departure to foreign parts to go to the King's presence. By writ, &c.,—42*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*"

When Henry V. died, James was again consigned to the Tower; but the renewal of negotiations for his freedom soon accomplished that desirable event. This was in 1423, upon delivering several Scottish nobles as hostages for the payment of a very large sum of money. Reference is made to these hostages in this entry.

"Peter Cawode, esquire, ordered and appointed by the King's Council for the safe conduct of divers hostages of James, King of Scotland, from the Tower of London to the city of York, and there to deliver them to Sir Richard Nevyll. In money paid to his own hands, in advance, for divers costs and expenses by him incurred in going, tarrying, and returning upon the business aforesaid,—13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*"

James was escorted to York by knights, esquires, &c., to the number of one hundred and sixty persons, the expenses of which progress, of course, fell upon his own kingdom, and would be charged upon the head of the hostages,—all which was the fruit of the treachery of Henry IV., who made him prisoner during the existence of a truce.

We once more recommend the volume, in which these and numberless other events, persons and particulars, are noticed and elucidated, to the patronage of the public, especially of all profound students of British history, and to every one that possesses a library of any considerable pretensions in this country. We hope Mr. Devon has not yet concluded his valuable labours in this walk of literature.

ART. VI.—*Col. Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas: wherein is contained a Full Account of His Journey from Tennessee to the Red River and Natchitoches, and thence across Texas to St. Antonio; including his many Hair-breadth Escapes; together with a Topographical, Historical, and Political View of Texas.* WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. London: Kennett. 1837.

THERE is more fun, wit, apt description, romantic adventure, pathos, and real instruction within the boards of this duodecimo of about a hundred and fifty pages, than is to be gathered from the cream of many goodly octavos of high pretension. Colonel Crockett is a sly satirist also, who never loses an opportunity of having a fling at "the Government" of the United States, by that appellation generally meaning, it would appear, the late President. Others of the same school of American politics, are constantly coming in for their share of chastisement and waggish sarcasm. These are points, however, that, except as exemplifying the Colonel's taste and style of humour, concern not us. We, therefore, must regard the work in its most general and attractive character; viz., as one of the most amusing pieces of autobiography that is anywhere to be met with.

The Colonel's talents have before this time been much admired on this side of the Atlantic, where one of his works was re-published some years ago, and extensively read. The art which he possesses in handling weighty or trifling matters, his sagacity, his sound sense, the happiness of his allusions and illustrations, his peculiar ease, in the use of Yankee dialect, have deservedly secured for him great popularity, and excited much laughter far beyond the boundaries of the United States, and in regions where the subjects discussed could not of themselves, and without such recommendations or enticements, have produced any considerable interest.

In the present work, the Colonel shows that he was so amazed at his wide-spread fame and popularity, and so proud at the thought that old England should have bought up his "Eccentricities," that he resolved to write more. He at the same time has philosophised on his good luck in such a sage manner, that we must give a sample of it. "It is," says he, "a huckelberry above my persimmon to cipher out how it is with six months' schooling only, I, David Crockett, find myself the most popular book-maker of the day; and such is the demand for my works, that I cannot write them half fast enough, no how I can fix it." "It is a true saying, that no one knows the luck of a lousy calf." Again, "I have been told that there was one Shakspeare more than two hundred years ago, who was brought up a hostler, but finding it a dull business, took to writing plays, and made as great a stir in his time, as I do at

present ; which will go to show, that one ounce of the genuine horse sense is worth a pound of your book learning any day, and if a man is only determined to go a-head, the more kicks he receives in his breech the faster he will get on his journey." The Colonel begins with politics and accounts of electioneering affairs, in which he, for a time, took an uncommon and immediate interest. The success of his first canvass is admirably described.

" Well, I started off to the Cross Roads, dressed in my hunting shirt, and my rifle on my shoulder. Many of our constituents had assembled there to get a taste of the quality of the candidates at orating. Job Snelling, a gander-shanked Yankee, who had been caught somewhere about Plymouth Bay, and had been shipped in the west with a cargo of cod fish and rum, erected a large shantee, and set up shop for the occasion. A large posse of the voters had assembled before I arrived, and my opponent had already made considerable headway with his speechifying and his treating, when they spied me about a rifle shot from the camp, sauntering along as if I was not a party in the business. 'There comes Crockett,' cried one. 'Let us hear the Colonel,' cried another: and so I mounted the stump that had been cut down for the occasion, and began to bushwhack in the most approved style.

" I had not been up long before there was such an uproar in the crowd that I could not hear my own voice, and some of my constituents let me know, that they could not listen to me on such a dry subject as the welfare of the nation, until they had something to drink, and that I must treat 'em. Accordingly I jumped down from the rostrum, and led the way to the shantee, followed by my constituents, shouting, 'Huzza for Crockett,' and 'Crockett for ever!'"

They enter the shantee, when the Colonel calls for a quart of the best. But Job, " the crooked critur," points to a board on which were chalked, " pay to-day and trust to-morrow." Money in the west, in those times, was the shyest thing in " all natur," and particularly shy with the candidate who had called for the rum.

" The voters, seeing my predicament, fell off to the other side, and I was left deserted and alone, as the Government will be, when he no longer has any offices to bestow. I saw, plain as day, that the tide of popular opinion was against me, and that, unless I got some rum speedily, I should lose my election as sure as there are snakes in Virginny,—and it must be done soon, or even burnt brandy wouldn't save me. So I walked away from the shantee, but in another guess sort from the way I entered it, for on this occasion, I had no train after me, and not a voice shouted 'Huzza for Crockett.' Popularity sometimes depends on a very small matter indeed; in this particular it was worth a quart of New England rum, and no more.

" Well, knowing that a crisis was at hand, I struck into the woods with my rifle on my shoulder, my best friend in time of need, and as good fortune would have it, I had not been out more than a quarter of an hour before I treed a fat coon, and in the pulling of a trigger, he lay dead at the root of the tree. I soon whipped his hairy jacket off his back, and

again bent my way towards the shantee, and walked up to the bar, but not alone, for this time I had half a dozen of my constituents at my heels. I threw down the coon skin upon the counter, and called for a quart, and Job, though busy in dealing out rum, forgot to point at his chalked rules and regulations, for he knew that a coon was as good a legal tender for a quart in the west, as a New York shilling, any day in the year.

My constituents now flocked about me, and cried 'Huzza for Crockett,' 'Crockett for ever,' and finding that the tide had taken a turn, I told them several yarns, to get them in a good humour, and having soon dispatched the value of the coon, I went out and mounted the stump, without opposition, and a clear majority of the voters followed me to hear what I had to offer for the good of the nation. Before I was half through, one of my constituents moved that they would hear the balance of my speech, after they had washed down the first part of it with some more of Job Snelling's extract of cornstalk and molasses, and the question being put, it was carried unanimously. It wasn't considered necessary to call the yeas and nays, so we adjourned to the shantee, and on the way I began to reckon that the fate of the nation pretty much depended upon my shooting another coon.

"While standing at the bar, feeling sort of bashful while Job's rules and regulations stared me in the face, I cast down my eyes, and discovered one end of the coon skin sticking between the logs that supported the bar. Job had slung it there in the hurry of business. I gave it a sort of quick jerk and it followed my hand as natural as if I had been the rightful owner. I slapped it on the counter, and Job little dreaming that he was barking up the wrong tree, shoved along another bottle, which my constituents quickly disposed of with great good humour, for some of them saw the trick, and then we withdrew to the rostrum, to discuss the affairs of the nation."

The voters repeatedly became dry, when nothing would do but to return to the shantee; "and, as luck would have it, the coon skin was still sticking between the logs, as if Job had flung it there to tempt me;" "and I wish I may be shot if I didn't, before the day was over, get ten quarts for the same identical skin, and from a fellow too, who, in those parts, was considered as sharp as a steel trap, and as bright as a pewter button."

"This joke secured me my election, for it soon circulated like smoke among my constituents, and they allowed, with one accord, that the man who could get the whip hand of Job Snelling in fair trade, could outwit Old Nick himself, and was the real grit for them in Congress. Job was by no means popular; he boasted of always being wide awake, and that any one who could take him in was free to do so, for he came from a stock that sleeping or waking had always one eye open, and the other not more than half closed. The whole family were geniuses. His father was the inventor of wooden nutmegs, by which Job said he might have made a fortune, if he had only taken out a patent and kept the business in his own hands; his mother Patience manufactured the first white oak pumpkin seeds of the mammoth kind, and turned a pretty penny the first season; and his aunt Prudence was the first to discover that corn husks

steeped in tobacco water, would make as handsome Spanish wrappers as ever came from Havanna, and that oak leaves would answer all the purposes of filling, for no one would discover the difference, except the man who smoked them, and then it would be too late to make a stir about it. Job himself bragged of having made some useful discoveries; the most profitable of which was the art of converting mahogany sawdust into cayenne pepper, which he said was a profitable and safe business; for the people have been so long accustomed to having dust thrown in their eyes, that there wasn't much danger of being found out."

Job Snelling is but one of several characters which the Colonel has outlined and finished to the life. To return for a moment to electioneering affairs, it is to be observed, that the success here announced, was what attended his "first run for Congress;" and when he was in favour of the "Hero," no one dreaming at that time, about "the deposites." But at the last election, "the Government," and Van Buren, whom he calls "the Little Flying Dutchman," were against him, and he came off only second best. The Colonel has a good deal to say about this disaster; but without tarrying to hear how he, like other discomfited candidates, gives the whys and the wherefores on the subject, or his complaining account of the foul opposition he had to encounter, our readers will find the advice amusing and instructive, which he addresses to all who, in the character of canvassers in the prospect of a political election, make themselves busy among a constituency, part of which we quote.

"When the day of election approaches, visit your constituents far and wide. Treat liberally, and drink freely, in order to rise in their estimation, though you fall in your own. True, you may be called a drunken dog by some of the clean shirt and silk stocking gentry, but the real rough necks will style you a jovial fellow,—their votes are certain, and frequently count double. Do all you can to appear to advantage in the eyes of the women. That's easily done—you have but to kiss and slobber their children, wipe their noses, and pat them on the head; this cannot fail to please their mothers, and you may rely on your business being done in that quarter.

"'Promise all that is asked,' said I, 'and more if you can think of any thing. Offer to build a bridge or a church, to divide a county, create a batch of new offices, make a turnpike, or any thing they like. Promises cost nothing, therefore deny nobody who has a vote or sufficient influence to obtain one.

"'Get up on all occasions, and sometimes on no occasion at all, and make long-winded speeches, though composed of nothing else than wind —talk of your devotion to your country, your modesty and disinterestedness, or on any such fanciful subject. Rail against taxes of all kinds, office-holders, and bad harvest weather; and wind up with a flourish about the heroes who fought and bled for our liberties in the times that tried men's souls. To be sure you run the risk of being considered a bladder of wind, or an empty barrel; but never mind that, you will find enough of the same fraternity to keep you in countenance.

"If any charity be going forward, be at the top of it, provided it is to be advertised publicly; if not, it isn't worth your while. None but a fool would place his candle under a bushel on such an occasion.

"'These few directions,' said I, 'if properly attended to, will do your business; and when once elected, why a fig for the dirty children, the promises, the bridges, the churches, the taxes, the offices, and the subscriptions, for it is absolutely necessary to forget all these before you can become a thorough-going politician, and a patriot of the first water.'"

Having been worsted in the election, the Colonel resolves on quitting the States; and although, he says, that his "appetite for politics was at one time just about as sharp set as a saw-mill," he declared to the electors, "that they might all go to hell, and I would go to Texas," until such time as honest and independent men should again work their way to the head of the heap." But not without being sorely cast down, did the change of his fortunes overtake him. He even felt a sorrow that would have made "an oyster poetic," and accordingly, for the first time in his life, was inspired by the muse. The effusion we must pass over, that we may proceed with the narrative, for, having been told "that every author of distinction writes a book of travels now-a-days," he determines on keeping a journal. The volume before us purports to be that journal, found in manuscript among his baggage, after he was killed at the Alamo, beginning in the autumn of 1835, when he left his home in Tennessee, down to the day preceding his death. Whatever truth there may be in this account of the matter, or in the various details of the book, we pretend not to decide; one thing, however, is certain, and this is, that it will bear the high character given of it in the first sentence of this paper; and also, that it presents a not unfaithful picture of life in the far South West.

When about to commence his journey towards Texas, he says—

"My thermometer stood somewhat below the freezing point as I left my wife and children; still there was some thawing about the eyelids, a thing that had not taken place since I first ran away from my father's house when a thoughtless vagabond boy. I dressed myself in a clean hunting shirt, put on a new foxskin cap, with the tail hanging behind, took hold of my rifle Betsey, which all the world knows was presented to me by the patriotic citizens of Philadelphia, as a compliment for my unflinching opposition to the tyrannic measures of 'the Government,' and thus equipped I started off, with a heavy heart, for Mill's Point, to take steam-boat down the Mississipi, and go ahead in a new world."

On his route, he falls in with some strange adventures, and several original characters in the shape of erratic travellers. Nor was it long after the "thawing about the eye-lids," and his starting from home, that one of these originals is met with. How much the Colonel can make of little will, from the following renconter be seen. He has only entered upon his expedition, and is questioning

himself, whether it is altogether right to leave his poor country at the time that she most needed his services, when he is startled by as boisterous and profane voices as ever had "been heard in the White House of late years," and which seemed to proceed from a thick covert of undergrowth, a little way from the road. The dialogue was to this effect:—

"'You kin, kin you?'

"'Yes I kin, and am able to do it! Boo—oo—oo!—O wake snakes! and walk your chalks! Brimstone and —— fire! Don't hold me, Nick Stoval! The fight's made up, and let's go at it. —— my soul if I don't jump down his throat and gallop every chitterling out of him, before you can say 'quit!'"

"'Now, Nick, don't hold him! Jist let the wild cat come, and I'll tame him. Ned 'll see me a fair fight—won't you, Ned?'

"'O! yes, I'll see you a fair fight; blast my old shoes if I don't.'

"'That's sufficient, as Tom Haynes said, when he saw the elephant. Now, let him come.'

"Thus they went on, with countless oaths interspersed, which I dare not even hint at, and with much that I could not distinctly hear.

"In mercy's name! thought I, what a band of ruffians is at work here. I quickened my gait, and had come nearly opposite to the thick grove whence the noise proceeded, when my eye caught indistinctly, through the foliage of the dwarf oaks and hickories that intervened, glimpses of a man or men, who seemed to be in a violent struggle; and I could occasionally catch those deep-drawn emphatic oaths, which men in conflict utter, when they deal blows. I hurried to the spot, but before I reached it, I saw the combatants come to the ground, and, after a short struggle, I saw the uppermost one (for I could not see the other) make a heavy plunge with both his thumbs, and at the same instant I heard a cry in the accent of the keenest torture, 'Enough! my eye is out.'

"I stood completely horror-struck for a moment. The accomplices in the brutal deed had all fled at my approach, at least I suppose so, for they were not to be seen.

"'Now blast your corn-shucking soul,' said the victor, a lad about eighteen, as he rose from the ground, 'come cutt'n your shines 'bout me agin, next time I come to the Court House, will you!—Get your owl-eye in agin, if you can.'

"At this moment he saw me for the first time. He looked as though he couldn't help it, and was for making himself particularly scarce, when I called to him, 'Come back, you brute, and assist me in relieving the poor critur you have ruined for ever.'

"Upon this rough salutation, he sort of collected himself, and with a taunting curl of the nose, he replied, You needn't kick before you're, spurred. There an't nobody there, nor han't been nother. I was just seein' how I could a' fout.' So saying, he bounded to his plough, which stood in the corner of a fence about fifty yards from the battle ground.

"Now would any man in his senses believe that a rational being could make such a darned fool of himself? but I wish I may be shot, if his report was not as true as the last Post-office report, every word, and a little more

satisfactory. All that I had heard and seen was nothing more nor less than what is called a rehearsal of a knock-down and drag-out fight, in which the young man had played all the parts for his own amusement, and by way of keeping his hand in. I went to the ground from which he had risen, and there were the prints of his two thumbs, plunged up to the balls in the mellow earth, about the distance of a man's eyes apart, and the ground around was broken up, as if two stags had been engaged upon it."

Not long afterwards the Colonel falls in with an old gentleman, who drove a sulky, part of his luggage consisting of books and pamphlets of his own composition—"for he was an author like myself,"—the moral tendency of his works the writer himself being able to vouch for, a thing, which, "very few booksellers can do." He was an itinerant lecturer.

"His linen and flannels, which he had washed in the brooks by the way side, were hanging over the back of the crazy vehicle to dry, while his own snuffy countenance had long bid defiance to sun, wind, and water to bleach it.

"His jaded beast stopped instinctively upon seeing a crowd, while the old man remained seated for some moments before he could recall his thoughts from the world of imagination, where they were gleaning for the benefit of mankind. He looked, it must be confessed, more like a lunatic than a moral lecturer; but being conscious of his own rectitude, he could not conceive how his outward Adam could make him ridiculous in the eyes of another; but a fair outside is everything to the world. The tulip flower is highly prized, although indebted for its beauty to the corruption engendered at the root; and so it is with man.

"We occasionally meet with one possessing sufficient philosophy to look upon life as a pilgrimage, and not as a mere round of pleasure: who, treating this world as a place of probation, is ready to encounter suffering, and not expecting the sunshine of prosperity, escapes being overclouded by disappointment. Such is the character of the old preacher, whose ridiculous appearance in the eyes of the thoughtless and ignorant is only exceeded by the respect and veneration of those who are capable of estimating his real worth. I learnt that he was educated for the church, but not being able to obtain a living, he looked upon the whole earth as his altar, and all mankind as his flock. He was pennyless, and therefore had no predilection for this or that section of the globe, for wherever he might be, his journey of probation still continued, and in every spot he found that human nature was the same. His life was literally that of a pilgrim. He was an isolated being, though his heart overflowed with the milk of human kindness; for being indiscriminate in his affection, very few valued it. He who commences the world with a general love for mankind, and suffers his feelings to dictate to his reason, runs a great hazard of reaping a plentiful harvest of ingratitude, and of closing a tedious existence in misanthropy. But it was not so with the aged preacher."

Finding it is "mostly poor preach and worse pay," he wrote histories, which "contained but little information, and sermons which, like many others, had nothing to boast of, beyond being strictly

orthodox." But lecturing being "the cheapest thing that a man can bestow in charity," he did as many of our universal philanthropists have done. He did more, as may be learned from the following dialogue, which took place between the landlord of the tavern and the travelling parson, at whose door the latter had just arrived, and been, for the first time, seen by the Colonel.

"The landlord now made his appearance, and gave a hearty welcome to the reverend traveller, and shaking him by the hand, added, that he never came more opportunely in all his life.

"'Opportunely!' exclaimed the philosopher.

"'Yes,' rejoined the other; 'you have a heart and head that labour for the benefit of us poor mortals.'

"'O! true, an excellent market for my pamphlets,' replied the other, at the same time beginning to open the trunk, that lay before him.

"'You misunderstand me,' added the landlord. 'A poor showman, with a sick wife and five children, has arrived from New Orleans——'

"'I will sell my pamphlets to relieve their wants, and endeavour to teach them resignation.'

"'He exhibits to-night in my large room: you know the room sir,—I let him have it gratis.'

"'You are an honest fellow. I will witness his show, and add my mite to his assistance.'

"'But,' replied the innkeeper, 'the lame fiddler is fond of the bottle, and is now snoring in the hayloft.'

"'Degrading vice!' exclaimed the old man, and taking 'God's Revenge against Drunkenness' from the trunk, and standing erect in the sulky, commenced reading to his astonished audience. The innkeeper interrupted him by observing that the homily would not fill the empty purse of the poor showman, and unless a fiddler could be obtained, he must depend on charity, or go supperless to bed. And moreover, the people, irritated at their disappointment, had threatened to tear the show to pieces.

"'But what's to be done?' demanded the parson.'

"'Your reverence shakes an exellent bow,' added the innkeeper, in an insinuating tone.

"'I!' exclaimed the parson; 'I fiddle for a puppet show!'

"'Not for the puppet show, but for the sick wife and five hungry children.'

"'A tear started into the eyes of the old man, as he added in an undertone, 'If I could be concealed from the audience——'

"'Nothing easier,' cried the other; we will place you behind the scenes, and no one will ever dream that you fiddled at a puppet show.'

"The matter being thus settled, they entered the house, and shortly afterward the sound of a fiddle, squeaking like a giggling girl tickled into ecstacies, restored mirth and good humour to the disappointed assemblage who rushed in, helter-skelter, to enjoy the exhibition."

As the performance proceeded, and the plot of the piece thickened, the parson became more animated; and, unluckily, in the course of his warmth to do justice to his station, his elbow touched the side

of the scene, thus causing it to fall, which exposed him "working away in all his ecstacies."

"No ways disconcerted by the accident, the parson seized upon it as a fine opportunity of conveying a lesson to those around him, at the same time that he might benefit a fellow mortal. He immediately mounted the chair upon which he was seated, and addressed the audience to the following effect:—

"'Many of you have come here for amusement, and others no doubt to assist the poor man, who is thus struggling to obtain a subsistence for his sick wife and children.—Lo! the moral of a puppet show!—But is this all; has he not rendered unto you your money's worth? This is not charity. If you are charitably inclined, here is an object fully deserving of it.' He preached upon this text for full half an hour, and concluded with taking his hat to collect assistance from his hearers for the friendless showman and his family.

"The next morning, when his sulky was brought to the door, the showman and his wife came out to thank their benefactor. The old man placed his trunk of pamphlets before him, and procceeded on his pilgrimage, the little children following him through the village with bursts of gratitude."

Oliver Goldsmith would not have been disgraced by some of these touches. But, before bidding farewell to the parson, we must have another interview with him, on which occasion the exquisite originality of his character becomes more fully developed, and the affection and veneration he is entitled to, it must be felt to be impossible to withhold, even when a laugh is excited at his expense. The Colonel stumbles upon him more than once. For instance, as he and certain companions drew nigh to the Washita, they were suddenly startled by the sound of music, when they dreamed not of any other traveller or human creature being in that quarter.

"What can all that mean?' says I. 'Blast my old shoes if I know, Colonel,' says one of the party. We listened again and we now heard, 'Hail, Columbia, happy land!' played in first-rate style. 'That's fine,' says I. 'Fine as silk, Colonel, and a leetle finer,' says the other; but hark, the tune's changed.' We took another spell of listening, and now the musician struck up, in a brisk and lively manner, 'Over the water to Charley.' 'That's mighty mysterious,' says one; 'Can't cipher it out nohow.' says another; A notch beyant my measure,' says a third. 'Then let us go ahead,' says I, and off we dashed at a pretty rapid gait, I tell you—by no means slow.

"As we approached the river we saw to the right of the road a new clearing on a hill, where several men were at work, and they running down the hill like wild Indians, or rather like the office holders in pursuit of the deposites. There appeared to be no time to be lost, so they ran, and we cut ahead for the crossing. The music continued all this time stronger and stronger, and the very notes appeared to speak distinctly, 'Over the water to Charley.'

"When we reached the crossing we were struck all of a heap, at

beholding a man seated in a sulky in the middle of a river, and playing for life on a fiddle. The horse was up to his middle in the water; and it seemed as if the flimsy vehicle was ready to be swept away by the current. Still the fiddler fiddled on composedly, as if his life had been insured, and he was nothing more than a passenger. We thought he was mad and shouted to him. He heard us, and stopped his music. 'You have missed the crossing,' shouted one of the men from the clearing. 'I know I have,' returned the fiddler. 'If you go ten feet farther you will be drowned.' 'I know I shall,' returned the fiddler. 'Turn back,' said the man. 'I can't,' said the other. 'Then how the devil will you get out?' 'I'm sure I don't know: come you and help me.'

"The men from the clearing, who understood the river, took our horses and rode up to the sulky, and after some difficulty, succeeded in bringing the traveller safe to shore, when we recognised the worthy parson who had fiddled for us at the puppet show at Little Rock. They told him that he had had a narrow escape, and he replied, that he had found that out an hour ago. He said he had been fiddling to the fishes for a full hour, and had exhausted all the tunes that he could play without notes. We then asked him what could have induced him to think of fiddling at a time of such peril; and he replied, that he had remarked in his progress through life, that there was nothing in universal natur so well calculated to draw people together as the sound of a fiddle; and he knew, that he might bawl until he was hoarse for assistance, and no one would stir a peg; but they would no sooner hear the scraping of his catgut, than they would quit all other business, and come to the spot in flocks. We laughed heartily at the knowledge the parson showed of human natur. And he was right."

The Colonel's companions had only been a friendly escort from the place where he had first seen the parson, to pioneer him a certain way on his route, and to guide him to the right fording of the river. Having crossed it along with the parson, these two worthies now alone bent their course together through the Arkansas, "a pretty fine territory, being about five hundred and fifty miles in length from east to west, with a mean width of near two hundred." In traversing part of this diversified country, the Colonel was so charmed, that he becomes eloquent and elevated in his style, even when doing it on paper.

"I kept in company with the parson until we arrived at Greenville, and I do say, he was just about as pleasant an old gentleman to travel with, as any man who wasn't too darned particular could ask for. We talked about politics, religion, and natur, farming and bear hunting, and the many blessings that an all bountiful Providence has bestowed upon our happy country. He continued to talk upon this subject, travelling over the whole ground as it were, until his imagination glowed, and his soul became full to overflowing; and he checked his horse, and I stopped mine also, and a stream of eloquence burst forth from his aged lips, such as I have seldom listened to: it came from the overflowing fountain of a pure and grateful heart. We were alone in the wilderness, but as he proceeded it seemed to me as if the tall trees bent their tops to listen; that

the mountain stream laughed out joyfully as it bounded on, like some living thing; that the fading flowers of autumn smiled, and sent forth fresher fragrance, as if conscious that they would revive in spring; and even the sterile rocks seemed to be endued with some mysterious influence. We were alone in the wilderness, but all things told me that God was there. That thought renewed my strength and courage. I had left my country, felt somewhat like an outcast, believed that I had been neglected and lost sight of; but I was now conscious that there was still one watchful Eye over me; no matter whether I dwelt in the populous cities, or threaded the pathless forest alone; no matter whether I stood in the high places among men, or made my solitary lair in the untrodden wild, that Eye was still upon me. My very soul leaped joyfully at the thought; I never felt so grateful in all my life; I never loved my God so sincerely in all my life. I felt that I still had a friend."

The worthy old itinerant, seeming to know everything about the history of the country, not only regarding the leading men in it, but where all the good tracts lay in most of the western states, the Colonel thought he would make a first-rate agent for taking up lands; and seeing that he was very poor, no doubt supposed that by changing his profession and manner of life, he might better his condition. Accordingly, this view of the matter was suggested. The parson smiled, "and, pointing above, said, "My wealth lies not in this world." Who can assert that this cheerful venerable pilgrim was not related to the Vicar of Wakefield, though his features and many of his fancies bear very distinct traces?

In a steamboat that runs between Fulton and Natchitoches, the Colonel falls in with a character of a very different complexion from the parson, but one that is not a whit less original or distinctly individual. He was "a tall, lank, sea-sarpent-looking blackleg," and was, when first noticed by the gallant author, amusing the passengers by his skill at thimblerig—at the same time picking up the shillings which the green-horn passengers staked, as expeditiously "as a hungry gobler would a pint of corn." The conjuror would fain have tempted the Colonel to risk some money, but he was too wide awake, and only would go it "for drinks for the present company." This was agreed upon, and eying as keen as a lizard how the pea was slipped at one turn, the veteran won the wager. After this Thimblerig entered into conversation with the Colonel, and was found to be a good-natured, intelligent, fellow, with an eye to the main chance. "He belonged to that numerous class that it is perfectly safe to trust as far as a tailor can sling a bull by the tail—but no farther." He had been brought up a gentleman, that is "he was not instructed in any useful pursuit by which he could obtain a livelihood"—but nature "had made a very injudicious choice, in selecting him to sustain" that character.

To better his fortune, he bethought himself of looking out for an

heiress for wife, and cast his eyes upon the pretty daughter of a wealthy planter.

"Thimblerig got the blind side of the planter, and everything, to outward appearances, went on swimmingly. Our worthy boasted to his cronies that the business was settled, and that in a few weeks he should occupy the elevated station in society that nature had designed him to adorn. He swelled like the frog in the fable, or rather like Johnson's wife, of Kentucky, when the idea occurred to her of figuring away at Washington. But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, says the proverb, and suddenly Thimblerig discontinued his visits at the planter's house. His friends inquired of him the meaning of this abrupt termination of his devotions.

"'I have been treated with disrespect,' replied the worthy, indignantly.

"'Disrespect! in what way?'

"'My visits, it seems, are not altogether agreeable.'

"'But how have you ascertained that?'

"'I received a hint to that effect; and I can take a hint as soon as another.'

"'A hint!—and have you allowed a hint to drive you from the pursuit? For shame. Go back again.'

"'No, no, never! a hint is sufficient for a man of my gentlemanly feelings. I asked the old man for his daughter.'

"'Well, what followed? what did he say?'

"'Didn't say a word,'

"'Silence gives consent all the world over.'

"'So I thought. I then told him to fix the day.'

"'Well, what then?'

"'Why, then he kicked me down stairs, and ordered his slaves to pump upon me. That's hint enough for me, that my visits are not properly appreciated; and blast my old shoes if I condescend to renew the acquaintance, or notice them in any way until they send for me.'"

Thimblerig was now driven to his shifts, and experienced many random and curious vicissitudes, till at last he set up as a professional blackleg "on his own hook," and took up his quarters at Natchez. His description of this place is capital.

"'Natchez is a land of fevers, alligators, niggers, and cotton bales: where the sun shines with force sufficient to melt the diamond, and the word ice is expunged from the dictionary, for its definition cannot be comprehended, by the natives: where to refuse grog before breakfast would degrade you below the brute creation; and where a good dinner is looked upon as an angel's visit, and voted a miracle: where the evergreen and majestic magnolia tree, with its superb flower, unknown to the northern climes, and its fragrance unsurpassed, calls forth the admiration of every beholder; and the dark moss hangs in festoons from the forest trees like the drapery of a funeral pall: where bears, the size of young jackasses, are fondled in lieu of pet dogs; and knives, the length of a barber's pole, usurp the place of tooth-picks: where the filth of the town is carried off by buzzards, and the inhabitants are carried off by fevers: where nigger women are knocked down by the auctioneer, and knocked up by the purchaser:

where the poorest slave has plenty of yellow boys, but not of Benton's mintage; and indeed the shades of colour are so varied and mixed, that a nigger is frequently seen black and blue at the same time. And such is Natchez.'"

While Thimblerig was narrating this and many other stories, the Colonel "found his conversation very amusing," and generally during the narrative that he played "mechanically with his peas and thimbles, as if he was afraid that he would lose the slight unless he kept his hand in constant practice." Having, however, taken him seriously to task, about such a debasing mode of life, the blackleg at length became persuaded to leave it off, and exclaimed with an oath—I'll be a man again! Live honestly, or die bravely. I go with you to Texas."

The Colonel begins now to acquire companions that are willing to embark in the same adventure which he has entered upon; and this remark carries us forward to a new and romantic character, called the Bee-hunter.

"I now drew nigh enough to see him distinctly. He was a young man not more than twenty-two. His figure was light and graceful, at the same time that it indicated strength and activity. He was dressed in a hunting shirt, which was made with uncommon neatness, and ornamented tastily with fringe. He held a highly finished rifle in his right hand, and a hunting pouch, covered with Indian ornaments, was slung across his shoulders. His clean shirt-collar was open, secured only by a black riband around his neck. His boots were polished, without a soil upon them; and on his head was a neat fur cap, tossed on in a manner which said, 'I don't care a d—n,' just as plainly as any cap could speak it. I thought it must be some popinjay of a lark, until I took a look at his countenance. It was handsome, bright and manly. There was no mistake in that face. From the eyes down to his breast he was sunburnt as dark as mahogany, while the upper part of his high forehead was as white and polished as marble. Thick clusters of black hair curled from under his cap. I passed on, unperceived, and he continued his song:—

"'In the green spring-tide, all tender and bright,
When the sun sheds a kindlier gleam
O'er velvet bank, that sweet flowers prank,
That have fresh dews and sunbeams drank—
Softest, and most chaste, as enchanted light
In the visions of maiden's dream.'"

The Bee-hunter having heard of the Colonel being on his route towards Texas, sought him out for the purpose of accompanying him to that country, with which, in the course of his previous strange occupation, he had become pretty well acquainted.

"He told me that honey trees are abundant in Texas, and that honey of an excellent quality, and in any quantity, may be obtained from them. There are persons who have a peculiar tact in coursing the bee, and thus discovering their deposites of the luscious food. This employment is not a mere

pastime, but is profitable. The wax alone, thus obtained, is a valuable article of commerce in Mexico, and commands a high price. It is much used in churches, where some of the candles made use of are as long as a man's arm. It often happens that the hunters throw away the honey, and save only the wax.

"'It is a curious fact,' said the Bee-hunter, 'in the natural history of the bee, that it is never found in a wild country, but always precedes civilization, forming a kind of advance guard between the white man and the savage. The Indians, at least, are perfectly convinced of this fact, for it is a common remark among them, when they observe these insects—'There come the white men.'"

This last-mentioned fact we remember to have seen in one of Washington Irving's publications. Before the bees and the white men, the poor Indians are retreating and disappearing gradually but rapidly. But to return to the Bee-hunter—it is stated by the editor of the present volume in the preface, that he was a worthy and talented young man well known in New Orleans." His parents were wealthy, he had received a liberal education, was the pride and soul of the circle in which he moved, but his destiny was suddenly overshadowed by an act in which he had no agency, but his proud father in a moment of anger turned his face upon him, and the romantic youth with a wounded spirit, commenced the roving life which he had pursued for four or five years. His father recently found out the great injustice that had been done to his proud-spirited son, recalled him, and a reconciliation took place; but the young man had become enamoured of Texas, and a young woman at Nacogdoches, and had already selected a plantation in Austin's Colony, on which he intended to have settled in the course of the coming year.

The Colonel found the Bee-hunter a cheerful, communicative companion; and when he got tired of talking and giving accounts of his various strange adventures, "he'd commence singing, and his list of songs seemed to be as long as a rainy Sunday." At length they reach Nacogdoches, where the Colonel passed the day.

"In getting information from the principal patriots as to the grievances imposed upon them by the Mexican government: and I passed the time very pleasantly, but I rather reckon not quite as much so as my friend the Bee-hunter. In the evening, as I had missed him for several hours while I was attending to the affairs of the patriots, I inquired for my companion, and was directed by the landlord to an apartment appropriated to his family, and accordingly I pushed ahead. Before I reached the door, I heard the joyous and musical voice of the young rover singing as usual.

"'I'd like to have a little farm,
And leave such scenes as these,
Where I could live without a care,
Completely at my ease.

I'd like to have a pleasant house
Upon my little farm,
Airy and cool in summer time,
In winter close and warm.

"'And is there nothing else you'd like to have to make you happy, Edward?' demanded a gentle voice, which sounded even more musical in my ear than that of the hunter.

"'Yes, in good faith there is, my gentle Kate; and I'll tell you what it is,' he exclaimed, and resumed his song:—

"'I'd like to have a little wife—
I reckon I know who;
I'd like to have a little son—
A little daughter too;
And when they'd climb upon my knee,
I'd like a little toy
To give my pretty little girl,
Another for my boy.'

"'O, fie, for shame of you to talk so, Edward!' exclaimed the same gentle voice.

"'Well, my pretty Kate, if you'll only listen now, I'll tell you what I wouldn't like.'

"'Let me hear that by all means.'

"'I should not like my wife to shake
A broomstick at my head—
For then I might begin to think
She did not love her Ned;
But I should always like to see
Her gentle as a dove;
I should not like to have her scold—
But be all joy and love.'

"'And there is not much danger, Edward, of her ever being otherwise.'

"'Bless your sweet lips, that I'm certain of,' exclaimed the Bee-hunter, and I heard something that sounded marvellously like a kiss. But he resumed his song:—

"'If I had these I would not ask
For anything beside;
I'd be content thus smoothly through
The tedious world to glide.
My little wife and I would then
No earthly troubles see—
Surrounded by our little ones,
How happy we would be.'"

Next morning, the Colonel, Thimblerig, and the Bee-hunter were all on the alert, and preparing to start again.

"Shortly afterwards a young woman, about eighteen, entered the room. She was as healthy and blooming as the wild flowers of the prairie. My companion introduced me, she courtesied modestly, and turning to the Bee-

hunter, said, 'Edward, I have made you a new deer skin sack since you were last here. Will you take it with you? Your old one is so soiled.'

"'No, no, dear Kate, I shall not have leisure to gather wax this time.'

"'I have not yet shown you the fine large gourd that I have slung for you. It will hold near a gallon of water.' She went to a closet, and producing it, suspending it around his shoulders.

"'My own kind Kate!' he exclaimed, and looked as if he would devour her with his eyes.

"'Have I forgotten anything?—Ah! yes, your books.' She ran to the closet, and brought out two small volumes.

"'One is sufficient this time, Kate—my Bible. I will leave the poet with you.' She placed it in his hunting bag, saying,

"'You will find here some biscuit and deer sinews, in case you should get bewildered in the prairies. You know you lost your way the last time, and were nearly famished.'

"'Kind and considerate Kate.'

"I began to find out that I was a sort of fifth wheel to a waggon, so I went to the front of the tavern to see about starting. There was a considerable crowd there, and I made them a short address on the occasion. I told them among other things, that "I would die with my Betsy in my arms. No, I will not die—I'll grin down the walls of the Alamo, and the Americans will lick up the Mexicans like fine salt.'

"I mounted my little mustang, and my legs nearly reached the ground. The thimble conjurer was also ready; at length the Bee-hunter made his appearance, followed by his sweetheart, whose eyes looked as though she had been weeping. He took a cordial leave of all his friends, for he appeared to be a general favourite; he then approached Kate, kissed her, and leaped upon his horse. He tried to conceal his emotion by singing, carelessly,

"'Saddled and bridled, and booted rode he,
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee.'

"The tremulous and plaintive voice of Kate took up the next two lines of the song, which sounded like a prophecy:

"'But toom cam' the saddle all bluidy to see,
And hame cam' the steed, but hame never cam' he.'

"We started off rapidly, and left Nacogdoches amid the cheering of true patriots and kind friends."

Many scenes in the woods are now described with the Colonel's accustomed spirit and tact. One must be quoted. While the Colonel is longing for a buffalo hunt, and his companions are endeavouring to dissuade him from allowing his ruling passion to lead him into such danger as certainly threatened, the pastime in the given circumstances, Thimblerig is amusing himself "with his eternal thimbles and pea upon the crown of his big white hat," and the Bee-hunter's eyes are wandering above, when suddenly he, (the Bee-hunter)

"Sprang to his feet, looked around for a moment, then leaped on his mustang, and without saying a word, started off like mad, and scoured along the prairie. We watched him, gradually diminishing in size, until

he seemed no larger than a rat, and finally disappeared in the distance. I was amazed, and thought to be sure the man was crazy; and Thimblerig, who continued his game, responded that he was unquestionably out of his head.

"Shortly after the Bee-hunter had disappeared we heard a noise something like the rumbling of distant thunder. The sky was clear, there were no signs of a storm, and we concluded it could not proceed from that cause. On turning to the west we saw an immense cloud of dust in the distance, but could perceive no object distinctly, and still the roaring continued. 'What can all this mean?' said I. 'Burn my old shoes if I know,' said the conjurer, gathering up his thimbles, and at the same time cocking his large Vicksburger fiercely on his head. We continued looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, the cloud of dust became thicker and thicker, and the roaring more distinct—much louder than was ever heard in the White House at Washington.

"We at first imagined that it was a tornado, but whatever it was, it was coming directly toward the spot where we stood. Our mustangs had ceased to graze, and cocked up their ears in evident alarm. We ran and caught them, took off the hobbles, and rode into the grove of trees; still the noise grew louder and louder. We had scarcely got under the shelter of the grove before the object approached near enough for us to ascertain what it was. It was a herd of buffalo, at least four or five hundred in number, dashing along as swift as the wind, and roaring as if so many devils had broke loose. They passed near the grove, and, if we had not taken shelter there we should have been in great danger of being trampled to death. My poor little mustang shook worse than a politician about to be turned out of office, as the drove came sweeping by. At their head, apart from the rest, was a black bull, who appeared to be their leader; he came roaring along, his tail straight an end, and at times tossing up the earth with his horns. I never felt such a desire to have a crack at any thing in all my life. He drew nigh the place where I was standing; I raised my beautiful Betsey to my shoulder, took deliberate aim, blazed away, and he roared, and suddenly stopped. Those that were near him did so likewise, and the concussion occasioned by the impetus of those in the rear was such, that it was a miracle that some of them did not break their legs or necks. The black bull stood for a few moments pawing the ground after he was shot, then darted off around the cluster of trees, and made for the uplands of the prairies. The whole herd followed, sweeping by like a tornado, and I do say, I never witnessed a more beautiful sight to the eye of a hunter in all my life. Bear hunting is no more to be compared to it than Colonel Benton is to Henry Clay. I watched them for a few moments, then clapped spurs to my mustang, and followed in their wake, leaving Thimblerig behind me."

We must now hasten forward towards the close of the volume, and to the fortress of Alamo, from which the Colonel keeps the latter part of his journal, and where, along with about one hundred and fifty more he has withdrawn, to secure themselves against about sixteen hundred strong of the Mexicans. This is on the 23rd of February. Every day to the 4th of March, he regularly enters

his memoranda. The 3rd only furnishes the despairing intelligence that they have given over all hopes of succour from without, and that Colonel Travis harangued the garrison, concluding with the exhortation, that in case the enemy should carry the fort, to fight to the last gasp—an advice which was followed by three cheers.

"*March* 4.—Shells have been falling into the fort like hail during the day, but without effect. About dusk, in the evening, we observed a man running towards the fort, pursued by about a dozen Mexican cavalry. The Bee-hunter immediately knew him to be the old pirate who had gone to Goliad, and calling to the two hunters, he sallied out of the fort to the relief of the old man, who was hard pressed. I followed close after. Before we reached the spot the Mexicans were close on the heel of the old man, who stopped suddenly, turned short upon his pursuers, discharged his rifle, and one of the enemy fell from his horse. The chase was renewed, but finding that he would be overtaken and cut to pieces, he now turned again, and, to the amazement of the enemy became the assailant in his turn. He clubbed his gun, and dashed among them like a wounded tiger, and they fled like sparrows. By this time we reached the spot, and, in the ardour of the moment, followed some distance before we saw that our retreat to the fort was cut off by another detachment of cavalry. Nothing was to be done but to fight our way through. We were all of the same mind. 'Go ahead!' cried I, and they shouted 'Go ahead, Colonel!' We dashed among them, and a bloody conflict ensued. They were about twenty in number, and they stood their ground. After the fight had continued about five minutes, a detachment was seen issuing from the fort to our relief, and the Mexicans scampered off, leaving eight of their comrades dead upon the field. But we did not escape unscathed, for both the pirate and the Bee-hunter were mortally wounded, and I received a sabre cut across the forehead. The old man died, without speaking, as soon as we entered the fort. We bore my young friend to his bed, dressed his wounds, and I watched beside him. He lay, without complaint or manifesting pain, until about midnight, when he spoke, and I asked him if he wanted any thing. 'Nothing,' he replied, but drew a sigh that seemed to rend his heart, as he added, 'Poor Kate of Nacogdoches!' His eyes were filled with tears, as he continued, 'Her words were prophetic, Colonel:' and then he sang, in a low voice that resembled the sweet notes of his own devoted Kate,

'But toom cam' the saddle, all bluidy to see,
And hame cam' the steed, but hame never cam' he.'

He spoke no more, and, a few minutes after, died. Poor Kate, who will tell this to thee!

"*March* 5.—Pop, pop, pop! Bom, bom, bom! throughout the day.—No time for memorandums now. Go ahead!—Liberty and independence for ever!"

"Liberty and independence for ever!" were the last words, says the editor, that the manuscript contained. We need not follow the narrative much farther, which has been brought down from the death of Colonel Crockett to the battle of San Jacinto, by an eye-

witness. A few sentences, however, will serve to wind up our extracts from the volume—a volume that cannot fail to beguile the reader of tears as well as smiles; and to prove how much, in the way of amusement and instruction, may be conveyed by a writer of original powers of mind, acute observation, and sound sense, even when the vehicle is unpolished and studiously provincial.

"Before daybreak, on the 6th of March, the Alamow was assaulted by the whole force of the Mexican army, commanded by Santa Anna in person. The battle was desperate until daylight, when only six men belonging to the Texian garrison were found alive. They were instantly surrounded, and ordered, by General Castrillon, to surrender, which they did, under a promise of his protection, finding that resistance any longer would be madness. Colonel Crockett was of the number. He stood alone in an angle of the fort, the barrel of his shattered rifle in his right hand, in his left his huge Bowie knife dripping blood. There was a frightful gash across his forehead, while around him there was a complete barrier of about twenty Mexicans, lying pell-mell, dead, and dying. At his feet lay the dead body of that well-known character, designated in the Colonel's narrative by the assumed named name of Thimblerig, his knife driven to the haft in the throat of a Mexican, and his left hand clenched in his hair. Poor fellow, I knew him well, at a time when he was possessed of many virtues, but of late years the weeds had choked up the flowers; however, Colonel Crockett had succeeded in awakening in his bosom a sense of better things, and the poor fellow was grateful to the last, and stood beside his friend throughout the desperate havoc.

"General Castrillon was brave and not cruel, and disposed to save the prisoners. He marched them up to that part of the fort where stood Santa Anna and his murderous crew. The steady, fearless step, and undaunted tread of Colonel Crockett on this occasion, together with the bold demeanour of the hardy veteran, had a powerful effect on all present. Nothing daunted, he marched up boldly in front of Santa Anna, and looked him sternly in the face, while Castrillon addressed 'his excellency:'—'Sir, here are six prisoners I have taken alive; how shall I dispose of them?' Santa Anna looked at Castrillon fiercely, flew into a violent rage, and replied, 'Have I not told you before how to dispose of them? Why do you bring them to me?' At the same time his brave officers plunged their swords into the bosoms of their defenceless prisoners. Colonel Crockett, seeing the act of treachery, instantly sprang like a tiger at the ruffian chief, but before he could reach him a dozen swords were sheathed in his indomitable heart; and he fell, and died without a groan, a frown on his brow, and a smile of scorn and defiance on his lips."

ART. VII.—*Society in America.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU, Author of "Illustrations of Political Economy." 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1837.

IT was naturally predicted by every one who was acquainted with Miss Martineau or her writings, that her sojourn and travels in the

United States, would be the occasion and source of a literary work of no ordinary character. Her masculine intellect, her independence of mind, her peculiar theories, her religious and political creeds, her enthusiasm, her descriptive powers, and her habits of delineation, both of scenery and real life, could not, it was supposed and hoped, be transferred to the New World, and allowed time to familiarise themselves there, without results worthy, at least, to take rank with her former productions. It was the opinion of some, likewise, that her speculations required to be more matured, and her information extended, before she would be able to command lasting respect for her opinions on those difficult and exalted subjects which she had for years endeavoured to elucidate.

It seems to have been part of Miss Martineau's design also, in crossing the Atlantic, to correct or to fortify some of her darling doctrines. For, while on account of her health she was ordered to travel for the space of two years, she selected the United States, that she might judge for herself of the "actual working of republican institutions"—the idol of her political worship. Accordingly, in 1834, we believe, she left England to visit, to traverse, and to examine the people and the lands of that immense country—her travels extending far and wide throughout the different States in the Union. She says that she resided in all the principal towns, became acquainted with almost every eminent senator and representative, knew nearly every man who is distinguished in politics, science, and literature, and almost every distinguished woman in the States. She declares that she has respected and beloved friends in each political family, and of nearly every religious denomination—among slave-holders, colonizationists, and abolitionists. She had the honour of enjoying the hospitality of the President himself, and she has travelled among tribes of Indians, and has spent months in the Southern States, with negroes ever at her back. To quote some of her own words, in this account of her opportunities of studying America—"In the course of this tour, I visited almost every kind of institution: the prisons of Auburn, Philadelphia, and Nashville; the insane and other hospitals of almost every considerable place; the literary and scientific institutions; the factories of the North, the plantations of the South, the farms of the West. I lived in houses which might be called palaces, in log-houses, and in a farm-house. I travelled much in waggons, as well as stages; also on horseback, and in some of the best and worst of steam-boats. I saw weddings and christenings; the gatherings of the richer at watering places, and of the humbler at country festivals. I was present at orations, at land sales, and in the slave-market. I was in frequent attendance on the Supreme Court and the Senate; and witnessed some of the proceedings of State Legislatures. Above all, I was received into the bosom of many families, not as a stranger,

but as a daughter or a sister. I am qualified, if any one is, to testify to the virtues and the peace of the homes of the United States."

It would be strange if such a scope to such a person as the authoress should have for its results a tame, trashy, or a commonplace book. It may be asserted that such a consequence was morally impossible; at any rate, whether possible or not, one thing is clear beyond all denial, that the very reverse is the fact. Her "Society in America"—or rather, as the work turns out to be, her dissertations upon Politics, Economy, Civilization, and Religion—the four branches into which it is divided, as tested and elucidated by the institutions and society of that country, will hereafter take a leading station among the elaborate books, whose authors have, with the most philosophical spirit and powers, treated of the great American experiment in all its bearings upon the liberties and best interests, public, private, and permanent, of man.

Before leaving the introductory explanation which the authoress gives of her opportunities for judging of the various important branches upon which she expatiates, it is proper that we should let her be heard in her own defence, in reference to an objection that has been made and may be repeated, with respect to her individually, and also to her sex. She says—"It has been frequently mentioned to me that my being a woman was one disadvantage, and my being previously heard of another," to her satisfactory performance of the task undertaken in these volumes. But she answers, "In this I do not agree. I am sure I have seen much more of domestic life than could possibly have been exhibited to any gentleman travelling through the country. The nursery, the boudoir, the kitchen, are all excellent schools in which to learn the morals and the manners of a people; and as for public and professional affairs, those may always gain full information upon such matters who really feel an interest in them, be they men or women." Upon this statement, it may be suggested, that to be a complete observer of a people's manners throughout all the concerns of private life, is more than either sex can be. As to Miss Martineau's fame having preceded her, it may also be remarked that this circumstance must have had its disadvantages as well as the contrary; for, while it proved a key to many a curious and instructive volume, it naturally also sounded a note for preparation, and must have led to many a disclosure, where, not the whole, but the choicest and the most acceptable samples of the library or the cabinet in which human pride, emulation, and ambition happened to be incased, were brought to light.

But there is no traveller who has an all-seeing eye—none can be everywhere present—none can scrutinise the hearts or fathom the motives of mankind. It is a great thing—it is all indeed that can be demanded of a stranger or a tourist who undertakes to give an account of the character of the country, and the people he visits,

that he exerts his utmost industry to observe—be actuated by the purest motives in judging, and cherish the most perfect impartiality in reporting, all that he has seen or heard, and all that his knowledge of humanity and his philosophy proves to him may be legitimately inferred from these ample premises. Now, it is impossible to peruse any considerable portion of these volumes, without the conviction forcibly attending and following the exercise, that they are free to an unusual extent, of prejudice, or, as it would be more proper to speak, of misrepresentation; for the authoress felt strongly in behalf of the institutions of America, before she set a foot upon its shores, and had formed many delightful anticipations therewith connected. But it seems to us that after going there she stood aloof, and maintained throughout a stern but elevated scale of justice, that was utterly incapable of reporting a single result at variance with the truth as she saw and felt it—more especially as regards all those conventional observances and habits which depend, not upon any fixed principle of excellence, but the caprices belonging to time or place. There is an intrepid spirit in her, besides her honesty of purpose, that scorns to yield to clamour, or to the voice of the many; and to a degree, which, perhaps, no one, male or female, who is unpossessed of an unflinching and strong mind, and who has not also been much before the public, does she fearlessly and resolutely speak out, that which she believes and feels. This, in so far as regards the softness of the sex, may be an objection to her, but, in so far as regards a writer, it is an eminent virtue, and an excellence rarely to be witnessed.

We do not say that Miss Martineau is always right; we think that she often errs; we believe too there are many serious blemishes in her present, as well as in her former works. For instance, she appears to us to be over enthusiastic—to expect from human nature too much; her hopes are too extravagant, at least, when tested by experience; her logic is often bad, and along with her perfect candour there is frequently offensive pretension; nay, she is so candid, that she does not conceal her pretension, nor can she, because it forms a portion of her feelings and disposition. It is painful to see how weakness mingles with strength, philosophy with crudities, depth with superficiality, sound reasoning with false conclusions, and common sense with certain crotchets of the brain, throughout these volumes. Take as a specimen a paragraph, in which, according to our opinion, several of these characteristics congregate.

"One of the fundamental principles announced in the Declaration of Independence is, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. How can the political condition of women be reconciled with this? Governments in the United States have power to tax women who hold property; to divorce them from their husbands; to

fine, imprison, and execute them for certain offences. Whence do these governments derive their powers? They are not 'just,' as they are not derived from the consent of the women thus governed. Governments in the United States have power to enslave certain women, and also to punish other women for inhuman treatment of such slaves. Neither of these powers are 'just;' not being derived from the consent of the governed. Governments decree to women in some states half their husbands' property; in others, one third. In some, a woman, on her marriage, is made to yield all her property to her husband; in others, to retain a portion, or the whole, in her own hands. Whence do governments derive the unjust power of thus disposing of property without the consent of the governed? The democratic principle condemns all this as wrong, and requires the equal political representation of all rational beings. Children, idiots, and criminals, during the season of sequestration, are the only fair exceptions. The case is so plain that I might close it here; but it is interesting to inquire how so obvious a decision has been so evaded as to leave to women no political rights whatever. The question has been asked, from time to time, in more countries than one, How obedience to the laws can be required of women, when no woman has, either actually or virtually, given any assent to any law? No plausible answer has, as far as I can discover, been offered—for the good reason, that no plausible answer can be devised. The most principled democratic writers on government have, on this subject, sunk into fallacies as disgraceful as any advocate of despotism has adduced. In fact, they have thus sunk from being, for the moment, advocates of despotism. Jefferson in America, and James Mill at home, subside, for the occasion, to the level of the author of the Emperor of Russia's Catechism for the young Poles."

But however extravagant these views may be, however impracticable might be the legislative measure even in America, which Miss Martineau would pass in accordance with them,—or however disastrous to morality, peace, and home-bred virtues such an enactment would become,—still our laudatory expressions stand unaffected, when we characterize her candour and impartiality as being of an exalted nature and unimpeachable; so that independent of the value of the information she communicates, and the lights of philosophy she brings forward, her spirit is admirable.

But it is time that we should proceed to give some account of the plan and general contents of the work—and secondly present some samples from its pages.

We have already alluded to Miss Martineau's four-fold division. Under each of the great heads she has many subdivisions. After first treating of politics generally and relatively to America, she considers the machinery of government in the United States, and then the morals, so to say, of their politics,—such as office, newspapers, apathy of citizenship, sectional prejudice, citzenship of people of colour, &c. Under economy (which term she applies to the state of society), the manners of the people, in all their varieties,

as regards general pursuits, agriculture, markets, manufactures, morals of manufacturers, commerce, and slavery, &c.—she disposes of the second division of her methodical work. Civilization, the third head, leads to discussions concerning the idea of honour, woman, children, &c. Woman, alone, occupies separate sections on marriage, occupation and health. The last subject is religion, and of course affords abundant scope for the writer's liberality, and particular opinions regarding the state of this great concern in the country under consideration.

The plan is not only remarkably methodical, and perhaps artificial, but the manner in which it has been executed is elaborate, and from the style of dissertation which she has adopted, rather than of giving sketches, fresh and lively, of what she has seen, and immediately felt, it is heavy. We need not waste generalities about certain crude portions and deficiencies, which will at once be observed by the reflecting reader, should he examine the work from beginning to end. At the same time the parts liable to fault-finding are very inconsiderable, when compared with the standard excellencies which abound in each of the volumes, and under each of the divisions. We have said that the work is heavy, but the weight consists not in masses of trash, but of solid and impressive matter. It is not one perusal that will do it justice; the book is not calculated to obtain an ephemeral notoriety; but to be read, and re-read on both sides of the Atlantic, and throughout Europe, now, and many years hence.

Miss Martineau everywhere bears in mind, and indeed the strain of her philosophy leads throughout to the conclusion, that the theory of a political constitution is a matter of no importance, however perfect it may seem, unless the morals and intellectual elevation of the people be in harmony with it. There arises from this predominating, incontrovertible, and clearly defined principle, a steadfast and constant guide to the observer and reasoner, that keeps by it, as is admirably displayed in these volumes. The writer has thus obtained a rule by which to try how far the Americans are from or near to the model of democratic institutions, and to pilot her speculations, as to their future history, she being in theory a confirmed democrat.

There is one subject on which the friends of humanity must regard her opinions with unalloyed satisfaction; but what is more, those opinions will not pass like the vagrant wind across the territories of America, nor are they, we are convinced, destined to fail of being practically operative in no slight degree, and at no distant period in futurity. We allude to slavery in the Southern States, the effects of which she scrutinizes and exposes in the most masterly manner that we have ever seen. Not that her details of the physical privations and sufferings of the negroes harrow the feelings so

much as many accounts which we have read. She even represents these victims, in this respect, as being much better treated, for the most part, than has often been represented. Her views go far deeper, and extend far wider. The moral evils resulting from slavery, both to the black and white members of the community, absorb her inmost thoughts, and are the theme of her most appalling pictures. In the Southern States she represents society as being corrupted and depraved to the very core, through the influence of the dire curse in question—the oppressed and the oppressors being affected alike. There is no surety of personal safety—none of domestic peace, in these parts. The animal passions have been let loose in all their grossness and madness. The people exhibit the hospitality, and the revengeful cruelties of the Indian tribes; innocence, even in childhood, is vitiated; and woman, though ostensibly adored, is in reality degraded. These and many other results, all of them being referrible to the predominance of slavery, are clearly and strongly deduced by Miss Martineau from the system; and yet in her analysis and inferences it is the silent and progressive but sure fangs, that have fastened on the vitals of society, finely and philosophically traced, as well as calmly exhibited to the reader, that present the awful picture which these volumes contain. We string together four paragraphs, without any regard to close connection or regular sequence, in confirmation of our statement.

"I repeatedly heard the preaching of a remarkably liberal man, of a free and kindly spirit, in the South. His last sermon, extempore, was from the text, Cast all your care upon him, for He careth for you. The preacher told us, among other things, that God cares for all—for the meanest as well as the mightiest. He cares for that coloured person, said he, pointing to the gallery where the people of colour sit—he cares for that coloured person as well as for the wisest and best of you Whites. This was the most wanton insult I had ever seen offered to a human being; and it was with difficulty that I refrained from walking out of the church. Yet no one present to whom I afterwards spoke of it seemed able to comprehend the wrong. Well! said they, does not God care for the coloured people?"

Were the slave-owners not shorn of every trace of elevated pride, and nobility of nature, how could they, for the sake of gold, endure the witless sarcasms, which, the following account shows, are constantly levelled at them, even by their most submissive and degraded slaves?

"The Americans possess an advantage in regard to the teaching of manners which they do not yet appreciate. They have before their eyes, in the manners of the coloured race, a perpetual caricature of their own follies—a mirror of conventionalism from which they can never escape. The negroes are the most imitative set of people living. While they are in a degraded condition, with little principle, little knowledge, little independence, they copy the most successfully those things in their superiors

which involve the least principle, knowledge, and independence—viz. their conventionalisms. They carry their mimicry far beyond any which is seen among the menials of the rich in Europe. The black footmen of the United States have tiptoe graces, stiff cravats, and eye-catching flourishes, like the footmen in London; but the imitation extends into more important matters. As the slaves of the South assume their masters' names and military titles, they assume their methods of conducting the courtesies and gaieties of life. I have in my possession a note of invitation to a ball, written on pink paper with gilt edges.—' Mr. Richard Massey requests the pleasure of Mrs. Mikens and Miss Arthur's company, on Saturday evening, at seven o'clock, in Dr. Smith's long brick-store.' When the lady invited came to her mistress for the ticket which was necessary to authorize her being out after nine at night, she was dressed in satin with white muslin over it, satin shoes, and white kid gloves; but the satin was faded, the muslin torn: the shoes were tied upon the extremities of her splay feet, and the white gloves dropping in tatters from her dark fingers. She was a caricature, instead of a fine lady. A friend of mine walked a mile or two in the dusk behind two Black men and a woman whom they were courting. He told me that nothing could be more admirable than the coyness of the lady and the compliments of the gallant and his friend. It could not be very amusing to those who reflect that holy and constant love, free preference, and all that makes marriage a blessing instead of a curse, were here out of the question: but the resemblance in the mode of courtship to that adopted by Whites, when meditating marriage of a not dissimilar virtue—a marriage of barter—could not be overlooked.

" Even in their ultimate funereal courtesies, the coloured race imitate the Whites. An epitaph on a negro baby at Savannah begins " Sweet blighted lily!"

Such stinging ridicule we never heard or read of before. Let us come to the effects of bondage upon the slaves themselves.

" We saw to-day the common sight of companies of slaves travelling westwards, and the very uncommon one of a party returning into South Carolina. When we overtook such a company proceeding westwards, and asked where they were going, the answer commonly given by the slaves was, into Yellibama. Sometimes these poor creatures were encamped, under the care of the slave-trader, on the banks of a clear stream, to spend a day in washing their clothes. Sometimes they were loitering along the road; the old folks and infants mounted on the top of a waggon-load of luggage, the able-bodied on foot, perhaps silent, perhaps laughing, the prettier of the girls perhaps with a flower in the hair and a lover's arm around her shoulder. There were wide differences in the air and gait of these people. It is usual to call the most depressed of them brutish in appearance. In some sense they are so; but I never saw in any brute an expression of countenance so low, so lost, as in the most degraded class of negroes. There is some life and intelligence in the countenance of every animal; even in that of the silly sheep, nothing so dead as the vacant, unheeding look of the depressed slave is to be seen."

Take them when located and at home.

" We visited the negro quarter, a part of the estate which filled me with

disgust wherever I went. It is something between a haunt of monkeys and a dwelling-place of human beings. The natural good taste so remarkable in free negroes is here extinguished. Their small, dingy, untidy houses, their cribs, the children crouching round the fire, the animal deportment of the grown-up, the brutish chagrins and enjoyments of the old, were all loathsome. There was some relief in seeing the children playing in the sun, and sometimes fowls clucking and strutting round the houses; but otherwise a walk through a lunatic asylum is far less painful than a visit to the slave quarter of an estate. The children are left during the working hours in the charge of a woman; and they are bright, and brisk, and merry enough for the season, however slow and stupid they may be destined to become."

Now, there is not a coarsely-drawn picture or repulsive idea in any one of these passages—in so far as the writer's delineation and feelings go. But how much sharper and resistless are the lessons and the facts thus levelled at the devoted abettors of slavery? It can hardly be imagined that even a slave-driver, overseer, or proprietor, should read these and many other paragraphs to be found in the volumes before us, without wincing.

We must add one other passage, which should be recommended to the consideration of all wealthy emigrants, who wish to balance beforehand the *pros* and the *cons*, with respect to establishing themselves in Alabama.

"The profits of cotton-growing when I was in Alabama were thirty-five per cent. One planter whom I knew had bought fifteen thousand dollars' worth of land within two years, which he could then have sold for sixty-five thousand dollars. He expected to make that season fifty or sixty thousand dollars of his growing crop. It is certainly the place to become rich in; but the state of society is fearful. One of my hosts, a man of great good-nature, as he shows in the treatment of his slaves and in his family relations, had been stabbed in the back in the reading-room of the town two years before, and no prosecution was instituted. Another of my hosts carried loaded pistols for a fortnight, just before I arrived, knowing that he was lain in wait for by persons against whose illegal practices he had given information to a magistrate, whose carriage was therefore broken in pieces and thrown into the river. A lawyer, with whom we were in company one afternoon, was sent for to take the deposition of a dying man who had been sitting with his family in the shade, when he received three balls in the back from three men who took aim at him from behind trees. The tales of gaol-breaking and rescue were numberless; and a lady of Montgomery told me that she had lived there four years, during which time no day, she believed, had passed without some one's life having been attempted either by duelling or assassination. It will be understood that I describe this region as presenting an extreme case of the material advantages and moral evils of a new settlement under the institution of slavery."

In the South, the slave-owners are represented as being enchained by the bondage they impose and uphold; for they dare not longer

manumit their victims, when they have the heart, or an interest in doing so, lest the number of those thus liberated should increase—the greatest peril, it is supposed, would then threaten the white population. Miss Martineau, however, is of opinion that the day is not distant when slavery will be extinguished in these regions. Alas! how dire the consequences if its evils be allowed to become much more aggravated and exasperated than they now are!

Before leaving this part of the work, we extract another paragraph having reference to it. The fact, and the lesson it conveys are worthy of being studied by moral philosophers.

"Persons from New England, France, or England, becoming slave-holders, are found to be the most severe masters and mistresses, however good their tempers may always have appeared previously. They cannot, like the native proprietor, sit waiting half an hour for the second course, or see every thing done in the worst possible manner; their rooms dirty, their property wasted, their plans frustrated, their infants slighted, themselves deluded by artifices—they cannot, like the native proprietor, endure all this unruffled. It seems to me that every slave-holder's temper is subjected to a discipline which must either ruin or perfect it. While we know that many tempers are thus ruined, and must mourn for the unhappy creatures who cannot escape from their tyranny, it is evident, on the other hand, that many tempers are to be met with which would shame down and silence for ever the irritability of some whose daily life is passed under circumstances of comparative ease."

Connected with the barbarisms and demoralization engendered by slavery, may be quoted the ferocious code of honour that has been established in the Southern and South-Western States.

"A passenger on board the Henry Clay, in which I ascended the Mississippi, showed in perfection the results of a false idea of honour. He belonged to one of the first families in Kentucky, had married well, and settled at Natchez, Mississippi. His wife was slandered by a resident of Natchez, who, refusing to retreat, (retract?) was shot dead by the husband, who fled to Texas. The wife gathered their property together, followed her husband, was shipwrecked below New Orleans, and lost all. Her wants were supplied by kind persons at New Orleans, and she was forwarded by them to her destination, but soon died of cholera. Her husband went up into Missouri, and settled in a remote part of it to practise law; but with a remote suspicion that he was dogged by the relations of the man he had shot. One day he met a man muffled in a cloak, who engaged with him, shot him in both sides, and stabbed him with an Arkansas knife. The victim held off the knife from wounding him mortally till help came and his foe fled. The wounded man slowly recovered; but his right arm was so disabled as to compel him to postpone his schemes of revenge. He ascertained that his enemy had fled to Texas; followed him there; at length met him, one fine evening, riding with his double-barrelled gun before him. They knew each other instantly; the double-barrelled gun was raised and pointed, but before it could be

fired, its owner fell from the saddle, shot dead like the brother he had sought to avenge. The murderer was flying up the river once more when I saw him, not doubting that he should again be dogged by some relation of the brothers he had shot. Some of the gentlemen on board believed that if he surrendered himself at Natchez, he would be let off with little or no punishment, and allowed to settle again in civilized society; but he was afraid of the gallows, and intended to join some fur company in the North-west, if he could, and if he failed in this, to make himself a chief of a tribe of wandering Indians."

It has already been intimated, and, indeed, nothing else could be expected of one who holds Miss Martineau's political creed, that she went out to America with strong prepossessions in behalf of the country. We have asserted that the purest integrity, and the utmost impartiality stamp her representations of all that she saw or learned. Accordingly, we doubt not, she has said many things that will give offence in the States, and many things that will be jeered at on this side of the Atlantic, as exaggerations. No other general criterion, however, can furnish a better standard to prove that she is, in the main, right. We are anxious to have her authority listened to, on account of both countries, and therefore thus labour to recommend it.

For example—though she pictures the morality of the most virtuous States to be superior to that of Europe, it is clear that it is not what she expected to find it. Again—the efforts, and the motives which excite those efforts, in the pursuit of gain in America, are more selfish, fierce, and mean, than they appear in England. These are conclusions to which the reader must come from a perusal of her pages.

Among the prevailing drawbacks in the feelings and conduct of the Americans, as a nation, our authoress dwells upon one, with even more than her ordinary power of exposure and reproof. We refer to the tyranny of the many over the few in matters of opinion and practice. The truth is, that there exists in that country, a caution even on the part of the wise and the good, that prevents them from speaking aloud on the most vital questions of morality and humanity, whenever a depraved or prejudiced majority may be of a contrary mind. Such a bondage our authoress characterizes, in an eloquent strain of reproof, as despicable and criminal, which we would fain quote; but are precluded from doing so, on account of the illustration which she adduces—

"There would be something amusing in observing the operation of this habit of caution, if it were not too serious a misfortune. When Dr. Channing's work on Slavery came out, the following conversation passed between a lady of Boston and myself. She began it with—

"'Have you seen Dr. Channing's book?'

"'Yes. Have you?'

"'O no. Do not you think it very ill timed?'

" ' No; I think it well timed; as it did not come out sooner.'

" ' But is it not wrong to increase the public excitement at such time?'

" ' That depends upon the nature of the excitement. But this book seems to have a tranquillising effect: as the exhibition of true principles generally has.'

" ' But Dr. Channing is not a practical man. He is only a retired student. He has no real interest in the matter.'

" No worldly interest; and this, and his seclusion, enable him to see more clearly than others, in a case where principles enlighten men, and practice seems only to blind them.'

" ' Well: I shall certainly read the book, as you like it so much.'

" ' Pray don't, if that is your reason.'

" A reply to Dr. Channing's book soon appeared;—a pamphlet which savoured only of fear, dollars, and, consequently, insult. A gentleman of Boston, who had, on some important occasions, shown that he could exercise a high moral courage, made no mention of this reply for some time after it appeared. At length, on hearing another person speak of it as it deserved, he said, ' Now people are so openly speaking of that reply, I have no objection to say what I think of it. I have held my tongue about it hitherto; but yesterday I heard —— speak of it as you do; and I no longer hesitate to declare that I think it an infamous production.' "

Whenever the Americans discover, says Miss Martineau, how miserable a restraint they have imposed upon themselves by this servitude of opinion, they will see how it is that while " outwardly blessed beyond parallel, they have been no happier than the rest of the world. I doubt whether, among the large " uneasy classes of the Old World, there is so much heart-eating care, so much nervous anxiety, as among the dwellers in the towns of the Northern States of America, from this cause alone. If I had to choose, I would rather endure the involuntary uneasiness of the Old World sufferers, than the self-imposed anxiety of the New; except that the self-imposed suffering may be shaken off at any moment." This is plain dealing and forcible, as well as plain. There is no attempt at softening down truths and independent principles of conduct here. The doctrine is wholesome and required on every occasion and in all countries, but, surely never so needed as by the people to whom it is immediately addressed. Miss Martineau will make herself to be honourably remembered, both in the Old and the New World, long after she has ceased to be conscious of the homage.

Our extracts must now take a more diversified turn, and be gathered nearly at random, from a variety of subjects. Neither will they require any lengthened explanation or criticism. We select them chiefly for their abstract value, and as specimens from these excellent volumes.

Much has been said about the vulgarity of the Americans. Take some of our authoress's observations on this subject.

" I imagine that the English who have complained the most copiously

of the vulgarity of American manners, have done so from two causes from using their own conventional notions as a standard of manners, (which is a vulgarism in themselves); and also from their intercourses with the Americans having been confined to those who consider themselves the Aristocracy of the United States; the wealthy and showy citizens of the Atlantic ports. Foreign travellers are most hospitably received by this class of society; introduced to 'the first people in Boston,'—'in New York,'—'in Philadelphia;' and taught to view the country with the eyes of their hosts. No harm is intended here: it is very natural: but it is not the way for strangers to obtain an understanding of the country and the people. The traveller who chooses industriously to see for himself, not with European or aristocratic merely, but with human eyes, will find the real aristocracy of the country, not only in ball-rooms and back-parlours, but also in fishing boats, in stores, in college-chambers, and behind the plough. Till he has seen all this, and studied the natural manners of the natural aristocracy, he is no more justified in applying the word 'vulgar' to more than a class, than an American would be who should call all the English vulgar, when he had seen only the London aldermen class."

Again,

"The manners of the wealthy classes depend, of course, upon the character of their objects and interests; but they are not, on the whole, so agreeable as those of their less opulent neighbours. The restless ostentation of such as live for grandeur and show is vulgar; as I have said, the only vulgarity to be seen in the country. Nothing can exceed the display of it at watering places. At Rockaway, on Long Island, I saw in one large room, while the company was waiting for dinner, a number of groups which would have made a good year's income for a clever caricaturist. If any lady, with an eye and a pencil adequate to the occasion, would sketch the phenomena of affectation that might be seen in one day in the piazza and drawing-room at Rockaway, she might be an useful censor of manners. But the task would be too full of sorrow and shame for any one with the true republican spirit. For my own part, I felt bewildered in such company. It was as if I had been set down in a kind of debatable land between the wholly imaginary society of the so-called fashionable novels of late years, and the broad sketches of citizen-life given by Madame D'Arblay. It was like nothing real. When I saw the young ladies tricked out in the most expensive finery, flirting over the backgammon-board, tripping affectedly across the room, languishing with a seventy-dollar cambric handkerchief, starting up in ecstacy at the entrance of a baby; the mothers as busy with affectations of another kind, and the brothers sidling hither and thither, now with assiduity and now with nonchalance; and no one imparting the refreshment of a natural countenance, movement, or tone, I almost doubted whether I was awake. The village scenes that I had witnessed rose up in strong contrast,—the mirthful wedding, the waggon-drives, the offerings of wild-flowers to the stranger, the unintermitting, simple courtesy of each to all; and it was scarcely credible that these contrasting scenes could both be existing in the same republic."

All that can be reported of American manners as seen by travellers in stages and steam-boats, has been repeated wearifully, and therefore Miss Martineau does not trouble her readers with many particulars of this description. She does not think that the Yankees eat faster than other people, on the whole; for though the celerity at hotel tables be remarkable, as she admits, so it is in the case of stage-coach travellers in England. In private houses she never was aware of being hurried. She testifies also to the cheerful, unintermitting civility of all gentlemen travellers, throughout the country. But there are vulgarities even in this.

"The degree of consideration shown to women is, in my opinion, greater than is rational, or good for either party; but the manners of an American stage-coach might afford a valuable lesson and example to many classes of Europeans who have a high opinion of their own civilization. I do not think it rational or fair that every gentleman, whether old or young, sick or well, weary or untired, should, as a matter of course, yield up the best places in the stage to any lady passenger. I do not think it rational or fair that five gentlemen should ride on the top of the coach, (where there is no accommodation for holding on, and no resting place for the feet), for some hours of a July day in Virginia, that a young lady, who was slightly delicate, might have room to lay up her feet, and change her posture as she pleased. It is obvious that, if she was not strong enough to travel on common terms in the stage, her family should have travelled in an extra, or staid behind, or done anything rather than allow five persons to risk their health and sacrifice their comfort for the sake of one. Whatever may be the good moral effects of such self-renunciation on the tempers of the gentlemen, the custom is very injurious to ladies. Their travelling manners are any thing but amiable. While on a journey, women who appear well enough in their homes present all the characteristics of spoiled children. Screaming and trembling at the apprehension of danger are not uncommon; but there is something far worse in the cool selfishness with which they accept the best of every thing, at any sacrifice to others, and usually, in the South and West, without a word or look of acknowledgement. They are like spoiled children when the gentlemen are not present to be sacrificed to them,—in the inn-parlour, while waiting for meals or the stage, and in the cabin of a steam-boat. I never saw any manner so repulsive as that of many American ladies on board steam-boats. They look as if they supposed you meant to injure them, till you show to the contrary. The suspicious side-glance, or the full stare, the cold, immovable observation, the bristling self-defence the moment you come near, the cool pushing to get the best places, every thing said or done without the least trace of trust or cheerfulness, these are the disagreeable consequences of the ladies being petted and humored as they are. The New England ladies, who are compelled by their superior numbers to depend less upon the care of others, are far happier and pleasanter companions in a journey than those of the rest of the country."

There are some discriminating, descriptive, and amusing strictures as well as anecdotes, in these volumes, on the American style of conversation. The most common mode, says Miss Martineau,

is prosy, but withal, droll and rich. For some weeks she found it difficult to keep awake during the entire reply to any question she happened to ask; for the person questioned seemed to feel himself put upon his conscience to give a full, fair, and particular account, and would go back as near to the deluge as the subject would admit, and forward to the millenium, taking care to omit nothing of consequence between these dates. Miss Martineau should have recollected, however, that every one is not so quick of apprehension as herself, nor previously so well informed, probably on the very subject which might be the theme of this particularity. It is also to be supposed that gentlemen and ladies thought themselves in honour bound to do their best, and that they felt their talents put to their mettle when such a famous author was the inquirer. She says also, in reference to American talk, that there is often an epigrammatic turn in it, that is striking, although the people have never heard of the "art of conversation" which is supposed to be studied by the English. "Some young men, travelling on horseback among the White Mountains, became inordinately thirsty, and stopped for milk at a house by the road-side. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought an enormous bowl of milk, and set it down on the table, saying, 'One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned.'"

The great simplicity and fun of the usual domestic talk of the Americans is contrasted with the solemn pedantry, of which the extremest examples are to be found there. One gentleman assured the authoress that she was quite wrong on some point, because she differed from him; for, with the utmost gravity, he declared, "that there had been a time when he believed, like other people, that he might be mistaken; but that experience had convinced him that he never was; and he had cast behind him the fear of error."

"I rarely, if ever, met with instances of this pedantry among the yeomanry or mechanic classes; or among the young. The most numerous and the worst pedants were middle-aged ladies. One instance struck me as being unlike anything that could happen in England. A literary and very meritorious village mantua-maker declared that it was very hard if her gowns did not fit the ladies of the neighbourhood. She had got the exact proportions of the Venus de Medici, to make them by: and what more could she do? Again. A sempstress was anxious that her employer should request me to write something about Mount Auburn (the beautiful cemetry near Boston.) Upon her being questioned as to what kind of composition she had in her fancy, she said she would have Mount Auburn considered under three points of view:—as it was on the day of creation,—as it is now—as it will be on the day of resurrection. I liked the idea so well that I got her to write it for me, instead of my doing it for her."

We append to this a passage which characterises the literary at-

tainments of the American ladies, according to Miss Martineau's opportunity of judging.

"All American ladies are more or less literary: and some are so to excellent purpose: to the saving of their minds from the vacuity. Readers are plentiful: thinkers are rare. Minds are of a very passive character: and it follows that languages are much cultivated. If ever a woman was pointed out to me as distinguished for information, I might be sure before-hand that she was a linguist. I met with a great number of ladies who read Latin; some Greek; some Hebrew; some German. With the exception of the last, the learning did not seem to be of much use to them, except as a harmless exercise. I met with more intellectual activity, more general power, among many ladies who gave little time to books, than among those who are distinguished as being literary. I did not meet with a good artist among all the ladies in the States. I never had the pleasure of seeing a good drawing, except in one instance; or, except in two, of hearing good music. The entire failure of all attempts to draw is still a mystery to me. The attempts are incessant: but the results are below criticism. Natural philosophy is not pursued to any extent by women. There is some pretension to mental and moral philosophy; but the less that is said on that head the better."

When touching on the subject of literature, it may be well to let the authoress be heard in part of what she says of American newspapers.

"Side by side with the sinners of the rostrum, stand the sinners of the newspaper press. The case is clear, and needs little remark or illustration. The profligacy of newspapers, wherever they exist, is a universal complaint; and, of all newspaper presses, I never heard any one deny that the American is the worst. Of course, this depravity being so general throughout the country, it must be occasioned by some overpowering force of circumstances. The causes are various; and it is a testimony to the strength and purity of the democratic sentiment in the country, that the republic has not been overthrown by its newspapers. While the population is so scattered as it now is, throughout the greater part of the Union, nothing is easier than to make the people know only one side of a question; few things are easier than to keep from them, altogether, the knowledge of any particular affair; and, worse than all, on them may easily be practised the discovery that lies may work their intended effect, before the truth can overtake them. It is hard to tell which is worst—the wide diffusion of things that are not true, or the suppression of things that are not true. It is no secret that some able personage at Washington writes letters on the politics and politicians of the general government, and sends them to the remotest corners of the Union, to appear in their newspapers; after which, they are collected in the administration newspaper at Washington, as testimonies of public opinion in the respective districts where they appear. It is no secret that the newspapers of the south keep out of their columns all information which might enlighten their readers, near and afar, as to the real state of society at home. I can testify to the remarkable events which occur in the Southern States,

unnoticed by any press, and transpiring only through accident. Two men were burned alive, without trial, by the gentlemen of Mobile, just before my arrival there; and no newspaper even alluded to the circumstance, till, many months after, a brief and obscure paragraph, in a northern journal, treated it as a matter of hearsay. * * * * *

"There will be no great improvement in the literary character of the American newspapers, till the literature of the country has improved. Their moral character depends upon the moral taste of the people. This looks like a very severe censure. If it be so, the same censure applies elsewhere; and English morals must be held accountable for the slanders and captiousness displayed in the leading articles of British journals, and for the disgustingly jocose tone of their police reports, where crimes are treated as entertainments, and misery as a jest. Whatever may be the exterior causes of the Americans having been hitherto ill served in their newspapers, it is now certain that there are none which may not be overpowered by a sound moral taste. In their country, the demand lies with the many. Whenever the many demand truth and justice in their journals, and reject falsehood and calumny, they will be served according to their desire."

We might gather from every section in these volumes passages equally important, and the fruit of equally sound and deep reflection with any now quoted. But we must desist. Enough has been cited to show the trim of the writer, and the matter she has so plentifully at her command. Two extracts more, however, will be found applicable to parties at home as well as abroad; the latter of the paragraphs going to the root of a fashion and an institution, which may be founded on a fallacy, or on principles, that bring in their train, insensibly, evils much greater than those sought to be eradicated.

"In New England, a vast deal of time is spent in attending preachings, and other religious meetings: and in paying visits, for religious purposes, to the poor and sorrowful. The same results follow from this practice that may be witnessed wherever it is much pursued. In as far as sympathy is kept up, and acquaintanceship between different classes in society is occasioned, the practice is good. In as far as it unsettles the minds of the visitors, encourages a false craving for religious excitement, tempts to spiritual interference on the one hand, and cant on the other, and humours or oppresses those who need such offices least, while it alienates those who want them most—the practice is bad. I am disposed to think that much good is done, and much harm: and that, whenever women have a greater charge of indispensable business on their hands, so as to do good and reciprocate religious sympathy by laying hold of opportunities, instead of by making occupation, more than the present good will be done, without any of the harm.

"My own convictions are, that Associations, excellent as they are for mechanical objects, are not fit instruments for the achievement of moral aims: that there is yet no proof that the principle of self-restraint has been exalted and strengthened in the United States by the Temperance move-

ment, while the already too great regard to opinion, and subservience to spiritual encroachment, have been much increased: that, therefore, great as are the visible benefits of the institution, it may at length appear that they have been dearly purchased. I have reason to think that numbers of persons in the United States, especially enlightened physicians, (who have the best means of knowledge,) are of the same opinion. This is confirmed by the fact that there is a spreading dislike of Associations for moral, while there is a growing attachment to them for mechanical, objects. The majority will show to those who may be living at the time what is the right."

There are many scenes in life and nature which are graphically sketched that relieve the reader from that tension of mind and impressive reflection which the burden of the work requires and inspires. One specimen—viz., of a scene in the backwoods, shall close our extracts and our paper.

"One rainy October day, I saw a settler at work in the forest, on which he appeared to have just entered. His clearing looked, in comparison with the forest behind him, of about the size of a pincushion. He was standing up to the knees in water among the stubborn stumps and charred stems of dead trees. He was notching logs with his axe, beside his small log-hut and stye. There was swamp behind and swamp on each side, a pool of mud around each dead tree, which had been wont to drink the moisture. There was a semblance of a tumble-down fence; no orchard yet, no grave-yard, no poultry, none of the graces of fixed habitation had yet grown up. On looking back to catch a last view of the scene, I saw two little boys about three and four years old leading a horse home from the forest, one driving the animal behind with an armful of bush, and the other reaching upon tiptoe to keep his hold of the halter, and both looking as if they would be drowned in the swamp. If the mother was watching from the hut, she must have thought this strange dismal play for her little ones. The hard-working father must be toiling for his children; for the success of his after life can hardly atone to him for such a destitution of comfort as I saw him in the midst of. Many such scenes are passed on every road in the western parts of the States. They become cheering when the plough is seen, or a few sheep are straggling on the hill side, seeming lost in space."

Art. VIII.—*Sketches in the Pyrenees.* By the Author of "Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine," and "The Gossips's Week." 2 vols. post 8vo. With Vignettes. London: Longman. 1837.

Before getting through the first volume of these Sketches, we more than once felt half inclined to adopt the language of the Englishman referred to by the fair writer, whom she sat next to at the table d'hote at Berne; and who, when some one mentioned the passage of the Gemmi, muttered, "I hope we are not going to hear any more about the beauties of nature. I wish people would talk of

something else—always the same subject, and one is so sick of it." At the same time, though there be a great deal of sameness in the subjects of these Sketches, there is throughout impressed upon them so much of what is lovely and pure in thought and feeling, that we should be at a loss were it required of us to say, what portion we could willingly part with. Nearly destitute as the pages are of stirring incident, and dealing principally in descriptions of rural scenery and patent life and customs, there is yet everywhere displayed in them such a keen, we may add, such a poetic eye, for detecting what is beautiful or magnificent in nature, or picturesque in manners, and such a sweet and copious feminine style of expression, that it is impossible not to desire to accompany the writer from chapter to chapter, and to the close of the whole. But besides this talent for observation and felicity of language, there is another feature which is mainly characteristic of these Sketches and that lends to them, by far their highest value—we allude to the graceful and charming reflections which are very abundantly and variously showered or suggested on every occasion, even when the object or the fact described may have been often noticed before, by herself or preceding tourists. After all, it is not of so much importance, that a descriptive writer furnish new pictures of scenery and life, as that he give a faithful transcript of his peculiar modes of observation, and of the manner in which certain objects affect his mind. In this the present writer has happily succeeded, and while her delineations interest the reader on account of the beauty of their subjects, she most pleasantly as well as instructively engages the mind in relation to herself. At any time, and at any part, her volumes may be taken in hand, nor ever fail in yielding delight and profit. After these few general remarks, it is not necessary, either as regards our duty to the authoress or our readers, that we do much more than transfer to our pages certain specimens from her Sketches.

It would appear that in the summer of 1835, the writer, partly for the sake of her health, left Paris for the South, and to enjoy the benefit of certain mineral springs in the Pyrenees. Several chapters at the beginning of the first volume detail the progress of this journey, and the objects that then more particularly came under observation. Versailles, Chartres, Tours, Bourdeaux, the Landes, and many other intervening or adjacent places, accordingly obtain notice in these pages. Any one touch or sketch will afford a characteristic sample of the writer's agreeable and fresh manner.

"The descent to Chartres varies the monotony of the scene a little. It has wood, and houses niched in it, and a long suburb of clay cottages and clay walls, standing out in a bright sun, with a comfortable air which belongs more to the sun than to the habitations. These, though not sketch-book helps, have, in the absence of other beauties, the eminent one of

cleanliness. From Rambouillet onwards, the dwelling of the peasant has something of a neat and habitable air: vines are trained, and trees planted about it; and the paths before the door actually swept—a mark of nicety not always evident in places nearer to the capital. I do not speak of these habitations as orderly, sash-windowed concerns; but as quiet homely huts, in which Gainsborough, or perhaps Morland, might, on a soft becoming day such as this is, have found something pleasant. I say a becoming day, for humble scenery of the cottage kind is a pastoral or a pigsty, just as the sky pleases.

"But when the sun does shine, what a sweet page of rustic lore is the cottage-garden! no stone or mortar perfection of a wall—the mason's glory—enclosing it; but its own sweet hedge blossoming, and blooming, and glistening in the bright sky, and opening its pretty buds as if it would say 'thank you,' to the warm air that blows upon it. I have always delighted in the neatly drilled beds of peas and beans, the tufts of sage and rosemary, and other plants esteemed medicinal by their cultivators; the ornamental rose-bush, and tree of luxury—apple or pear, and never could love fine gardens—stiff ones, I mean—without one robin redbreast corner in them; where, if a poor bird hops about, it is from the shoulder of one cold statue to the head of another, and the bee is too far away from his hive, his thymy bank, and his honey-cups, to make frequent visits. Pleasure-grounds may run into whims, if they please; but the dear old garden has something sacred in its homeliness, which one respects as one does an old library-chair, or a worm-eaten folio that counts ages. The velvet sofa is there, soft and gorgeous, and the morocco leather gilt and embossed; but we are loath to use them, and better love the old corner, and the old leaves which open almost of themselves at the places we are fond of. In a garden, every thing should accord with the habitation to which it belongs. Erasmus's catalogue of herbs—rue, all-heal, buglass, marjoram, herb of life, &c. become the gammer's scanty flower-knot, as the standard fruit-tree, the nectarine-wall, the winter-walk, and the yew hedge do our old-fashioned manor house."

The dresses, occupations, the style of living of the people in the various provinces traversed, together with old castles, anecdotes, and stories, &c. diversify these volumes. It is well and truly remarked, for instance, that Paris influences do not extend so far as London ones; and that there are still corners and customs left in France to delight the eye, and the heart—"old usages and tomb stone figures, that comment history and have a raciness about them that makes modern ones seem often spiritless." An equally just distinction is drawn between the manner in which the French people convene for purposes of amusement, quiet yet awakened, as if the whole were a pleasant and accustomed pause from labour, "than an unexpected jerk out of toil into riot, which is too often the character of mirthful meetings in countries vaunting their morality more boldly." One cause for this orderly, though hearty celebration of fetes and old-fashioned observances, is the temperate habits of the French; for while the peasant, for example, is seldom so rich as to

allow him to be idle, or so brutalized as to waste in gross indulgence the means that always ought to go to the support of his family, "he must be out of luck if his wife is not a hard-working body, a plain country woman, wearing the same clumsy-cut of garment that her great-grandmother did before her; gay in it too, at proper seasons, and, if necessary, gorgeous." Such people, therefore, in their ordinary or holiday trim, offered to the romantic fancy of the writer of these volumes many engaging points, and obtain from her pen some admirable delineations.

From our first extract, her eye, for the picturesque in scenery, might easily be detected. Numberless are the instances in which this aptitude is exhibited. Her forest sketches are of the number, in one of which, the depth, darkness, solemnity, and the frequent and high-toned poetry of lonely recesses are feelingly referred to. But take a specimen, where the poetry of single trees and species of trees is the theme.

"There is something so solemn and monumental in the aspect of a pine tree, that when I find a few planted together in a solitary spot, it seems to me like a woodland cemetry, where the hunter whose chase is over, or the wanderer who loved to repose beneath their shade, has found a resting-place. Trees are powerful speakers: the single pine, or melancholy cypress, has the solemnity of the grave it shadows in its silent speech; it tells of the dead below, of the hand that found a mournful pleasure in planting it. The light accacia waves its beautiful boughs to let you know that it is a pleasure-garden, or a summer bower, which its bright leaves decorate. The oak is ancestral, heraldic, feodal, from head to foot, and would talk old castle legends and feats of noble hunting and moonlight revelry by the hour, if you would but stop and listen to them. The rooky elm is a rustic lover's story-book, full of twilight meetings, hand graspings, honest vows, and 'if you love me as I love you' poesy. The palm transports you to the Georgian vales, in whose deep shades the royal Abbas wooed the wise and tender Abra. The pear tree brings you back to the cottage wall: the apple puts in its word with a long score of school-boy larcenies:—all speak, from the stately royalties of the forest down to the humble hawthorn—perhaps the fullest of any—of what the village boys and girls call *secrets*."

At Pau, the capital of the Basses Pyrenees, Henri Quatre *le Bearnais*, of course comes in for a share of notice. But he is not the only king to whom that part has given birth; for it can boast of a Bernadotte. Of this eminent man, we find in these pages, very favourable mention. It is stated, for example, that though he does not invite his relations, some of whom are obscure, to Stockholm, nor push his subjects out of old posts to make room for them, he yet takes a personal and minute interest in their welfare, especially in their education, from the conviction, "that, as he himself expresses it, in the present age, the only powerful protection is personal merit."

It would appear that Bernadotte's ancestors have, in common

with other families of the mountains, in the same regions, a domestic fairy, from whom his grandmother descended; and that, having retained a confused recollection of a prophecy which had amused his boyish days, he, after ascending the Scandinavian throne, thought it worth his while to write about it, with something of the superstition of a mountaineer. The legend is introduced in the work before us, and is more graceful than many that have been transmitted from earlier times and believed.

"In the days when the fairy Urganda (one day old, another young) had her favourites among certain knights-errant whom she especially protected; when the fairy Monto, foundress of the city of Mantua, changed herself into an adder once a week, and Melusina, from the highest tower of the ancient castle of the Lucignans, announced with mournful and piercing shrieks their destruction and the ruin of the royal house; beneath a hillock to the south of Adast, in the valley of Lavedan, the fairy Abacia remained enchanted in a fountain, which is now no longer one, being at this day dry.

"Tradition has not told us whether she was of the first, second, or third order of fairies; but Destiny, more powerful than them all, had carefully assigned to each the part she had to perform on earth, and it was written in her immutable decrees, that the fairy Abacia could only be disenchanted by a man not married, who was fasting, and yet had eaten. How many years elapsed before any one thus qualified appeared to release the imprisoned fairy, tradition has also forgotten to inform us.

However, it so happened that, towards reaping time, the young heir of the house of Abadie of Adast went abroad into his harvest fields, having for his companion the heir of Vignaux and Natalaa; and going in to the one where the fountain was with the fairy Abacia hidden under its waters, took an ear of corn, and breaking a grain between his teeth, cast it away without swallowing it.

"At the same instant a young and beautiful woman stood before him; who, fixing on him the look which especially belongs to fairies, said in the sweetest of voices, 'You have disenchanted me, and ought now to take me as your wife. Do you consent?' The young man, enamoured of her beauty, readily agreed. 'My fate (she added) stills depends on another engagement. Promise that you will never call me 'lady,' or 'lady of the water.' He promised.

"Two children, beautiful as angels, were the fruits of this union; every thing prospered in their happy home; but at an epoch, of whose date there exists no trace, it happened that the husband went up to see his hay cut on the summit of the mountain neighbouring to Cauteretz. As he returned in the evening with his servants, he saw with astonishment and anger, that the unripe grain of his fields had been cut down and piled in shocks; and his wrath redoubled when on arriving at his house he learned that it had been done by his wife's command. He refused to listen to the gentle explanations which she would have given him; and at once to humiliate and punish her, cried out, 'Lady—lady of the water!' The fairy instantly disappeared.

"Then did he weep, groan, and utter bitter cries; but he was destined never to behold her more. Sometimes, when he was absent, she would

come and embrace her children, combing their hair, and always with a golden comb.

"One evening when she was alone with them, she said, and her tears fell as she spoke, 'It is owing to you father's perjury that I have not done for you all that my power as a fairy might have enabled me to undertake, and now my destiny calls me into another region; but from thence I shall watch over you. Love virtue, walk in the paths of honour, and learn what I am permitted to disclose of the secrets of futurity. Know, that one of your descendants shall have much renown, and that a warlike and illustrious nation of the north will call him to reign over their nation.'

"Having thus spoken, the fairy Abacia disappeared—and for ever!"

The writer of these volumes observes that everything in the Pyrenees has a character of its own, and that on entering them, the sudden and singular change, when compared with France, is immediately experienced. The dress, the features, the bearing of the people are all different. The young men are often handsome, the young women in general comely, and, both in language and looks, there is a considerable infusion of what is Spanish. The habits and manners of these mountaineers are, as might be expected, simple and primitive. In Béarn, for instance, a wedding, as in some parts of the Highlands of Scotland, is an affair that occasions three days of merriment, each guest bringing an offering and contribution to the general feast—dancing and other symptoms of joy and banishment of care filling up the time. Among the old customs observed in the Pyrenees, there are some that are whimsical, and others that are instructive as well as impressive.

"If there happens to be a man in the country who has received a drubbing from his wife—and put up with it, he is seized upon by some of the sturdiest of his neighbours, placed upon an ass with his face turned towards the tail, and so paraded about; and, I believe, with the additional degradation of an explanatory paper pinned to the back or breast. The huge Christmas log, steeped in wine, and set round with smaller ones in the form of a cross; the burning brand drawn out of the bonfire on St. John's Eve, and carefully preserved to feed the next year's blaze; the cross of flowers, nailed against the door on the same holy vigil to keep the witches out, are not forgotten in the Pyrenees: the blessed candle is still lighted in a storm; the corn standing in the fields still blessed on Rogation Sunday, with prayer, incense, and holy water; St. Roch (or rather his representative) continues to bestow his benediction on the cattle; branches that have been switched in holy water still decorate the cottages at Easter; and many other homely and harmless superstitions, which one loves for their pleasant, old-fashioned associations—delightful ones, I think—are carefully kept up in this beautiful, believing land. Another thing that I greatly love here is, the way which the people have of dating by their Saint's day; and instead of saying it was the 6th of December, or the 2nd of February, counting from their calendar of holy records—as the vigil of St. Nicholas, Le Chandeleur, (our Candlemas,) the day after St Martin, or the day of All Souls. The toll of the angelus often brings

thanksgiving to the lips of the shepherd who feeds his flock on the hills, and reminds the labourer in the fields of a pious duty. I have seen a young woman stop in the midst of her household cares, and breathe a short, but I have no doubt heartfelt prayer, when she has heard its distant sound. The invention of this beautiful custom of tolling the angelus at morning, noon, and evening, so that those who are employed in their daily occupations and are far away from churches, may join in thought with those who kneel within them, is due, strange to say, to Louis the Eleventh."

But there is one superstition entertained by these mountaineers, that is far from being pleasant; this is, that when any one has a friend that is in bad health, or dying, to put a nosegay into the hand or upon the breast of the sick person, and then to offer it to the next comer, by which stratagem, it is believed, the malady will be transferred, or if not transferred, that the sick person will die.

Our authoress is in ecstacies about the grandeur and imposing beauties of the Pyrenees—even sometimes inventing terms and epithets to give more effect to her delineations and emotions, than our language seems to have in store for her. These creations, we think, are blemishes rather than the reverse to her spirited and tasteful sketches. We could very well dispense with her "Lalla Rookh-ing it," her "reverie-ing," and so on. But captiousness is not our failing when we have to deal with the fair, especially such an amiable and ardent painter as she whose pictures are now the theme of consideration. We, therefore, go forward to mark some of her appeals in behalf of Pyrenean scenery, which certainly has not obtained one tithe of the admiration of the visitors from foreign parts, that it merits; for while it is all unknown land to the many, it seems to have been, on this very account, the more lovely to the writer of these sketches. She is a great worshipper of mountains, especially, it appears where the softest order of potency prevails, rather than the appalling majesty of alpine countries.

"Again at Cauteretz. The more I see of this beautiful country, the more I feel surprised at its being so little visited by ramblers from other lands. Here are no Russians—at present (except our own countrymen) the most universal travellers; no Germans; and as representatives of Great Britain, only two gentlemen and their wives, temporary residents at Pau, and ourselves. Sometimes—though rarely, an Englishman appears at the *Cercle*, but none seem to remain more than a day; while every nook, meritorious or otherwise, in Switzerland, is brimful.

"The reason is, that every one goes to Italy, and almost every one goes to it through Switzerland. If the allurements of Spain were as powerful in the opinion of the general run of travellers as those of Italy, and the facilities equal, the Pyrenees would have been already sifted to their last grain. But sooner or later, this delightful country will be sought for, for its own sake; and those who, travelling now along the southern coast, send an uninquiring look towards its lofty mountains, will turn into and overflow its land; and its beauties which are now, though justly vaunted, little known out of France, except to invalids, a few picturesque travellers, and a still smaller

number of ardent naturalists, will then become, like other beautiful things, the pasture of the general herd, open alike to the profanation of bad taste and the incense of poetic feeling.

"Whenever this shall happen, those who at present deny to France the possession of really fine and picturesque scenery, will be forced to retract their hasty or prejudiced judgments, and compelled to allow, or won over to feel, that the landscape of the Pyrenees is not only relatively, but virtually and most eminently beautiful; and that it does not owe its power and charm to the force of contrast, but to its own intrinsic dignity and native loveliness."

Among those who repair from the neighbouring parts to the solitude of these mountains, the pilgrims, on the day of the Assumption to the shrine of Our Lady of the Desert, are not unworthy of being referred to, whether their temporary agony of devotion, or the midnight orgies that follow, be regarded. The authoress, however, is no great advocate for *pilgrimages*, and does not seem inclined from any prejudice in their behalf, to give them generally a favourable colouring. Still, romantic like, she is fond of the word, because it is so full of old, pious, and beautiful associations; and, in her best manner, narrates a story, which we have pleasure in quoting, that shows how devout and sincere worshippers will undertake long and painful journeys, to go and pray in the sanctuary of the stranger.

"I recollect a poor woman, who once sat with me on the grass outside the walls of the monastery of Valambrosa; her husband had gone to pray in the chapel, and mine to visit the monastery whose churlish inmates interdict the approach of every thing that wears the female shape. They were pilgrims, both the man and his wife—under the vows (as she told me); and were returning from Rome, where they had been to fulfil one made in the hour of sickness, and enjoined by the blessed Virgin herself, who had come three times to the bedside of the man when he was shrived for death, and promised with her own heavenly voice, the woman said, to restore him again to health, on the condition that he should go on foot to the shrine of St. Peter at Rome and there perform certain acts of penitence and prayer indicated by the celestial visitor.

"The poor man made the vow, got better, and setting out with his wife from their village in Loraine, went his way, as he believed himself bidden to do, without chart or compass to the holy shrine. Strangers to the language, or to the value of a single coin current in the country through which they had to pass, often bewildered amidst cross-roads, sometimes benighted and obliged to retrace their steps in darkness, jeered at by one, relieved by another; walking painfully and with blistered and excoriated feet, they at length arrived, after a bitter pilgrimage of many hundred miles, at the gate of the Holy City, where they at once found friends. The man was taken care of in an asylum where male pilgrims are received, lodged, and, if ill, nursed with tenderness; and the woman found in the convent of the Holy Trinity, all that the charity of the heart beautifully exercised could suggest. Great princesses and noble

ladies (as she told me) knelt upon the ground and washed her feet, all dusty and blistered as they were from the road; served her at supper, made her bed with their own hands, and waited on her for three whole days. At the end of which time, being refreshed and strengthened, the great ladies who (she added) were not nuns, but noble dames in silks and velvets, kissed her as if she had been their own sister, and their dear one; and giving her money to help her on her homeward journey, sent her to rejoin her husband, who had been treated during his three days of repose with similar kindness.

" 'Better had they both staid at home,' says one.

" 'And minded their household cares, and their children, if they had any,' adds another.

" Granted. Yet still there is something exceedingly tender and touching in the devotion of these poor people; believing as they did, (and in judging we should always place ourselves in the position of those whom we take upon us to judge) this act, which in others might be induced by idle and—as hindering the power of usefulness—culpable superstition, becomes one of humble and sincere thanksgiving. Theirs was the real pilgrim's progress; not going after idleness or leasing, but fulfilling humbly and by suffering what they believed to be a divine injunction; and having done so, returning homewards full of faith and thankfulness—not murmuring at what they had endured, not priding themselves on what they had performed, but rejoicing 'with exceeding great joy' that they should have been sent (as they devoutly believed) to 'burn incense in the temple.'"

The return of the shepherds, with their flocks and their dogs from the high Pyrenean pastures, after five or six months' absence, and their meeting with their families in the valleys and plains below, need but to be hinted at to excite images of patriarchal life. It seems to have been an event duly waited for by our authoress, and also to have operated as a temptation for her and her party to prolong their sojourn in those regions, till later in the fall of the year than had at first been contemplated. At length one evening the sound of sheep bells saluted the ear, when these gentle animals were seen descending the hilly street of the town, where the writer was domiciled, "just as they do in the journies of the patriarchs in the old tapestries, each flock accompanied by a guard of fierce dogs, of that superb race peculiar to the Pyrenees, and every shepherd armed with a short club, good against wolves." The shepherds were "like the shepherds of Sechem." As in the case of many anxious anticipated scenes, however, the coming down of the flocks did not in reality equal expectation.

" It is a simple pastoral tranquilly got up—the opening burst excepted; but I had imagined the shepherds returning joyfully after their six months' sojourn in the desert, and pictured to myself their wives and children coming out to meet them with thankful hearts and happy faces. I expected family gatherings, the bagpipe, and the galoubet; the wheaten loaf and the wine-flagon, with many other things that seem now to my sobered fancy almost

fantastical. But every thing is conducted with the solemnity of an interment; each flock is preceded or followed by an ass lightly freighted, probably with the remnant of the meal, the blanket, and the soup-kettle; two or three superb goats, who have been the nursing mothers of the shepherd in his solitude, usually march at the head of each division; presenting themselves, like goats of quality, with the easy assurance of high breeding, and appearing sensible of the beauty of their long hair, which shines like floss silk. Then come the sheep, tottering under the weight of their fat and fleece; and close to them the *gros dogue*, a magnificent monster of the true Pyrenean breed, bold as a lion, and vigilant as a Spanish duenna. In the van marches a shepherd, another sometimes brings up the rear, comfortably clad in the vest, trousers, and berrêt of grave brown; the unity of colour has a serious but not unpleasing effect, and the berrêt, as an ancient thing, goes well with the shepherd's staff and wallet.

"And thus they pass on with anxious and thoughtful visages, wholly occupied with the care of their flocks, (who know the voice of their shepherd and answer to it obediently,) looking neither to the right nor to the left, as men returning home from exile might be expected to do; but presenting the same inflexible sobriety of deportment, the same undeviating course, until they arrive at the place of their destination. There is certainly nothing striking in their staidness, though there is something pleasing in its grave simplicity; and the serene philosophy with which the shepherd not only supports but enjoys his lonely life, has a moral in it at once dignified and touching.

"The dogs of the Pyrenees are said not to live long when transported to another country; and sometimes, guided by that wonderful instinct which seems almost to supply the place of reason, and by its marvellous impulsion to produce effects surer even than those of memory, have been known to retrace their way back to the mountains by new and untraversed paths, and through all the impediments of rock and flood which an anarchial nature has thrown in their way."

On one occasion, during the writer's excursions among the mountains and through the vallies of the Pyrenees, she alighted upon the cabin of a herdsman, who goes up the hills in the first week of June with his cattle, the combined property of the inhabitants of his village, and remains there until the last week of September, or later, if the season admit. He was an old man, and for six and twenty summers had acted as the regular Palemon of the commune. There seems to be nothing inviting in a mode of life, identified with a bed of straw, a mess of maize, gathering in the cattle till nine at night, then up again at two; "and in the case of sudden illness none to help the sick or shrive the dying." The old man looked forward to nothing with such delight, as the day fixed for his return to the plains, saying, "Ah, then I shall sleep again upon a mattress." Romance is sadly shorn of its fair and tempting proportions by these close inspections, more especially when it is remembered, that the old man lived in dread of the wolves that sometimes came down upon him. There must certainly, however, be some sort of

intercouse now and then, between the shepherds and tenders of cattle among the uplands; but whether uniformly solitary, or occasionally visited by one another, surely a better school was never founded or used for stirring up the imagination, and originating legendary lore. In the volumes before us, there is little or nothing of this kind introduced, nor without a closer knowledge of the pastoral people than was enjoyed by the writer, could such tales and traditions be easily arrived at.

In her upland excursions, our authoress seems to have been much indebted to the *Chaises a Porteur* for her speed and enterprizes. These same chairmen are described as being a class of the most sure-footed animals that ever were created, having the step and instinct of the izard, and like it capable of balancing themselves on the point of a precipice, springing from one loose stone to another, "which appears to preserve its equilibrium only by the pressure of the feet,"—running up all but perpendicular rocks, and down again with such rapidity. "that to sit steadily in the chair requires the *aplomb* of a Dutch burgomaster"—or hoisting their light machine and its lading in the air, as the exigencies may require. One would naturally suppose that this method of travelling and beholding wonders, had in it what might well derange the taste for splendid scenery. But it is added, that the whole is managed so agreeably, without so much as a jerk or a stumble, that the very activity of the bearers inspires confidence to the most timid. Of this, however, we do not think that the describer is the best judge; for whether her uniform cheerfulness, or adventurous style of spirit be regarded, it is impossible to set her down as one subject to starting fits. She is too ardent an admirer of nature and magnificent scenery, to give way to fear, though poised on the promontory of a stupendous rock, on her rocking horse.

Of Campan, the regular Tempé of the Pyrenees, our authoress is not so deeply over head and ears in admiration as many tourists have been. Her account of the valley, however, presents to the reader a full and a beautiful picture, which may be taken as the last of her landscapes, that we can introduce into our pages.

"It has, a reputation that reached us at Paris, and a view that merits—if not all, at least half that is said of it; perhaps more. A charming look into a glen, from one of the drawing-room windows, greatly took my fancy; their are other striking points, but not much table-ground,—the house, indeed, stands on a mere bracket. It might be made an excellent one, and I believe without much expense; and a little pains tastefully taken, would convert the whole into a charming summer residence, airy and shaded as a bird's nest. It belongs to an English family, who have not visited it (as its neglected appearance denotes) for many years; and who would willingly, their farmer told us, either sell, or let it. I was national enough to hear with pleasure that they were not the planters of the poplars.

"The valley of Campan may be called the valley of the thousand streams, and its abundant sources are so adroitly managed, that every root of grass seems moistened like a precious flower; the result is a freshness that becomes a feeling, and renews the mind. At one side a long rocky rampart, thinly and partially greened, guards the valley; at the other, swelling hills oppose the living verdure of their rich pastures, their pleasant cabins shaded by broad trees, their Arcadian beauty, life, and vigour, to the stony stillness or decrepid vegetation of their opposite neighbours. The splendid colouring of these emerald hills, gently detached from each other by glens darkly and richly tinted, that look like the avenues to more mysterious regions, the atmosphere of happiness which surrounds the dwellings, the wealth of pastoral and agricultural life thrown about full handed, dilate the heart. It is a morally beautiful country, for in its velvet meadows, its fine unshorn trees, and plains fertilizedby the skilful management of many rills into a germinating freshness that might become a world just created, we see the results of industry and the control of sagaciousness; yet still, even while acknowledging its loveliness—and more—feeling it, I cannot help being disappointed.

"If it be, indeed, the pearl of the Pyrenees, I must want taste, for I cannot think it so; but mine is a solitary opinion, and perhaps a wrong one, for all who see it fall into ecstasies. It is a sunny bucolic full of fat herds and baa-ing flocks, breathing May sweets, and singing to a joyous measure the sports and pleasures of a country life; but it is not in the highest class of nature's poetry, even though the Pic du Midi looks down upon it; it has not the depth or boldness of many less talked of valleys, nor the deep colouring of romance that belongs to others; the chain of hills that guards it at one side is rather stony than majestic, and the Adour, which circulates through it, is neither an impetuous torrent or a full and glassy stream. What it may be after the melting of the snows, or in a rainy season, I cannot say; but at present its bed is in many places half dry and encumbered with stones, and its stream scanty; though often pleasantly bordered with a soft country fringe of hazel, ash, and other brook-becoming things. There are no dark far-off stretches, or unexpected developements of beauty; no beckoning gloom into which imagination enters with hushed breath; you see it at once: the road ascends, but so inobviously, that as you go along it seems flat; it passes through the villages of Beaudéan and Sainte Marie, and the flourishing bourg of Campan which lies between them, hitching a tag of town-feeling on the pastoral.

"There is unquestionably something very gracious and beautiful in the form of the hill sides, and in their smoothly-rounded outlines; yet (I speak with diffidence of a thing so vaunted) it appeared to me inferior to its immense reputation. It is a kind, unworried nature—rich, redolent, and peaceful; remarkable for its abundant population, and the sweet home-looking habitations that cluster on its gentle declivities, leaving no spot without its shaded dwelling and green domain,—green literally as an emerald; but I doubt if it would repay a very distant pilgrimage, (the world's end has been talked of); and I doubt, too, if in the lateral valleys some spots may not be found on which the vagrant fancy, the loving thought, might settle with more delight, than even on the swelling valley of Campan.

The system of rural economy in the valleys of the high Pyrenees is described as differing little from that of the Alps,—man, as has been remarked, with reference to this very similitude, being every where the same, if in similar situations. The flour of maize or of buck wheat, and the GARBURE, a sort of vegetable, or rather cabbage soup, thickened with potatoes boiled to a paste, and seasoned with hog's lard or bacon, constitute the chief food of the Pyrenean peasant. These people are represented as quiet, and exhibiting the staid deportment of the Spaniards, rather than of the French, though they are the latter in their love of talking. It is of the people on the side of France that the writer speaks particularly, for she scarcely set foot on Spanish ground. She did touch a bit of Arragon, in a frontier visit, which resembled running from one great kingdom to another as it were through gaps in a partition wall; and she has given great effect to what was beheld and felt on these random and brief glimpses, causing us to regret that longer and more abundant opportunities were not vouchsafed to enable her to contrast and diversify her descriptions, by abundant notices of the Spanish *versant* of the Pyrenees.

Before closing these lightsome and elegant volumes, we must quote a few particulars from their pages, regarding that singular outcast tribe of human beings, the Cagots, respecting whom our authoress has been at pains to collect the best authenticated notices. These wretched and abused people, at one time, inhabited parts of Guienne, Britanny, Navarre, and the Pyrenees; and it is supposed that a small remnant of them may still exist among the latter mountains. But from time immemorial, and wherever dwelling, they have been the victims of the same dreadful and relentless persecution; for what supposed or actual crime, on the part of their ancestors, is not on record. Neither has it been put beyond a doubt from whom the Cagots are descended.

"Who were the cagots originally? and what was the terrible crime—perhaps misfortune, which put them under the ban? By what right were they cut off from all communication with their species, sold, bequeathed? walled out like lepers, forbidden to pray with other men, denied the rights of Christian sepulture? and yet, as it seems, for no evidence exists to the contrary, untainted by any contagious malady, and if ever rebels against the Christian faith, no longer so, but Catholics like their persecutors,*

"* The cagots were known to be Christians in the year 1000, as is proved by ancient writings mentioned by Marca, and there is every reason to suppose had long been so, even if they had ever been otherwise. Marca also refutes the idea (once general) of their being tainted with leprosy, quoting the opinion of certain learned physicians employed to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the imputation, and who pronounced them of healthy race, 'forte, vigoureuse, et pleine de santé.'"

when in the earlier periods of the middle ages we find them noticed as a race apart, an undesignated race, existing in a state of reprobation, the cause of which was, like their origin, involved in darkness. Were they, as Ramond supposes, a remnant of the Goths paled out from all communication with those who had been outraged by their cruelty? Were they Jews, or Arians, or Saracens fallen into the hands of their conquerors? There exists no record of their first coming; they did not appear at different, though not distant periods, like the tribe now known all over Europe by the various names of Bohemian, Tzingani, Zingari, Zinguener, Gitano, Cygana, or Gipsy: they had not, like that mysterious race, a language, a complexion, a physiognomy, obviously and entirely foreign and peculiar to themselves; they had no traditions, no remnants of ancient customs, nor has any record come down to us of the crime, whether against God or man, for which they have been so horribly punished.

"According to some old writers, the cagots were a tribe of Goths banished from Spain as an infected race, in which some terrible malady had become hereditary. Belleforét believes them to be the descendants of the Visigoths, defeated by Clovis in the terrible battle of Vouillé, when Alaric was slain and his army annihilated; and those who follow this opinion, derive the name of cagots from Caas Goths—Chiens de Goths. I have read, that in ancient acts they were called *Chrétiens Gezetains*, which name Marca supposes was given them from Gieza, a leper punished by the prophet Elisha for false dealing."

If any of the Cagots exist in the present day, they are very rarely seen in the Pyrenees, as our authoress intimates; and though no longer exposed to the barbarities that at one time pursued them, they are still strangers to the ordinary haunts of men. At one time they were even forbidden to enter a church where other men entered, or to go barefooted, lest the stones on which they trod should communicate infection to those classes who were supposed to be pure and untainted. Like the Pariah, to use the present writer's words, the Cagot "has still his home in the desert, where he dwells with others of his long-proscribed race. No other smoke mixes with that which rises from his humble cabin; no other hand presses his in amity. Debased by persecution, until the traces of his human nature have been nearly effaced from his pale and stupified countenance, and almost, if that countenance may be allowed to testify truly, from his mind also; condemned to perpetuate hereditary taints, hereditary deformities, created by persecution, and made innate by ages of misery, and by its concentration within its own limited channel, of that blood with which no other blood would mingle, it is no wonder that the Cagot should have become mentally and physically degraded below the common standard of humanity."

This is a dreadful picture admirably delineated, to which may be added the sketch which the writer has borrowed from Ramond, who visited the Pyrenees in 1787, and wrote concerning this outcast race, something like compassion having by this time began to mingle with the feelings of horror which they had so long inspired.

"But this charitable sentiment had come too late to be of much comfort to these unhappy creatures. Goîtres, and the peculiar paleness and abasement of countenance which indicates the disposition to crétinism, or its existence, had, as I have already observed, become hereditary among them; and served to prolong that feeling of alienation which still existed, though in a less inveterate form, towards this outcast tribe. The small door through which alone they had been for ages permitted to enter a church, was, it is true, walled up; they might work, and buy, and be taken to their graves like other people; but no one would intermarry with them, and their dwellings were still apart from the habitations of other men. At present their existence seems altogether forgotten, indeed so entirely, that many consider the race as extinct; and all whom I have questioned on the subject have either been of that opinion, or at most answered doubtingly, with a vague idea that there might be still a remnant existing in some remote valley, but without any thing like certainty.

"Indeed, the subject has long ceased to excite either interest or curiosity, and yet it is well calculated to awaken both—curiosity, by the story of a people, of whose origin neither contemporary record or preserved tradition makes mention; a people publicly persecuted as if for some unimaginable crime, yet not a notice extant—written or remembered—of its nature or commission; and interest, by the fate of this same wretched caste—a bruised and trampled-on race of fellow-creatures, in whom even the brute abjectness, the utter abasement to which injustice had reduced them, could not extinguish the sentiment of affection, or weaken the power or permanence of those tender and domestic feelings which Ramond, who visited their huts, so touchingly and beautifully describes in a passage, often quoted; where, alluding to the dim retreats in which they were used to hide themselves, he says 'J'y ai trouvé des frères qui s'aimoient avec cette tendresse, qui est un besoin plus pressant chez les hommes isolés. J'y ai vu des femmes, dont l'amour avait quelque chose de soumis et de dévoué qu' inspirent la faiblesse et le malheur.' Poor wretches! how touching it is to see this first, last, sweetest feeling of the heart lingering still within it, when all other human ones have been nearly trampled out of their sanctuary. And what a lesson to those who curse Providence in the impious rage of disappointed vanity, is the cagot's patient maintenance of religious faith, his pious observance of religious duties, his unshaken trust in God's promises! For him the iron chain, which he has worn on earth, becomes a golden one, as joining itself to the links of hope, it graduates upwards until it ends in heaven!"

In dismissing these sweet and charming volumes, we have only farther to state that we hope and expect to meet with the beauties and excellencies of the same heart and pen again, in some field where the warmth and the power, here so manifest and predominant, may equally triumph.

ART. IX.—*Three Voyages in the Black Sea to the Coast of Circassia: including Descriptions of the Ports, and the Importance of their Trade: with Sketches of their Manners, Customs, Religion, &c. &c.* By the Chev. Taitbout de Marigny, Consul of his Majesty the King of the Netherlands at Odessa. London: Murray. 1837.

SEVERAL circumstances concur to render the work now before us unusually interesting at the present time. In the first place, the country and the people described by the author, and the institutions, as well as the peculiar manners which characterize their history, have seldom been made the subject of minute details on the part of voyagers and travellers belonging to the enlightened nations of Europe. Again, the policy of Russia, with reference to Circassia, has been, for many years, of a piece with what that grasping power has long been in the habit of exercising towards neighbouring and weaker states; and the recent outrage committed on the commercial flag of England in a Circassian port by one of the northern autocrat's men of war, has carried to the highest pitch our national curiosity and anxiety with regard to some of the subjects which form the theme of the volume. There is, however, another circumstance connected with the work, that incidentally lends to it a still deeper importance, and renders it a far more significant index of deep-laid schemes of tyranny and inordinate ambition than its author can be supposed ever to have contemplated. By quoting from the introduction to the present translation, the fact and the evidence alluded to will be easily understood. "During the absence of M. de Marigny, the author of these Travels, from his post of Consul to the King of the Netherlands at Odessa, there issued last year, from the Russian press, a work under the following title (the Russian government finding that it was at length necessary to *appear* anxious to gratify the desire of the public for information about Circassia)—'Voyages en Circassié, par le Chevalier Taitbout de Marigny, presentement Consul de S. M. le Roi des Pays Bas à Odessa, avec veus, costumes, &c. Librairies de D. Mieville, Editeur à Odessa et à Siméphrophol,' 1836; and on the title-page the following note was appended in French:—'These Travels having been printed at a distance from the author, the edition contains faults of every kind: the principal errors only have been noticed in the errata, which the reader is requested to correct before commencing the perusal of the work.'"

But observe what the English translator has to add to this seemingly candid and anxiously corrective announcement. He says—"Beneath the shelter of this equivocal apology, the Russian editor, acting under the censorship of the government, without which no work can appear in Russia, published the original notes of the

author, but omitted several important passages, and interpolated others dictated by the Russian authorities." Now these suppressions and additions, which are carefully marked in the edition before us (the necessary corrections having been forwarded to England, together with a copy of the Russian edition, in which the interpolations of the Russian authorities are marked), are neither few nor unimportant; often, indeed, wresting Marigny's meaning most grossly, and making him say what he never thought of saying.

Now, it is obvious, that much of the animus, and a sample of the practices of the Russian government, may be gathered from this single and simple disclosure; and that a fair and full account as regards the autocrat's policy, is amongst the last things that he and his servants can endure. In so far as England is concerned, however, the stratagem, and the vitiation of documents, in this instance, have been defeated; and, we hope, this fact will be the means of making the righteous consequences of such falsehood and baseness recoil upon their authors.

But independently of all these circumstances, the volume would at any time excite no small degree of notice in the public mind, both on account of the information which it contains, and the manner in which that information is conveyed. Extensive knowledge, careful research, a habit of nice observation, and impartial description, are characteristics of the work; the whole being easily and pleasantly detailed, and embracing a wide and varied extent of matter—not merely such as will prove attractive to the general reader, but that which will be particularly curious and useful in the eyes of naturalists, political economists, and merchants.

The first of Marigny's voyages was undertaken in 1818, with the view, it would seem, of extending and establishing certain commercial relations with the Circassians. But before entering into particulars of what came under his observation, and of what befel him, in the way of slight adventure, he gives certain general sketches of the country, as it appeared to him on his first visit, that conveniently serve as an introduction to the subsequent descriptions.

After an outline of Circassia, the soil is described as in general uncultivated, but everywhere good and fertile. To the north of the Caucasus, there are lovely plains watered by numerous rivers. But a great portion of the country is covered with immense forests, of the most magnificent timber which it is possible to behold.

On the coast, as well as in the deep valleys, the climate is hot; but in the plains, situated beyond the Caucasus, the air is sharper, and in winter the weather is rigorous.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus are at this moment a free population; yet, strange to say, they have preserved their primitive condition while surrounded by comparatively civilized nations. They are at present also united under a national standard, and muster

along the Russian frontiers one hundred thousand men. Still the population is divided into many distinct denominations, and forms a number of feudal republics, some of them inhabiting even the summits of the highest mountains. The Turks alone have kept up commercial relations with them, since the conquest of the eastern empire being in possession of Anapa, a fortress at the northern extremity of the Circassian coast, where, in exchange for merchandise brought from Constantinople and Anatolia, boys, girls, corn, wax, honey, hides, &c. are given.

This primitive people, as may be deduced from their present and past condition, cherish the most enthusiastic love of independence, and the heroism necessary to maintain that independence. "Their only knowledge of glory," says the author, "is that of vanquishing the enemy, and of shame, that of flight. We see them, therefore, dashing across their frontiers, pouncing upon their neighbours, ravaging their lands, carrying away their flocks, and reducing to slavery all thoss whom their arms have spared. Even upon the sea they are sometimes formidable, though their barks be frail, being nothing better than large open boats. It may therefore be supposed that for strangers or travellers to adventure with the most peaceful intentions, amid such a warlike and uncivilized people, is a frightful risk. But, as among other barbarous nations, there is a usage in Circassia which neutralizes this danger. It consists in choosing a host called a *Konak*, whose name it is sufficient to know to put oneself under his protection. This individual is thenceforward, in the eyes of his countrymen, the guarantee of all the actions of his protegé, to whom he shows every mark of the greatest hospitality, and whom he protects from every insult. A stranger, if he be even guilty, finds in his Konak a protector, who will never give him up to the fury of his countrymen."

The only person to whom M. de Marigny could apply in the capacity of this all important guardian, was Prince Mehmet Indar Oglou. Ghélendjik was the first port to which he steered.

"Our arrival had brought together a great number of Circassians on the beach. I thought it necessary to go on shore with the interpreter, who advised me to have some swords and pistols put into the boat; but I thought it more advisable to gain the confidence of the inhabitants by presenting ourselves to them unarmed, and abandoning ourselves to their hospitality. As we approached nearer, their numbers rapidly increased, and all of them appeared differently arrayed with glittering arms.

"I could not, however, help reflecting on my position; and I confess that my feelings were not unmingled with anxiety. I was approaching a wild people, known during so many centuries for their barbarism, and having nothing to oppose to their love of plunder but the solitary name of a man whom I did not know, with whose feelings towards me I was unacquainted, who lived about ten miles off, and whose protection, judging as a European, I dared not count upon.

"(How much I was deceived, and how respected and sacred is the feeling which the Tcherkesses attach to hospitality! One sees this virtue put into practice amongst them, whilst with us we find it only in the writings of philosophers.*)

"On our landing, the Circassians surrounded us, and appeared impatient to hear the name of our *Konak;* this was to be the signal of our liberty or of our slavery. I made them understand that we were people belonging to Prince Mehmet Indar Oglou; they then stretched out their hands to us, and congratulated us on our happy arrival. As it was late, I contented myself with making inquiries after our Konak and the commissioners, to whom I sent an express, promising two small measures of salt as a remuneration for the journey."

Tcherkesses is the general name given by the Russians to the tribes designated by us *Circassians;* but our readers will already discover from this last extract, and the translator's note appended to one of its most significant paragraphs, how important and necessary it is deemed by the autocrat of all the Russias, to mystify the world in regard to the nations he longs to controul or govern, whatever may be their name or character. But we must go forward to gather some of those notices of the people who have obtained the above appellations.

"At eight o'clock a boat, which appeared at the entrance of the harbour, steered towards us. The four men whom it contained came on board the schooner singing, and after having saluted us by taking off their caps, they told us they were sent from Pchiate, by the wife of our Konak, who, having already heard of our arrival, had charged them to congratulate us, and to offer us their services. I gave them some brandy, of which each of them drank three glasses. This is their universal habit whatever beverage it be, or however large the cup. Their boat, like all those which I have since seen, was flat, without a keel, the planks fixed with nails and some wooden bolts against very thin ribs: from the prow there arose a figure representing the head of an animal which it would be difficult to name; but the Circassians pretend that it is the head of a goat. May it not be a memento of the ram represented on the prow of the Greek vessels which bore Phryxus, and whose memory was so long preserved by these people?"

At the time of the author's arrival, Indar Oglou was at a distance celebrating the anniversary of the funeral of one of his friends, but his third son repaired to Ghèlendjik to visit the stranger, a youth of a pleasing and mild countenance. He was tall, well made, and very light, like all the Circassians.

"He wore large linen pantaloons tight to the leg from the knee downwards; a vest or tunic, which served also for a shirt, was covered with a garment of the same form, of grey cloth, having on each side cases made of morocco, which were used for holding cartridges. He wore long

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"*This paragraph is expunged in the Russian edition."

stockings of grey wool, without feet, and fastened under the knee by broad felt garters; morocco shoes, very high, without soles, and a sheep-skin cap. His arms were a gun with a small round butt-end, carried in a shoulder-belt in a woollen cover; a very broad poinard, a pistol mounted in silver, and a sabre with a hilt of the same metal, without a guard: mounted like a knife, and whose embroidered scabbard was composed of several pieces of morocco of different colours.

"All the luxury of the Circassians consists in fine arms, which they preserve with the greatest care. They shave their heads, but few of them do so as much as the Turks, and the tuft preserved on the crown is larger. Old men shave their beards, while the young men in general only cut them with scissors, so that a great part of them always remain to mark the virile age. They all wear moustachios more or less long.

M. de Marigny was informed by his interpreter that the Circassians have no fixed hours for their repasts, and that they only eat when they are hungry a piece of bread or a millet cake. During their excursions a small quantity of millet flour, which is carried in a small leathern purse suspended from their saddles, suffices for a whole day's support. But upon fete days, or when a stranger arrives they fare luxuriously; and this they may the more easily do, seeing that the price of cattle is remarkably cheap. A calf costs in salt the value of eight Turkish piastres. Many of the dishes at the principal entertainments are represented as swimming in butter and honey.

In Circassia the fair sex, although destined to lead a laborious life, are not condemned to an eternal solitude. Young girls, more especially, are admitted to all the fetes, and with the men they live upon terms of the greatest familiarity. The author's observations and information regarding Circassian marriages, lead him to record practices which are remarkable.

"As soon as a young man has made his choice, he must agree with the father upon the price of his daughter; it consists in general of a coat of mail, sabres, muskets, horses, and some oxen. The bargain made, the young man comes to carry off his love, accompanied by a friend, who places her on horseback, and mounts behind her. They then start at full gallop for the habitation of one of their friends. The god-father presents there the young girl, who is soon installed in the room destined for the married couple: there she patiently awaits alone, her future husband keeping up the fire, which serves them for a light. It is only when all the people in the house are supposed to be asleep that his friend goes to seek him in the wood to bring him to her. Before abandoning themselves to the pleasures of the god, who unites them, he loosens with his poniard the corset which his bride has worn from the time when she was five or six years old; it is made of morocco, and furnished with two plates of wood placed upon the chest, which by their strong pressure prevent the expansion of the bosom, this part of the body being regarded as an attribute of maternity which it would be shameful to allow to be visible in a young girl. The corset also confines the bust very much from the collar-

bone to the waist, by means of a cord which passes through leathern rings; sometimes silver hooks serve the same purpose; they even wear it during the night, and only leave it off when it is worn out, in order to put on another quite as small. This might lead one to say that the figure of a Circassian girl the day of her marriage is the same size as it was when she was six years old.

"No other ceremony than rejoicings are necessary in order to legalize a marriage. The next morning, at break of day, the husband leaves his young wife, who takes possession of a separate house which he has built for her on his property, and where he only sees her again at night, or with the greatest mystery—for a sort of dishonour attaches to the idea of appearing in public with one's wife. If the husband be rich, he immediately pays to his father-in-law the price agreed upon: in the contrary case, he does it by degrees, and often takes several years to fulfil his agreement.

"I have already stated, that a Circassian can only see his wife at night; if they should by chance meet during the day, they immediately retreat in opposite directions. A practice so propitious to love made me think that it must leave the women a prey to seduction, and I inquired what would be the risk incurred in case of surprise. It is limited to paying a sum proportioned to the injury offered to the husband. The latter does not dare to attempt the life of his rival, as he would then be forced to pay the forfeit of his death to the relations. The punishment of the women is to be beaten or sold; some husbands are even barbarous enough to cut off their noses or ears; but few among them are guilty of such excesses, which likewise oblige them to pay a forfeit, which the family have a right to claim, either more or less considerable, according to the extent of the injury.

The Circassians are divided into three classes. First, the princes, who are the magistrates, whose power depends upon the number of their vassels, relations, and allies. Secondly, the nobles, some of whom become powerful by alliance with numerous families. Thirdly, the vassals, who, much after the manner of those who existed formerly in Europe, cultivate the fields of their prince in peace, and defend him in war. These classes differ but slightly in dress, while in their domestic habits there is a perfect equality. A fourth class may be added, consisting of captives, who are either sold, or kept; their children, generally, obtaining the status of vassals; and yet the Circassians who love liberty, and who are masters of degraded captives, sell their own children. But this sort of traffic is not, it would appear, looked upon by its victims with that abhorrence which we have been led by report, and according to the feelings of humanity to entertain, thinking it the greatest possible outrage and cruelty.

"A father has this right over his offspring; a brother over a sister, when deprived of their parents; and a husband also can sell his wife if she be guilty of adultery. To be sold is often the sole wish of a pretty girl, because she is then certain of filling a place in a Turkish harem, which they prefer to their Circassian mode of life. It is no rare occur-

rence to see some of them return to their country after having obtained their liberty. The accounts which they bring back of the joys of these voluptuous prisons, and the sight of the presents with which they return, suffice to determine the fate of many, who request to be sold. Few of the princes, however, sell their children."

The Circassian idea of justice, in what we would call civil actions at law, and the method of adjudication, are strange enough. Certain decisions were quoted for the author's instruction; on one occasion, when a native, who happened to accompany him to his ship, nearly fell into the sea, and whose price must have been paid by M. Marigny had such such a catastrophe occurred, and the man been drowned.

"Two Circassians possessed some lands in common, upon which grew a tree which was stripped of its bark by one of the two proprietors: he soon after ceded his share to his companion, and went to reside in another district: the tree withered, and in order to bring it to the ground the proprietor set fire to it; whilst it was burning, a man wishing to approach in order to light his pipe, was crushed by its fall. The family of the deceased attacked the proprietor, and demanded of him the price of the man whose death he had caused. The practice was an established one: it seemed as if he could have nothing to oppose to it, when, convoking an assembly, he proved that having only set fire to the tree because it was dead, the former proprietor ought to be condemned to make the payment, because the thing would not have happened if it had still preserved its bark. The whole assembly applauded him, and decided the cause in his favour."

Such causes are tried in a wood by national assemblies, and presided over by princes, acording to a code of ancient customs; thus, in some respects, agreeing with the very ancient forms of procedure which prevailed in Great Britain. In one of the many paragraphs inserted by the Russian translator, it is stated that theft, on account of the warlike spirit of the people, their contempt for peaceful labours, and their dissensions, has become the sole means of subsistence; and that this practice is so much esteemed, that the greatest reproach a young girl can address to a youth is to tell him he has not yet stolen a cow. Thefts, when skilfully effected, are, it is upon the same authority, also said greatly admired; but if unskilfully and detected, the amount of property to be restored is very heavy. Murder itself subjects the guilty person only to heavy fines to be paid to the relations of the person killed; while parricide and unnatural offences subject the criminals to ignominy; but what is involved in this term we do not learn. In some of the above laws and customs the reader will discover strong resemblances to the ancient Spartan code.

The account given of the education of the young Circassians may interest and amuse those who at the present day are taking such a

deep concern in the training of the rising generation in our own country.

"We saw three strangers arrive, who were received with great respect; they were the *Ataliks* of the sons of Indar Oglou. *Atalik* signifies foster-father.

"It is very rare for a boy to receive his education under the parental roof; the right of educating him is granted to the first person who presents himself; and if more than one arrives at the same moment, there are arbiters who determine how long each of them shall instruct the child. The *Atalik* carries off the infant, sometimes secretly, and confides it to a nurse; and, as soon as it can dispense with her care, his education begins. It consists in all bodily exercises adapted to increase the strength and agility; riding, wrestling, shooting with the bow, the gun, or the pistol, &c.; in the art of conducting an incursion with success; in skill in theft; and in being able to brave hunger and fatigue: they endeavour also to render them eloquent, and to form their judgment, in order to enable them to be influential members of the assemblies. This education, which reminds us of that of the heroic times of Greece, was held in such high estimation by the khans of Tartary, that they used to send their children to be brought up by the *Ataliks* in Circassia. The young man's return to his paternal home is celebrated by a grand fête, to which all the relations are invited, and to which he is brought in triumph. The *Atalik* returns home loaded with presents, and henceforth enjoying in the family of his pupil a degree of relationship, which is always preserved, and which nothing can destroy.

"From this solemn day, the custom which forbade the father to see his son ceases, and he may freely give way to his paternal affection."

But such youths are badly prepared for becoming mercantile accountants, or love-letter writers.

"The Circassians have no idea of writing. Certain epochs in their history are consecrated by songs and by some old traditions, for the most part fabulous. In business they only make use of witnesses, or of an oath taken over some amulets, which, among them, (where intrigue is unknown*,) suffices to cause the engagements which have been contracted to be scrupulously observed. Their relations being confined within a narrow sphere, they are seldom obliged to communicate their thoughts otherwise than by words; and when they are forced to do so, they send a messenger. Some Turks who are settled at Anapa, or in the interior of the country, are the only literati."

The worship of the Circassians, according to one of the Russian interpolations, consists of the mechanical exercise of a number of Pagan and Christian ceremonies, perverted by time and ignorance. They do not appear to have any buildings for religious purposes; but they have sacred woods, where to cut down a tree would be sacrilege. In one of these woods the author saw something like the

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"* Omitted in the Russian edition."

sign of the cross: but when it was introduced, or what it represents, the people know nothing of. Mahometanism is to be found among the great families, the Tartars and Turks having made considerable progress in making proselytes; but they are far from being strict observers of that religion. The nation at large, however, acknowlege one Supreme Being, and several celestial powers of a secondary order. They believe also in the immortality of the soul and in another world, in which men are to be rewarded according to their works; but M. de Marigny adds, "all their actions have temporal prospects immediately in view." Among their divine beings there is one called *Merissa*, surnamed the Mother of God, who is regarded as the protectress of bees. They say that the thunder would have exterminated the whole race of these little labourers, that are so useful in Circassia, had this holy woman not concealed one of them in her sleeve, by which means the species was preserved. We conclude these notices of Circassian religion and worship with one extract, which contains an account of some of their most solemn rights, and with this remark, that were pains taken to teach them the knowledge of letters, and the doctrines of Christianity, there appears to be much less, either as regards their intellectual powers, their superstitions, and feelings, to obstruct the legitimate effects of these benign influences than has been combatted in many other countries.

"It belongs to age and to the virtuous to offer up the prayers of the nation to the throne of the Most High. The priests do not form a separate class in Circassia. In their youth they have been seen to shed their blood in battle, and the approach of the enemy still calls them to arms. They officiate with bare heads, clothed in a *Bourka*; and standing before the cross, they commence by the propitiatory sacrifice of a sheep or a goat—in great solemnities the victim is an ox: before sacrificing it, the old man, with one of the small tapers attached to the foot of the cross, burns some of the hair of the victim on the spot where the blow is to be struck, and pours some *Bouza* on its head. Several young people, chiefly slaves, stand behind him, bearing cups filled with this liquor, and slices of unleavened bread stuffed with cheese. After the sacrifice, the old man takes one of these cups and some bread to make an offering to the Supreme Being: he then blesses them, and gives them to the eldest of the society, who eats and drinks of them. The young people present him with some more, of which he makes an offering to *Merissa*, and which he gives to another old man. The same ceremony is repeated to all the divinities, to whom different prayers are addressed. After having concluded them, the minister fixes, according to his own pleasure, a day for another meeting, which generally takes place once a week—either Saturday, Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, and never on any of the other three days: he also gives notice of the effects which have been lost or found; but the latter are seldom heard of, for the Circassians are fond of keeping them. Finally, the flesh of the victim serves as a repast, to which are added some other provisions brought by each family, and the whole is generally concluded with dances, games,

and races: the head of the victim is consecrated to the Creator, and placed on the branch of a tree, or on a perch at a small distance from the cross: its skin belongs to the officiating priest.

But it is time that we should come to that part in M. de Marigny's travels, when he was introduced to Indar Oglou, his *Konak*, in order that we may learn what are some of the more remarkable Circassian hospitable and domestic customs.

Indar Oglou's residence, which is described as being composed of a dozen houses, constructed of hurdles, or of small beams, plastered with earth, and roofed with thatch, each containing only one room, was at a considerable distance from the coast. On reaching it, the author was politely received, but not with all the marks of confidence and familiarity that afterwards were shown him; for he had not yet gone through the necessary ceremonies of adoption. One of these ceremonies "consists in applying the mouth for a few moments to a woman's breast. She, as well as her husband, become from that time forward *Atalike* to the stranger, whom they receive among the number of their own legitimate children." To extend the hand, say "Welcome!" and to press to the bosom, is the greatest mark of friendship that can be shown. "A kiss belongs to love alone; placed among the last favours of a woman—it is then alone employed: even friendship has no claim to it." The following is part of the author's account of his introduction to the family of his Konak, and of the appearance as well as manners of the female branches.

"On our entrance all the women rose: we walked in file along the wall, on the opposite side to them, with a firm but slow step, allowing our sleeves to hang down at full length, in order to show our respect. We saluted them by touching our caps with great gravity with our right hands. As soon as we were seated the princesses resumed their places on the sofa, and about ten women of their suite remained standing. The princesses' mother, about fifty years of age, had a handsome and intelligent countenance; she wore a long robe open in front, and clasped from the bosom to the waist like the Turkish *Antéris* *; she wore also a wide charvar † of a striped stuff, and on her head a great white veil, which concealed a part of her person, her hair was hardly perceptible under a handkerchief which concealed it.

"The young wives of princes or knights are more particular in their coiffure; they wear under the veil a red callotte ornamented in front with a band of black morocco with silver buttons, which is very becoming to them, and allow their hair to hang down in long tresses. The busts of the daughters of Indar-Oglou were tightened in an extraordinary manner, and their *antéris* clasped from the throat downwards with silver plates. From the girdle of the eldest were suspended

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"* A Turkish robe, open in front like our ladies' cloaks."

"† Trousers."

a great number of toys of the same metal; the form of their caps was not graceful; they were composed of six pieces of cloth of different colours, cut in the shape of slices of melons; some lace was arranged on them so as to cover the seams. Girls of an inferior rank wore plain round ones. The two young princesses, without being handsome, had, as it appeared to me, very pleasing countenances: the eldest is named Gvacha, and the youngest Tchapsine. I forget the meaning of these two names: all those that are given to infants have a signification. I saw two women, one of whom was called Lion-look, and the other Hind-shape.

"After the first compliments, the princess questioned me as to what I felt on seeing their country, which was poor, and destitute of all the enjoyments we possessed at home, and which her son Islam Ghéri had often spoken to her about. It has been already mentioned that that young man came to the Crimea in 1814. 'I wish him to go back,' said she; 'he was at that time too young to profit by his travels; and I will confide him to your care as soon as the labours of the harvest and hay-making are at an end. Do not bring him back until he has acquired wisdom: but I fear that he may settle there,' continued she, smiling; 'for he talked to me so much of the beauty of the women! what do you think of ours?' I took advantage of this opportunity to pay a compliment to her daughters, persuaded that the fair sex is as open to flattery in Circassia as elsewhere, and I astonished her by speaking of the fame of the Circassian women amongst us."

In every house everything necessary is manufactured by the inmates. Cloth is the chief article in which the women engage; a fabric of a transparent quality, resembling flannel. Like those of Homer, the Circassian princesses are not exempt from the labours of the loom, and such as contribute to the equipment of their warriors—saddle-cushions, linen, coats, shoes, lace, musket and pistol-scabbards. The men are carpenters; they mount their own muskets, make their cannon-balls, manufacture tolerably good gunpowder, and tan skins imperfectly. The forge and the jewellery line are the only trades which belong to a small number of workmen; in the former trade they make knives, axes, and nails; the greater part of the iron of their arrows, and their beautiful poinards, is the work of a tribe called Koumouk. The jewellers ornament the arms, the powder-flasks, and the girdles with silver. It is difficult, continues the account, to form an idea of the perfection to which this kind of work is carried, and the beauty and correctness of the design represented in black by means of an acid. Musket and pistol barrels, as well as sabres, are generally procured by them from the Turks.

But our fair readers will be disappointed if they do not hear something more of their rivals in the East, and in that country where the beauty of the sex has been so romantically celebrated. We take it, that M. de Marigny is a good and deliberate judge; therefore listen to what he says.

"If I had attempted to judge of these renowned beauties of the East on my first arrival in their country, I should have found it difficult to do so with impartiality, prejudiced as I was by the reputation they enjoyed in Europe; and my excited imagination in a country so fertile in chivalrous inspirations might have led me into error; but having become familiarized with their names, and having had time to examine them, I can assure our European ladies that they are inferior to them in nothing.

"The *Noutakhaïtsi* Circassian women have oval faces, and generally large features; their eyes, usually black, are fine; and they hold them in high estimation, considering them as one of their most powerful weapons; they are surmounted by eyebrows which are strongly marked, whose thickness they diminish by plucking out the hairs. Their bust, which, as I have already stated, is wanting in its chief ornament among the girls, is extraordinarily slight and flexible: on the other hand, with many women the lower part of the body is very large, which is considered a great beauty among the orientals, but which I thought a deformity in some of them. We cannot deny that those who are well proportioned have much nobility of carriage and voluptuousness. Their costume, besides, especially that of the married women, is very pretty. But to admire them, they must only be seen at home; for when they go out, their slow step, and the air of nonchalance expressed in all their movements, shock the eyes of an European accustomed to the vivacity and elegant tournure of our ladies. Even the long hair, which we like to see flowing over the bosom and shoulders of a Circassian; the veil, which they fold with the art inspired in all countries by the wish to please; the robe which, having confined the waist, opens to exhibit the *charvar*, which has also its attractions, become ridiculously embarrassing when a Circassian leaves her sofa. They are, in general, intelligent; their imagination is lively, and susceptible of strong passions; they love glory, and are proud of that which is acquired by their husbands in battle."

But guess what the Russian interpolators have added to this, and made the candid and judicious Consul say, without having his authority for so doing. Oh fie!—"All the Circassian ladies have the itch." But the Russian translation not only contains many unauthorized additions, but its suppressions, as before stated, are numerous. For example, after mentioning that the Circassians make no scruple of asking for whatever they like, and admitting that it would be ridiculous to refuse to people a right which they are as ready to grant, M. de Marigny adds the following sentences, which are omitted in the Russian edition:—"This community of goods extends so far, that a poor man often gives his rags to a rich one, in order to obtain his coat. I once saw *Noghai* return without shoes, because he had met a man on foot who had bad ones, and had asked him for his."

When about to take leave of his Konak, and to set sail, there was between the stranger and the protector, an interchange of pre-

sents and civilities, as is usual in the case of having dealings with savage or semi-barbarous people.

"The prince sent for me to come on shore at eight A.M.: he spoke of our plans with all the warmth of the deepest interest, and begged me to mention in Russia all that I had seen, in order to devise the best means of securing the prosperity of our relations with his country. He gave me various commissions, and strongly recommended me to bring some presents for the three men, whom he had left to protect us against any insults which might have been offered to us; one of them enjoyed a high reputation. The prince could hardly persuade himself to leave me; he had always something to say which detained him: he returned in the afternoon, and we took our last leave of each other. A man in his suite, whose services I had rewarded, had promised me a present which his sister was embroidering for me: in despair at seeing me depart before it was finished, he threw his girdle to me, saying with tears in his eyes, 'Here, take it, and do not forget thy *Adigheous* friends.' I sailed at 8½ P. M., with a gentle breeze from the S.S.E. for the port of Theodosia, whither I was ordered to go."

These are engaging notices, and more favourable to the Circassian character than others that we might select, several of the latter description evidently being chargeable to the jealousy which this interesting people have had too many occasions to cherish with respect to neighbouring nations, and the Russians in particular. The purpose which we have chiefly in view in our extracts, however, not being so much for any political end, as to serve to elucidate certain national characteristics, we shall add a few more passages, that are not less striking than any we have above quoted.

In one of his voyages, an European lady, and her Russian maid, accompanied the author.

"At eight o'clock in the morning M. Tausch came to inform me that the daughters of the prince were come with the intention of paying a visit to Madame E. They were accompanied by a great number of persons of both sexes, among whom was a young *Chapsouke* princess, named Djantine. We went to meet them in a house adjoining our warehouses, and we met a great many people in our progress thither. After having inquired into the state of my health, they complimented me upon the fidelity with which I had kept my word, and assured me of the pleasure which I had afforded them by having brought a lady with me. A violent gust of wind having caused a heavy sea, I found it impossible to induce these ladies to come on board, and they pressed me to go and fetch her, and bring her to their residence.

"M. Tausch, some Circassians, and among others, the Atalik of Kospolète. accompanied me. I informed Madame E. of the invitation of the princesses, thinking that she would probably not consent to go to visit them; but, to my great amazement, she accepted the offer with pleasure, and prepared for her expedition without showing the least uneasiness."

On the return of Madame E. to the ship, after her visit,

"She told me, that on her landing, the princesses came to meet her

and having taken her hand in theirs, they pressed her to their bosoms, presenting alternately the right and left side. A great number of natives, anxious to see her, surrounded her, and accompanied her to a car drawn by oxen, in which she placed herself with the daughters of our Konak and the young Chapsouke princess; others followed on foot. On the road several families were waiting to see her, and they all expressed the pleasure they felt on the occasion.

"The wife of Indar Oglou came to receive her at a short distance from her residence, followed by all her vassals. After the usual ceremonies, she was conducted into the strangers' apartment: dinner soon followed her arrival; it was served upon twelve little tables. The princesses, who were fasting in consequence of the Ramazan*, occupied themselves during the repast in dividing the bread and meat to make them into mouthfuls. After dinner they brought water for her to wash her hands, and they washed her feet, which is a mark of high respect. The rest of the day was passed in amusing Madame E. with games and dances. Indar Oglou, who arrived in the evening, rejoiced to see the intimacy prevailing between her and his family, and begged her to consider his house as her own Some of their customs she was quick in adopting, which delighted them; they wished to make her entirely Circassian, and orders were given to prepare a dress for her, at which they worked all night.

"The chief of these customs, which did not at all please Madame E. was the necessity of rising at the entrance of a man, or of any older woman, even a vassal: the men, on the other hand, do the same to both sexes; they cannot seat themselves until the person in whose honor they had risen orders them to do so, by the word *tize* (sit down). These people never infringe this rule, and strictly observe it even in their own family.

"The next morning Madame E. was dressed in the Circassian fashion, and the princesses' mother, on this occasion, made her some presents in exchange for those which had been brought to her; they consisted of silver clasps, and a set of buttons to edge the front of the caps of married women."

Just to reverse the picture of Circassian life a little, we add the paragraph that immediately follows the one last quoted.

"During her residence at the house of our Konak, an adventure occurred, which may serve as an instance of the inquiet life led by these people. Its consequences made me rejoice that I had insisted on Madame E.'s return on board.

"As I have already stated, theft is forbidden in some cases, especially when two princes have promised by oath to respect each other's property. Our Konak, on the faith of a similar treaty with a Chapsouke prince, had sent one of his vassals to him charged with some commissions: the Chapsouke, unfaithful to his engagements, made him a slave. After some days, this prince's brother passed, not far from Indar Oglou's residence, through a field where a man was labouring, who, feigning ignorance of what had happened to his comrade, led him into his house and strangled him. The news of this event soon spread; persons were deputed on each side, who were unsuccessful in their endeavours to conciliate the two princes, and the affair, from the turn it took, seemed to announce a battle."

We have not gone half through the volume, nor taken a single notice of some of M. de Marigny's subsequent voyages to, and travels in, Circassia. They are, however, as interesting and instructive as his first, and will well repay the reader's time in perusing them. Enough, however, has been said and shown to recommend the volume, and to prove that the publication has appeared in this country at a very seasonable period, as respects our foreign, political, and commercial relations.

ART. X.

1.—*Adventures of Captain Bonneville; or, Scenes in the Rocky Mountains of the Far West.* By WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq., Author of "The Sketch Book," &c. 3 Vols. 12mo. London: Bentley. 1837.

2.—*History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs. Embellished with One Hundred and Twenty Portraits from the Indian Gallery in the Department of War at Washington.* By THOMAS L. M'KENNEY, late of the Indian Department, Washington; and JAMES HALL, Esq., of Cincinnati. Vol. I., No. 1. Fol. London: Campbell and Co. 1837.

OUR readers may have observed that authors are apt to run in couples, and sometimes in flocks, upon particular subjects. Whether it be poetry, the drama, history, philosophy, or travels, seldom do we receive one new contribution to the already abundant stock, than another of a kindred character follows immediately, just as if the authors of them had laid their heads together, and striven which should take the lead. Frequently it happens that one country obtains at the same date a redundancy of attention, and for a length of time is again neglected. We have known months to elapse without producing one work of any mark respecting America; at other seasons there is a great run upon that quarter. A striking instance of the latter fact may be discovered by turning to the contents of the present number of our Journal; and even of the subjects connected with that territory, there is one, as the title of this and the burden of a preceding article show, that has specially engaged a variety of writers.

Mr. Irving was introduced to the hero of the work which stands first at the head of this article, at the table of Mr. Astor, whose name gave rise to the title of one of the author's recent productions, as our readers will remember; and, indeed, the present production may be considered as forming a sequel to "Astoria," carrying us still further into the Far West. Captain Bonneville, we learn, inherits by descent the *bonhommie* of a Frenchman, and by his American birth and habits a daring spirit

of adventure. Having held a commission in the army of the United States, he was frequently upon duty on the frontiers, where his imagination was so highly stirred by the accounts which the fur-traders gave him, that he planned an expedition across the Rocky Mountains. Hunting and trading, as well as to collect statistical facts, were the ostensible objects of the enterprise, but, no doubt, the love for strange and wild adventure entered deeply into the motives of the Captain; and a more promising field cannot be named for these various speculations. It is only a few years ago that the regions in question have come to be visited by American trappers, or the white men. The beaver-skins and the furs, which are the principal articles of traffic in these parts, necessarily lead to daring acts, and call forth the utmost displays of physical strength and presence of mind. The scenery to be traversed in such expeditions, and the parts beyond the Rocky Mountains, partake of the magnificence of the most lofty ranges in the known world—of all the grandeur which height, volcanic disorder, interspersed with soft and fertile vallies, can produce. The almost limitless plains, which the eye commands from many of the eminences, furnish landscapes of matchless beauty. Then the intercourse, sometimes friendly, sometimes the reverse, which the fur-traders are subject to, afford numberless incidents for producing a rich harvest of anecdotes and traits of Indian character, which the Captain carefully recorded—thus lending to Mr. Irving a mass of materials, out of which, together with the stores elsewhere collected, he has contrived to manufacture three volumes. The adventurous hero was at the head of a strong party of trappers and hunters, and was absent upon the expedition in question for better than three years.

As a literary production, every one may make himself sure that these volumes possess the ease and grace of style which Mr. Irving could not, if he would, throw aside; that they at the same time, appear to furnish a specimen of a very prevalent practice of late years, viz. of book-making, is not less manifest. There is a remarkable similarity in the "Adventures;" they consist, for the most part, of a mere repetition of dangers, escapes, privations, dexterous or courageous conduct, cunning, and cruelty, Some parts certainly possess a separate and novel interest; but the whole might, to better purpose, have been comprised in one third of the space of the publication as it at present stands. The consequence has been, that the art of the author has frequently been put to its stretch, and that to produce effect, he has had to labour and force many points, so as to confer upon his work the appearance of affectation, and to communicate to it the aspect of feebleness.

The passages we are about to cite, will chiefly be descriptive of the character and manners of the Indians; but before perusing these, our readers may wish to acquire some knowledge of the worthies called trappers.

"To explain the meaning of the appellation, free trapper, it is necessary to state the terms on which the men enlist in the service of the fur companies. Some have regular wages, and are furnished with weapons, horses, traps, and other requisites. These are under command, and bound to do every duty required of them connected with the service; such as hunting, trapping, loading and unloading the horses, mounting guard; and, in short, all the drudgery of the camp. These are the hired trappers. The free trappers are a more independent class; and, in describing them, we shall do little more than transcribe the graphic description of them by Captain Bonneville. 'They come and go,' says he, 'when and where they please, provide their own horses, arms, and other equipments; trap and trade on their own account, and dispose of their skins and peltries to the highest bidder. Sometimes, in a dangerous hunting-ground, they attach themselves to the camp of some trader for protection. Here they come under some restrictions; they have to conform to the ordinary rules for trapping, and to submit to such restraints, and to take part in such general duties, as are established for the good order and safety of the camp. In return for this protection, and for their camp-keeping, they are bound to dispose of all the beaver they take to the trader who commands the camp, at a certain rate per skin; or, should they prefer seeking a market elsewhere, they are to make him an allowance of from thirty to forty dollars for the whole hunt.' There is an inferior order, who, either from prudence or poverty, come to these dangerous hunting-grounds without horses or accoutrements, and are furnished by the traders. These like the hired trappers, are bound to exert themselves to the utmost in taking beavers, which, without skinning, they render in at the trader's lodge, where a stipulated price for each is placed to their credit. These, though generally included in the generic name of free trappers, have the more specific character of skin-trappers. The wandering whites who mingle for any length of time with the savages, have invariably a proneness to adopt savage habitudes; but none more so than the free trappers. It is a matter of vanity and ambition with them to discard everything that may bear the stamp of civilized life, and to adopt the manners, habits, dress, gesture, and even walk of the Indian. You cannot pay a free trapper a greater compliment, than to persuade him you have mistaken him for an Indian brave; and, in truth, the counterfeit is complete. His hair, suffered to attain to a great length, is carefully combed out, and either left to fall carelessly over his shoulders, or plaited neatly, and tied up in otter skins, or party-coloured ribands. A hunting shirt of ruffled calico of bright dyes, or of ornamented leather, falls to his knee; below which, curiously fashioned leggins, ornamented with strings, fringes, and a profusion of hawk's bells, reach to a costly pair of moccasins of the finest Indian fabric, richly embroidered with beads. A blanket of scarlet, or some other bright colour, hangs from his shoulders, and is girt round his waist with a red sash, in which he bestows his pistols, knife, and the stem of his Indian pipe; preparations either for peace or war. His gun is lavishly decorated with brass tacks and vermillion, and provided with a fringed cover, occasionally of buckskin, ornamented here and there with a feather. His horse, the noble minister to the pride, pleasure, and profit of the mountaineer, is selected for his speed and spirit, and prancing carriage, and holds a place in his estimation second only to himself. He shares

largely of his bounty, and of his pride and pomp of trapping. He is caparisoned in the most dashing and fantastical style; the bridles and crupper are weightily embossed with beads and cockades; and head, mane, and tail, are interwoven with abundance of eagles' plumes, which flutter in the wind. To complete this grotesque equipment, the proud animal is bestreaked and bespotted with vermillion, or with white clay, whichever presents the most glaring contrast to his real colour."

We learn from these volumes that the regions extending between the Pacific and the Rocky Mountains, are indiscriminately the scene of British and American enterprize, but that the Hudson Bay Company is by degrees monopolizing the largest traffic and profits,—their hereditary influence, their conduct towards the Indians, and their large capital, obtaining these advantages for them. The day will come, however, and is not far distant, when the fur trade will be at an end in these territories, because the animals producing it will be extinct. In the meantime between the two governments there are disputes concerning territorial boundaries, which, though of little practical importance, are, on the side of both parties, totally regardless of the rights of the aboriginal possessors.

We profess not to follow according to any regular order, the progress of Captain Bonneville, and his hunting party; but the first place where we join them is when they are in a barren country, and where there was hardly game enough to keep life within them,—that we may introduce some Indian sketches.

"In this way they starved along until the 8th of October, when they were joined by a party of five families of Nez Percés, who in some measure reconciled them to the harships of their situation, by exhibiting a lot still more destitute. A more forlorn set they had never encountered; they had not a morsel of meat or fish: nor anything to subsist on, excepting roots, wild rosebuds, the barks of certain plants, and other vegetable productions; neither had they any weapon for hunting or defence, excepting an old spear: yet the poor fellows made no murmur nor complaint; but seemed accustomed to their hard fare. If they could not teach the white men their practical stoicism, they at least made them acquainted with the edible properties of roots and wild rosebuds, and furnished them a supply from their own store.

"The necessities of the camp at length became so urgent, that Captain Bonneville determined to despatch a party to the Horse prairie, a plain to the north of his cantonment, to procure a supply of provisions. When the men were about to depart, he proposed to the Nez Percés that they, or some of them, should join the hunting party. To his surprise, they promptly declined. He inquired the reason for their refusal, seeing that they were in nearly as starving a situation as his own people. They replied that it was a sacred day with them, and the Great Spirit would be angry should they devote it to hunting. They offered, however, to accompany the party if it would delay its departure until the following day; but this the pinching demands of hunger would not permit, and the detachment proceeded.

"A few days afterwards, four of them signified to Captain Bonneville that they were about to hunt.

"'What!' exclaimed he, 'without guns or arrows; and with only one old spear? What do you expect to kill?'

"They smiled among themselves, but made no answer. They prepared for the chase with a natural piety that seems to have been edifying to the beholders. They performed some religious rites, and offered up to the Great Spirit a few short prayers for safety and success; then, having received the blessings of their wives, they leaped upon their horses and departed, leaving the whole party of Christian spectators amazed and rebuked by this lesson of faith and dependence on a supreme and benevolent Being."

This tribe had, it is farther stated, imbibed notions of the Christian faith from Catholic missionaries, and possessed a rude calendar of the fasts and the festivals of the Romish church, which had become blended with their own wild rites, presenting a strange medley. Their chiefs are their priests, conveying something that is antique and patriarchal in their customs.

The Crows constitute a tribe that has a very bad name. They are cunning, furtive, and revengeful. They are, in fact, the blackguards of the prairies. But with all their faults they have some redeeming traits, and along with their mental tortuousness they inherit and often display a highly poetic temperament. It is seldom that such a fervid, earnest and captivating description in outline of a country has been given as the following:—

"The Crow country, said he, is a good country. The Great Spirit has put it exactly in the right place; while you are in it you fare well, whenever you go out of it, which ever way you travel, you will fare worse.

"If you go to the south, there you have to wander over great barren plains, the water is warm and bad, and you meet the fever and ague.

"To the north it is cold; the winters are long and bitter, and no grass; you cannot keep horses there, but must travel with dogs. What is a country without horses!

"On the Columbia they are poor and dirty, paddle about in canoes, and eat fish Their teeth are worn out; they are always taking fish-bones out of their mouths. Fish is poor food.

"To the east, they dwell in villiages; they live well; but they drink the muddy water of the Missouri—that is bad. A Crow's dog would not drink such water.

"About the forks of the Missouri is a fine country; good water; good grass; plenty of buffalo. In summer, it is almost as good as the Crow country: but in winter it is cold; the grass is gone; and there is no salt weed for the horses.

"The Crow country is exactly in the right place. It has snowy mountains and sunny plains; all kinds of climates and good things for every season. When the summer heats scorch the prairies, you can draw up under the mountains, where the air is sweet and cool, the grass fresh, and

the bright streams come tumbling out of the snow banks. There you can hunt the elk, the deer, and the antelope, when their skins are fit for dressing there you will find plenty of white bears and mountain sheep.

"In the autumn, when your horses are fat and strong from the mountain pastures, you can go down into the plains and hunt the buffalo, or trap beaver on the streams. And when winter comes on, you can take shelter in the woody bottoms along the rivers; there you will find buffalo meat for yourselves, and cotton-wood bark for your horses: or you may winter in the Wind river valley, where there is salt weed in abundance.

"The Crow country is exactly in the right place. Everything good is to be found there. There is no country like the Crow country."

Here is a species of buffalo-baiting that is as rational and meritorious, for anything that we can see in it, as that which the most chivalrous spirits in Spain encourage.

"Among the Indians and half-breeds of the party, were several admirable horsemen and bold hunters, who amused themselves with a grotesque kind of buffalo bait. When ever they found a huge bull in the plains, they prepared for their teasing and barbarous sport.

"Surrounding him on horseback, they would discharge their arrows at him in quick succession, goading him to make an attack, which, with a dextreous movement of the horse, they would easily avoid. In this way they hovered round him feathering him with arrows as he reared and plunged about, until he was bristled all over like a porcupine. Whenthey perceived in him signs of exhaustion, and he could no longer be provoked to make battle, they would dismount from their horses, approach him in the rear, and, seizing him by the tail, jerk him from side to side, and drag him backwards; until the frantic animal, gathering fresh strength from fury, would break from them, and rush, with flashing eyes and a horse bellowing, upon any enemy in sight; but in a little while, his transient excitement at an end, would pitch headlong on the ground and expire. The arrows were then plucked forth, the tougue cut out and preserved as a dainty, and the carcass left a banquet for the wolves."

To return to the Crows for an instant, let us see how boldly and dexterously these equestrian champions behave themselves in the field of battle. How would Homer have sung of the following exploit.

"The Crows had the advantage of numbers, and of fighting on horseback. The greater part of the Blackfeet were slain; the remnant took shelter in a close thicket of willows, where the horse could not enter; from whence they plied their bows vigorously.

"The Crows drew off out of bow shot, and endeavoured by taunts and bravadoes to draw the warriors out of their retreat. A few of the best mounted among them rode apart from the rest. One of their number then advanced alone, with that martial air and equestrian grace for which the tribe is noted. When within an arrow's flight of the thicket, he loosened his rein, urged his horse to full speed, threw his body on the opposite side, so as hang but by one leg, and present no mark to the foe; in this way he swept along in front of the thicket, launching his arrows

from under the neck of his steed. Then regaining his seat in the saddle, he wheeled round, and returned whooping and scoffing to his companions, who received him with yells of applause.

"Another and another horseman repeated this exploit; but the Blackfeet were not to be taunted out of their safe shelter. The victors feared to drive desperate men to extremities, so they forbore to attempt the thicket."

Of the Indian orgies, we only copy two specimens, and with these close Mr. Irving's account of the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville;" the former describing a particular game and pastime as performed by these barbarians, the latter affording a specimen of a curious distinction between red and white scalps.

"The favourite Indian game of 'Hand' is played by two parties drawn out in opposite platoons before a blazing fire. It is in some respects like the old game of passing the ring or the button, and detecting the hand which holds it. In the present game, the object hidden, or the *cache* as it is called by the trappers, is a small splint of wood, or other diminutive article, that may be concealed in the closed hand. This is passed backwards and forwards among the party 'in hand,' while the party 'out of hand' guess where it is concealed. To heighten the excitement and confuse the guessers, a number of dry poles are laid before each platoon, upon which the members of the party 'in hand' beat furiously with short staves, keeping time to the choral chaunt already mentioned, which waxes fast and furious as the game proceeds.

"As large bets are staked upon the game, the excitement is prodigious. Each party in turn bursts out in full chorus, beating and yelling and working themselves up into such a heat, that the perspiration rolls down their naked shoulders, even in the cold of a winter night. The bets are doubled and trebled as the game advances, the mental excitement increases almost to madness, and all the worldly effects of the gamblers are often hazarded upon the position of a straw.

"These gambling games were kept up throughout the night; every fire glared upon a group that looked like a crew of maniacs at their frantic orgies; and the scene would have been kept up throughout the succeeding day, had not Captain Bonneville interposed his authority, and, at the usual hour, issued his marching orders.

"Then came on the usual feasts and triumphs; the scalp dance of warriors round the ghastly trophies, and all the other fierce revelry of barbarous warfare. When the braves had finished with the scalps, they were, as usual, given up to the women and children, and made the objects of new parades and dances. They were then treasured up as invaluable trophies and decorations by the braves who had won them.

"It is worthy of note that the scalp of a white man, either through policy or fear, is treated with more charity than that of an Indian. The warrior who won it is entitled to his triumph, if he demands it. In such case, the war party alone dance round the scalp. It is then taken down, and the shagged frontlet of a buffalo substituted in its place, and abandoned to the triumphs and insults of the million."

The second publication at the head of this article, from the first

specimen of it, promises to be one of the most splendid national works that has ever been issued, and is worthy of our King's distinguished patronage. The history consists of two parts; one gives a biographical account of the most celebrated Indian warriors and chiefs, &c.; the other a general sketch of the various tribes of these aboriginal people. Of the biographies now presented, Red Jacket, Kish-Kallo-wa, Mohango, an Osage woman, Shingaba W'Ossin, and Pushmataha, figure. Their portraits are striking in a remarkable degree. Accuracy and individuality of features, as well as extraordinary and imposing costume, belong to these pictures; while the war-dance prefixed of the Foxes and Sauks, and the victim that is to be sacrifised, bring to recollection all the terrible and characteristic stories that we have heard respecting the American Indians. A few notices as gathered from that portion of the general history here published, and an extract or two from the biographies, are all that we can borrow from this valuable and singular production.

There does not appear to be any certain data to go by, to lead to a correct knowledge of the number of Indian tribes that existed in America at the era of the discovery. The authors of the present history state, that they have collected two hundred and seventy-two different names; but as these far exceed any actual division among this wide-spread race, either social or political, nothing precise can thence be derived. Until much closer and minute research be made, it is even impossible to say whether they all be descended from the same common stock, although, in so far as investigation has gone into the languages which they speak, and in so far as their prevailing habits and bodily features have been compared and ascertained, the original models are brought within a narrow compass in point of numbers. In the sketch before us, it is supposed that three primitive languages are spoken by the southern tribes. The physical characteristics of the red-men are almost identical; for instance, the facial angle is the same, and so is the colour, general stature, form of the face, appearance and colour of the eyes, and the common impression which is made by the whole upon the spectator; so that the facility with which the words of unwritten languages are changed, and the manner in which sounds and idioms are affected by peculiar situations and circumstances, may have, in the course of ages, effected marvellous revolutions. Migrations, broken intercourse, and a variety of conceivable events, may have slowly and completely altered the tones of the voice, and the signs employed to express ideas. Besides, not only have the investigations into this matter been inadequate to constitute the foundation of any satisfactory doctrine, but the inquirers belonging to various nations in the Old World, and making use of various tongues, have each given a notation of Indian dialects according to his own peculiar method

of construction and speech; thus, without doubt, occasioning many distinctions where there is no difference.

The Indian traditions are very vague, and apparently contradictory, some of them referring to an eastern, some to a western origin; while others trace their descent to the soil they inhabit, believing that their ancestors emerged from the earth. It is well known, however, that they communicated important events by belts of wampum, formed of strings of beads originally made of white clay by themselves, but now manufactured for them from shells.

"These beads were variously coloured, and so arranged as to bear a distant resemblance to the objects intended to be delineated. The belts were particularly devoted to the preservation of speeches, the proceedings of councils, and the formation of treaties. One of the principal counsellors was the *custos rotulorum;* and it was his duty to repeat, from time to time, the speeches and narratives connected with these belts; to impress them fully upon his memory, and to transmit them to his successor. At a certain season every year they were taken from their places of deposit, and exposed to the whole tribe, while the history of each was publicly recited. It is obvious, that by the principles of association, these belts would enable those whose duty it was, to preserve with more certainty and facility the traditionary narratives; and they were memorials of the events themselves, like the sacred relics which the Jews were directed to deposit in the ark of the covenant. How far the intercourse between the various tribes extended, cannot be known."

Concerning the usages of the American Indians with regard to relics and phylacteries, we refer our readers to the review of Mr. Frey's "Jewish Intelligencer," in a previous article. When mentioning that gentleman's work, we cannot but again allude to a fact, which we noticed as forming an objection to the doctrine he laboured to establish, with regard to the identity of these Indians with the Ten Tribes, and the certainty of their return to the land of the Israelites, viz. that tribes of these red men, that were at one time formidable and great in respect of numbers, are now almost annihilated; and that should their decline continue at the rate it has done for a few generations past, they soon will be heard of no more, except in the records of history. Of the Iroquois, for example, we are told, that about six thousand individuals only now remain, although at one time they constituted a most powerful confederacy; whereas their tremendous enemies, the Wyandots, are said to have dwindled down to about seven hundred. A few passages from the life of one of the chiefs described and figured in the present pages of the highly finished work now before us, must conclude this article.

Of Red Jacket, a great orator of the Senecas, it is stated that he was the foe of the whiteman, and of Christianity.

"His nation was his god; her honour, preservation, and liberty, his religion. He hated the missionary of the cross, because he feared some

secret design upon the lands, the peace, or the independence of the Senecas. He never understood Christianity. Its sublime disinterestedness exceeded his conceptions. He was a keen observer of human nature; and saw that, among white and red men, sordid interest was equally the spring of action. He, therefore, naturally enough suspected every stranger who came to his tribe of some design on their little and dearly prized dominions; and felt towards the Christian missionary as the Trojan priestess did towards the wooden horse of the Greeks. He saw, too, that the same influence which tended to reduce his wandering tribe to civilized habits, must necessarily change his whole system of policy. He wished to preserve the integrity of his tribe by keeping the Indians and white men apart, while the direct tendency of the missionary system was to blend them in one society, and to bring them under a common religion and government. While it annihilated paganism, it dissolved the nationality of the tribe."

He saw that the arts of civilized life were restricting the hunting grounds, and that the deer, the buffalo, and the elk, were gone. He saw also that the professors of Christianity were often no better or worse than members of his own tribe. Even the discretion of the missionaries was not always proof against the observations of the orator. He was, from these and other causes, their uniform opposer. He refused to leave the land which had belonged to his ancestors, and the Christian party now outnumbering the pagans in that region, he was deposed on account of his hostility to the strangers, from the office of chief of the Senecas.

"He was greatly affected by this decision, and made a journey to Washington to lay his griefs before his great father. His first call on arriving at Washington was on Colonel M'Kenney, who was in charge of the bureau of Indian affairs. That officer was well informed, through his agent, of all that had passed among the Senecas, and of the decision of the council, and the cause of its displacing Red Jacket. After the customary shaking of hands, Red Jacket spoke, saying, 'I have a talk for my father.' 'Tell him,' answered Colonel M'Kenney, 'I have one for him. I will make it, and will then listen to him.' Colonel M'Kenney narrated all that had passed between the two parties, taking care not to omit the minute incidents that had combined to produce the open rupture that had taken place. He sought to convince Red Jacket that a spirit of forbearance on his part, and a yielding to the Christian party the right, which he claimed for himself, to believe as he pleased on the subject of religion, would have prevented the mortifying result of his expulsion from office and power. At the conclusion of this talk, during which Red Jacket never took his keen and searching eye off the speaker, he turned to the interpreter, saying, with his finger pointing in the direction of his people, and of his home, 'Our father has got a long eye!' He then proceeded to vindicate himself, and his cause, and to pour out upon the black coats the phials of his wrath. It was finally arranged, however, that he was to go home, and there, in a council that was directed to be convened for the purpose, express his willingness to bury the hatchet, and leave it to those who might choose to be Christians to

adopt the ceremonies of that religion; whilst for himself and those who thought like him, he claimed the privilege to follow the faith of his fathers. Whereupon, as had been promised him at Washington, the council unanimously replaced him in the office of chief, which he held till his death, which happened soon after."

His conduct in prospect of death was consistent with his former character, and taken altogether, the account of it is affecting and melancholy in no ordinary degree. It is impossible, however, not to regard the memory of such a man with deep respect.

"To that event he often adverted, and always in the language of philosophic calmness. He visited successively all his most intimate friends at their cabins, and conversed with them, upon the condition of the nation, in the most impressive and affecting manner. He told them that he was passing away, and his counsels would soon be heard no more. He ran over the history of his people from the most remote period to which his knowledge extended, and pointed out, as few could, the wrongs, the privations, and the loss of character, which almost of themselves constituted that history. 'I am about to leave you,' said he; 'and when I am gone, and my warnings shall be no longer heard, or regarded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. Many winters have I breasted the storm, but I am an aged tree, and can stand no longer. My leaves are fallen, my branches are withered, and I am shaken by every breeze. Soon my aged trunk will be prostrate, and the foot of the exulting foe of the Indian may be placed upon it in safety; for I leave none who will be able to avenge such an indignity. Think not I mourn for myself: I go to join the spirits of my fathers, where age cannot come; but my heart fails when I think of my people, who are soon to be scattered and forgotten.' These several interviews were all concluded with detailed instructions respecting his domestic affairs, and his funeral. There had long been a missionary among the Senecas, who was sustained by a party among the natives, while Red Jacket denounced 'the man in dark dress,' and deprecated the feud by which his nation was distracted. In his dying injunctions to those around him, he repeated his wishes respecting his interment. 'Bury me,' said he, 'by the side of my former wife; and let my funeral be according to the customs of our nation. Let me be dressed and equipped as my fathers were, that their spirits may rejoice in my coming. Be sure that my grave be not made by a white man; let them not pursue me there!' He died on the 20th of January, 1830, at his residence near Buffalo. With him fell the spirit of his people. They gazed upon his fallen form, and mused upon his prophetic warnings, until their hearts grew heavy with grief. The neighbouring missionary, with a disregard for the feelings of the bereaved, and the injunctions of the dead, for which it is difficult to account, assembled his party, took possession of the body, and conveyed it to their meeting-house. The immediate friends of Red Jacket, amazed at the transaction, abandoned the preparations they were making for the funeral rites, and followed the body in silence to the place of worship, where a service was performed which, considering the opinions of the deceased, was as idle as it was indecorous. They were then told, from the sacred desk, that, if they had any thing to say, they had now an opportunity. Incre-

dulity and scorn were pictured on the face of the Indians, and no reply was made, except by a chief called Green Blanket, who briefly remarked—'This house was built for the white man; the friends of Red Jacket cannot be heard in it.' Notwithstanding this touching appeal, and the dying injunctions of the Seneca chief, his remains were taken to the grave prepared by the whites, and interred. Some of the Indians followed the corpse; but the more immediate friends of Red Jacket took a last view of their lifeless chief in the sanctuary of that religion which he had always opposed, and hastened from a scene which overwhelmed them with humiliation and sorrow. Thus early did the foot of the white man trample on the dust of the great chief, in accordance with his own prophetic declaration."

ART. XI.

1.—*A History of England, from the First Invasion of the Romans.* By JOHN LINGARD, D. D. Fourth Edition, corrected and much enlarged. Vol. I. London: Baldwin and Cradock. 1837.

2.—*History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht, to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.* By LORD MAHON. Vol. II. London: Murray. 1837.

THE former of these works appears in the handsome and popular form that a number of our standard English authors have lately assumed, such as Southey's Cowper. It is to extend to thirteen volumes, one to be issued every month, five shillings per volume, and is embellished with portraits as well as views of picturesque scenes. It is unnecessary at this time of day to utter a single word in commendation of Dr. Lingard's elaborate history. It is proper to mention, however, that it has now received the most careful revision, and all those passages which have been the subject of animadversion in Histories, Reviews, &c., corrected, when found faulty; or, if the contrary, they have been fortified with additional authorities, and important observations. A considerable quantity of new matter has also been introduced wherever the author has made new discoveries, from national records or other sources; so that this edition, at least to the extent of one of its volumes, exceeds all that preceded it. In consequence of these various circumstances this standard work will find its way into hundreds of libraries from which it has hitherto been excluded, and thus will many popular prejudices be done away with, that have perverted truth and abused the public mind.

The latter of these histories is by an author whose religious and political creeds differ very considerably from those of Dr. Lingard; and were they both employed upon one era, or controvertible subject, their accounts and views, we have reason to believe, would sometimes be much at variance. We mention this merely to show how necessary it is for every reader to be cautious, ere pinning his

faith to the sleeve of any human authority, and how needful it is to compare and weigh for oneself all recorded facts, before deducing from them a fixed belief, either as to men or measures.

Lord Mahon is already favourably known as a historian; and by the first volume of the present work, he has lately added considerably to his reputation. Both in the former portion, and in the one now before us, his Conservatism has laid him open to the animadversions of certain political parties. It is not our office to enter upon such an arena; but we shall do that which should be sufficient to recommend the performance to the regard of our readers, when we refer to two or three subjects as here handled, and allow his Lordship to appear in *propria persona*.

The volume begins in the year 1720, with a review of Lord Stanhope's administration, and comes down to 1737, closing with the death of queen Caroline, the consort of George II. Two chapters, besides an Appendix, are added, the one tracing the progress of Literature, and the other, the origin and growth of Methodism. Our first extract shall be from a part of the work, that at the present moment is particularly worthy of attention; viz., that which treats of the rage for speculation in certain bubble companies, about the period when the South Sea scheme turned the brains of the English people. The celebrated John Law is the subject which our extract more immediately regards.

"The example of these vast schemes for public wealth was set us from Paris. John Law, a Scotch adventurer, had some years before been allowed to establish a public bank in that city; and his project succeeding, he engrafted another upon it of an 'Indian Company,' to have the sole privilege of trade with the Mississippi. The rage for this speculation soon became general: it rose to its greatest height about December, 1719; and the 'actions,' or shares of the new Company sold for more than twenty times their original value. The Rue Quincampoix, the chief scene of this traffic, was thronged from daybreak by a busy and expecting crowd, which disregarded the hours of meals, and seemed to feel no hunger or thirst but that of gold; nor could they be dispersed until a bell at night gave them the signal to withdraw. The smallest room in that street was let for exorbitant sums; the clerks were unable to register the growing multitude of claimants; and it is even said that a little hunchback in the street gained no less than 50,000 francs by allowing eager speculators to use his hump for their desk. Law, the projector of this System, as it was called, at once became the greatest subject in Europe 'I have seen him come to Court,' says Voltaire, 'followed humbly by Dukes, by Marshals, and by Bishops,' and even Dubois, the Prime Minister, and Orleans, the Regent, might be said to tremble at his nod. Arrogance and presumption, the usual faults of upstarts, daily grew upon him: he said publicly, before some English, that there was but one great kingdom in Europe, and one great town, and that was France and Paris. And at length he so far galled the pride or raised the jealousy of his countryman, Lord Stair, as to draw him into personal wrangling, and consequently interrupt the friendly correspondence

between the French and British Governments. It was one main object of Stanhope's journey in January to re-establish harmony; but finding the two Scotsmen irreconcileable, and one of them supreme in France, he, in concert with Dubois, recalled Lord Stair to England, and appointed Sir Robert Sutton his successor. Thus ended Stair's celebrated embassy, which Lord Hardwicke truly calls most important in its objects, most brilliant and spirited in its execution. But this last great error kept him under disgrace, or at least out of employment, for twenty years. In 1733 we find Horace Walpole write of him as one 'whose haughty intriguing character has drawn upon him the displeasure of the King.'

"The connection of Law with the French Government was very profitable to the latter, who contrived to throw off 1500 millions of public debts from their shoulders upon his; but this very circumstance, and the natural revulsion of high-wrought hopes, soon began to shake his air-built edifice. Two or three arbitrary Royal decrees to support him served only to prove that credit is not to be commanded. The more the public was bid to trust, the more they were inclined to fear, and the more eager they became to realise their imaginary profits. No sooner was the bubble touched than it burst. Before the end of 1720, Law was compelled not only to resign his employments, but to fly the kingdom for his life: a few speculators were enriched, but many thousand innocent families ruined. Still, however, in the early part of that year, the crash had not yet begun, and the rage of speculation spread over from France to England. In fact, from that time downward, it may be noticed that each of the two countries has been more or less moved by the internal movements of the other; and there has been scarcely any impulse at Paris which has failed to thrill and vibrate through every member of the British Empire."

With respect to the South Sea Scheme, there were statesmen in this country who predicted its fallacious and dangerous character. Lord Cowper, for example, compared the project to the Trojan horse, ushered in with great pomp and acclamation, but contrived for treachery and destruction. Indeed, such was the spirit of speculation at the time, that no sooner had the South Sea Bill received the royal assent, than the subscription, which the directors proposed should amount to one million, exceeded two; afterwards the subscriptions assumed a far more extravagant pitch. A thousand other mushroom projects almost simultaneously sprung up. The following are some of the companies that were hawked about during the mania:—"Wrecks to be fished for on the Irish coast—Insurance of Horses, and other Cattle (two millions)—Insurance of Losses by Servants—To make Salt Water Fresh—For Building an Hospital for Bastard Children—For making of oil from Sun-flower Seeds—For trading in Human Hair." Perhaps a still more extravagant idea was contemplated by the Company, which united "for a Wheel for a Perpetual Motion." Nay, a still grosser mockery was "for an Undertaking which shall in due time be Revealed." Some of the consequences of this enormous infatuation of the nation in general, when the bubbles burst, are thus described by Lord Mahon; and

yet the lesson has not been permanently felt nor acted upon—leaving us to reflect on this melancholy truth, that there is something like periodical fits in the history of a nation, that subject it to the violent throes of unmitigated and unalleviated madness.

"Such extravagancies might well provoke laughter; but, unhappily, though the farce came first, there was a tragedy behind. When the sums intended to be raised had grown altogether, it is said, to the enormous amount of three hundred millions, the first check to the public infatuation was given by the same body whence it had first sprung. The South Sea Directors, craving for fresh gains, and jealous of other speculators, obtained an order from the Lords Justices, and writs of SCIRE FACIAS, against several of the new bubble companies. These fell, but in falling drew down the whole fabric with them. As soon as distrust was excited, all men became anxious to convert their bonds into money; and then at once appeared the fearful disproportion between the paper promises and the coin to pay. Early in September, the South Sea Stock began to decline: its fall became more rapid from day to day, and in less than a month it had sunk below 300. In vain was money drained from all the distant counties, and brought up to London. In vain were the goldsmiths applied to, with whom large quantities of stock were pawned: most of them broke or fled. In vain was Walpole summoned from Houghton to use his influence with the Bank; for that body, though it entered into negotiations, would not proceed in them, and refused to ratify a contract drawn up and proposed by the Minister. Once lost, the public confidence could not be restored: the decline progressively continued, and the news of the crash in France completed ours. Thousands of families were reduced to beggary; thousands more were threatened with the same fate; and the large fortunes made, or supposed to be made, by a few individuals, served only by comparison to aggravate the common ruin. Those who had sported most proudly on the surface of the swollen waters were left stranded and bare by the ebbing of that mighty tide. The resentment and rage were universal. 'I perceive,' says a contemporary, 'the very name of a South Sea man grows abominable in every county;' and a cry was raised not merely against the South Sea Directors, not merely against the Ministry, but against the Royal Family, against the King himself."

Lord Mahon, with becoming spirit, laments, in his chapter on Literature, that the munificent patronage afforded to learned men during the reigns of William, of Anne, and of George the First, and down to the period when Walpole became prime minister, has never since been revived—the Whigs and Tories in these earlier times vying with each other in this system of encouragement; for though the sovereign was never an Augustus, almost every minister was a Mæcenas. The consequence has been, even with the most popular authors, that the necessity of looking to their literary labours for their daily bread has deteriorated literature, by bringing into the market a mass of immature productions. The opinion is liberal and honourable to the author which states "that any minister who might have the noble ambition to become the patron of literary men, would

still find a large field open to his munificence; that his intercourse with them on the footing of equal friendship would be a deserved distinction to them, and a liberal recreation to himself; that his favours might be employed with great advantage, and received with perfect independence."

In his chapter on Methodism Lord Mahon has entered pretty fully into the character of John Wesley, and endeavours to prove that not only was that great man heartily attached to the Church of England, but that were he now alive he would return to the bosom of the Establishment. Methodism, his lordship thinks, was at first conducive to the interests of religion, by not only giving a salutary impulse to the Church which had sunk to a supine condition, but by training up thousands in the paths of virtue and piety. On the other hand, he says, that it was marred by a dangerous extravagance of enthusiasm, while the separation which it occasioned weakened the Church. Now, however, he goes on to remark that it is cheering to reflect, while the good results seem to be lasting and secure, the ill effects have much diminished, and are likely soon wholly to disappear—the author evidently conceiving that the two persuasions ere long will become reconciled, and that the Methodists will return to "*the creed of their fathers*,"—viz., as upheld by the Establishment. The concluding remarks of his lordship concerning the present state and prospects of the Methodists, will farther exhibit how sanguine he is on this point, and, together with the preceding extracts, afford a fair specimen to go by in judging of his style and opinions. That style, it will be observed, possesses much graceful ease, though the grasp and depth of thought which it elegantly clothes are not equally manifest. More agreeable historical narrative cannot anywhere be found; but the impression left on the reader's mind will not be very strong or bright.

"A hundred years ago the churchman was slack in his duty, and slumbering at his post. It was the voice of an enthusiast that roused the sleeper. Truth must condemn alike the overstrained excitement of the one, and the untimely supineness of the other. But the progress of time, and, still more, of mutual emulation, has corrected the defects of each. Sleep has never again fallen on the churchman; enthusiasm has, in a great degree, departed from the Methodist. So closely have the two persuasions drawn to each other, that they are now separated on no essential points, and by little more than the shadowy lines of prejudice and habit. It might be well for the followers of Wesley to ponder whether, in still continuing apart from the Church, they do not keep up a distinction without a difference—whether, by joining the Church, they would not best serve the cause of true religion, and disappoint the machinations of their common enemies. Sure I am, at least, that if Wesley himself were now alive, he would feel and act in this manner; had the Church been in his time what it is in ours, he would never have left it; were he to behold these times, he would acknowledge, that the establishment which once wanted efficiency, now stands in need of nothing but support."

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan; embracing an Outline of the Voyage to Calcutta, and Five Years' Residence in Bengal and the Doáb, from* 1831 *to* 1836. By H. BACON, Lieut. of the Bengal Horse Artillery. 2 vols. Lond: 1837. Allen, & Co.

INDIA has of late been deservedly engaging a deeper and wider interest in the mind of Great Britain than ever it did before, although the progress of this interest is by no means commensurate with the value and wonderful features of the subject. We hail however with great pleasure (and thereon build fond hopes,) such works as the present. They infallibly beget and keep up a certain order of feelings, especially on the part of ingenuous spirits, and of those most likely to look to a foreign land, as a scene of enterprize and a theatre for benevolent action, that works out a sure and most desirable result. So long as the British public have month after month presented to them such "Illustrations" and "Impressions," as Dr. Spry, whose work we last month noticed, and Mr. Bacon have published, depend upon it, the awakening interest in regard to Hindostan is, at no distant day, about to achieve some of the most wonderful and extensive reformations, as well as to exalt one of the grandest empires, that history ever made the theme of its narrrative.

Lieutenant Bacon's work is just as we should expect, and desire from such a writer concerning India—excursive, light, and entertaining. It abounds with stories, anecdotes, conversations, descriptions &c. of British India far and wide, giving pictures of native society, and of very many things, which people at home wish and ought to know. Without, however, being more particular in our account of these "Impressions," one or two examples of the contents, will enable our readers to form a fair and favourable notion of their spirit and style, as well as of some of the interesting subjects described in them.

Regarding the monstrous Juggernaut, it would appear, that the accounts of the victims here sacrifised, have been greatly exaggerated.

"Since the year 1821, not a single instance of self-immolation has taken place at Juggurnaut, and for two or three years previous to that date only three examples had occurred, one of which was accidental, and the other two victims gladly embraced death as a happy escape from loathsome and intolerable disease. It is scarcely possible to account for the gross misrepresentations which are daily imported into England. Most true it is, that for many miles around the temple, the sides of the roads are whitened with the bones of devotees who have perished by the way-side, for if a Hindu has reason to believe dissolution at hand, he forthwith collects his remaining strength to make the journey towards Juggurnaut, and should he fortunately succeed in dragging his diseased carcase within sight of the sacred edifice, he will lie him down in peace, and there die with a perfect confidence of future bliss; and then, again, thousands set out upon the pilgrimage, whose subsistence fails them by the way, and starvation ultimately terminates their wretched existence."

Every one has heard of the arts of deception which the Hindus so dexterously exercise. To counterfeit death is one of the most extraordinary instances; and medical men, it is said, have even been deceived by the trick. Here is an example: Lieutenant Shakespeare was sent against the Koles in 1832, who were defending a stockade.

"On entering the place, there were found a great number of dead men lying about the floors of the huts, carefully wrapt up in *chudduns*, or sheets, as if they had been formally laid out by the retreating party; nothing else worthy of notice was discovered, and leaving a few men with orders to set fire to the place, our party were about to move forward, when Shakespeare fancied that he saw one of the dead men peeping through his eye-lids; he instantly suspected deceit, and knowing by experience how inimitably a native can counterfeit the breathless appearance of death, he in no very delicate manner strode round the place, treading upon the bodies of the supposed dead. * *

"Not quite satisfied with this test, Shakespeare called in the assistance of two of the gunners:—'Here, Sullivan, O'Flaherty, take up these dead bodies, and heave them over the breast-work into the ditch below.' O'Flaherty laid hold of a fine strapping corpse by the shoulders:—'Sure, and plaise your honour, he's as warrum as a butthered toust, sir; I'm thinkin' he's no rale carkis afther all, Mr. Shakespkare, sir; he's no way stiff then, but as limp as a farden rushlight in Augist, barrin' he's most as black as ould Nick.' Carkis or no carkis, he was raised to the top of the wall, and launched over without the least ceremony, cracking the dried branches as he went rolling down the bank into the water below, evidently as dead as a stone. 'Sure, then, the grasy divel was a rale body, and not shammin' at all, Pat Sullivan, darlin': and I'd be afther axin' pardon of his black sowl, only I'm not jist perfet in spakin *the Moors.*'

"Just as Lary O'Flaherty concluded his expressions of contrition to the 'black sowl,' the 'rale body' was seen to emerge head and shoulders from the thick green cream upon the surface of the stagnant dike, and casting a look of suspicion and timid entreaty at the wondering Paddies, it dived again below the filthy fluid, as if it had really been the spirit of the Kole, come back to the earth to reproach the brother Irishmen with their ill usage of its earthly tabernacle.

"'Arrah, by Jasus, then you murtherin black baste, and is it me ye're afther starin' at with yer ugly teeth; by the powers if ye show yer—' out popt the head of the fugitant on the opposite side of the ditch, and having emerged from the water, he was just 'takin' to his scrapers,' when Lary O'Flaherty and Patrick Sullivan each let drive a bullet at him, which brought the poor fellow head over heels once more to the bottom of the ditch, 'this time a body in rale arnest, and no misthake,' as Pat Sullivan said. The rest of the dead men were now successively restored."

The author was at Delhi, when Newab Shumsh-ud-deen was executed for the murder of Mr. Fraser. See how the prejudice about caste affected the young nobleman in his last moments.

"When the Nawab arrived at the foot of the gallows, he stepped out of his *palki*, with an air of dignified indifference, asked Mr. Metcalfe if he should ascend; Mr. Metcalfe bowed, and with a firm step he mounted

the ladder, at the top of which he was received by two men, his executioners. With perfect calmness, he at first submitted his neck to have the rope adjusted; but suddenly, from the low *parria* looks of one of the men, he felt that his person was defiled, and for a moment he became apparently agitated. 'What!' said he, 'are you *mehter?*' with an intonation which it was not difficult to construe into its true meaning—Am I to be polluted by the touch of this foul wretch at the very moment of death? a filthy degraded monster, who could not have stood in my presence formerly!"

A number of illustrations embellish the work, which are more than usually felicitous and descriptive. Their graphic character proves the author to be no mean artist. These "Impressions" in short, will add to the knowledge and solicitude that exists in this country regarding Hindostan.

ART. XIII.—*The Curate of Steinhollt. A Tale of Iceland.* 2 vols. Lond: Longman. 1837.

WE cannot speak well of this tale. The plot, if such a name can be given to its jumble of improbabilities, is silly and at the same time extravagant. The filling up of its disjointed parts, mawkish and sickly. What particular object the author has had in view when planning the story, or what satisfaction could be experienced in adding its chapters after chapter, is a mystery to us, unless it have been to introduce long dialogues and harrangues upon every forced circumstance, consisting of the most commonplace and vapid moralizings, in which, however, there is a frightful infusion of irreverent allusions to holy things, and of profane exclamations. We thought of counting how often the most sacred name is in all its fullness employed in one or two of the chapters, but found the grave offence so boldly and frequently repeated, that the process became intolerable. The third commandment is not abrogated, and surely if ever the taking of the Almighty's name be in vain, it is in a mere work of fancy where the story does not require it, and where the value of the moral does not deserve it.

The tale is laid in Iceland about the year 1783; the hero Marfrede and the heroine Thorna, being natives of the island, and mutually beloved. Marfrede, when quite a lad is sent to Copenhagen, in order to prepare for the ministry, after he and his young sweetheart have plighted their vows of everlasting affection. Of him we heard very little till towards the close of the work, farther than that by the treachery of another youth his love-letters are waylaid, thus producing a reciprocal ground of complaint between the lover and Thorna. In the meanwhile there are shocking stories of robberies, murder, and frightful caverns introduced—of earthquakes, devastation, and death. The idea of formidable bands of robbers, and wanton murderers finding Iceland a suitable or tempting country for such bold enterprizes, is somewhat incredible; but not more so than the pictures of life, and the accounts of conversations put into the mouths of the peasantry. The lisping affectation, the Minerva-press refinements, and the prosy speeches of old and young in these volumes are the most unna-

tural inventions that ever any simple and poor people were charged with. The author thinks nothing, for example, of making his love-sick damsels betake themselves to morning exercise in gardens, and affect to enjoy the poetic employment of tending tender plants, or of sending his men and women to their bed-rooms, or having the time of action indicated by being *before dinner*, just as if the poor Icelanders possessed all the comforts, and aped all the airs of Cockneyism. In no view, in no particular, can we congratulate the writer of the tale. The winding up of the plot, is perhaps the most feebly artificial thing that ever was published. We must present a specimen of the style, and the cold bombast that pervades the whole; and though the art of sinking be eminently exemplified in the extract, yet we assure our readers that the passage is a favourable one, and one too, which has cost much labour, and is highly admired by its author.

As already mentioned, Marfrede had gone to Copenhagen for the purpose of pursuing important studies, but receiving from Thorna no reply to his love letters, he neglects his learning, and whines most dolorously.

"His closet, which served, him for a study and dormitory, was the witness of his sorrow; he thought and wept; then wiped his eyes, and thought and wept again. How many poor creatures spend their hours in corporeal or mental anguish, while the world—the busy, bustling, selfish world—knows nothing of it! How many members of a family have painful days and nights appointed to them, while their relations, separated by distance, know nothing of it! How many a man is destined for great suffering, while a mere point of time stands between him and the dreadful consciousness! The traveller may laugh and talk, and make himself merry over the very mail-bag which contains intelligence of the loss of his property, or that of his dearest friend. In the former instance, space, in the latter, time, is the barrier; but the latter progresses, and we soon know the reality; the former does not, and we remain, in respect of the evil, for ever ignorant. Poor Marfrede was sitting in his room one night, reflecting on his solitary and unhappy condition; the lamp was extinguished; the beams of the moon, bright and beautiful, illumined his chamber. 'The same moon,' he said, as he turned and looked on her tranquil face, 'that shines on my beloved Thorna. Oh! that it were possible for thee, thou lovely wanderer! to convey one ardent wish, one burning thought, to the neglectful maiden who has, perhaps unconsciously, caused my pain. Oh! that my words might float on thy silvery rays up to thyself, and then, choosing a new channel of light, glide down to the ears of my beloved Thorna! Convey, I entreat thee, this sentence —Marfrede is still faithful, but unhappy. How much evil by thy means might be prevented—how much anxiety, pining away, and death—if thou wouldst become the medium of conveying thoughts and wishes, the explainer of mysteries, the dispeller of suspicion, the herald of peace! But no, he continued, after a few moments, 'thou canst not—Thou art deaf, thou art blind, thou art glittering, but cold—Thou art like the gods of the heathen, and regardest not. The God—the Creator of thee and of all things—is the only being, whose ear is open to the sigh of distress; and to him will I address my prayers.' Then suiting the action to the words, he bowed himself before the Father of Heaven, and prayed for a speedy deliverance from his troubles."

Now, if this rhapsody be not *very fine*, let us ask what is? It is rather too bad, however, to fall foul of the moon, and chide her for being not only cold, and deaf, but blind. It is still worse, to make Marfrede, who is studying for the ministry, and who we are told, is a pious youth, address the Supreme Being in the way intimated, on such a love-sick matter. It may be very true that the lad's pain, sorrow, anguish, distress, and troubles, or by whatever word the effects of the Iceland peasant girl's supposed neglect deserve to be named, were very trying, but it is not usual in works purporting to inculcate religion, to find these feelings made the subject of solemn prayer.

ART. XIV.—*The Great Metropolis. Second Series.* By the Author of "Random Recollections of the House of Lords and the House of Commons." London; Saunders and Otley. 1837.

REALLY this is rather going beyond the score. We have hitherto spoken of the author of these works candidly, and at the same time leniently; because, observing his cleverness, and, not unfrequently his picturesque power of description, it appeared to be our duty to lend whatever encouragement lay in our sphere to forward in his case the interests, or rather the legitimate grounds, for the high ambition of an aspirant after the honours of literary conquest. But there is a possibility and a danger, where talent is either limited or superficial, that he who puts it often to the stretch will be found to become a tiresome mannerist, or, perhaps, a mere hammerer out of the old metal, till it becomes too thin for bearing the weight of criticism. The conjecture may not directly or fairly apply to our author; but of this we are convinced, that he has neither added, in the present volumes, to his fame by anything that is different in style or feeling from that contained in his previous productions, nor that seems to us equally felicitous. There is a predominance of the defects and faults that might easily be detected in his former works, without a due admixture of the merits; while, at the same time, the style of excellence has not acquired any adjuncts to constitute an adorning or enriching feature to his pictures.

It is due to the author—while we would counsel him to write less and think more—to correct his information rather than to extend it—and to husband as well as to concentrate his powers—to say, that he is seldom or never dull—that though he deal in caricature and bombast, he always gives readable matter, which, especially where there is no means of nicely correcting his statements—is sure to be welcomed and often consulted by people at a distance from the scenes described. Sometimes, indeed, he displays an extraordinary amount of information on topics that few ever think of or are capable of investigating. But, without farther preamble, or any opinion as to its accuracy, we present a specimen, certainly not an unfavourable one, of the author's powers and feelings—where literary men, yea, and women, in the Great Metropolis, are the theme.

"The number of individuals who live in London entirely by their literary labour, has been variously estimated. It is impossible to say with confidence what the exact number is. Among the various conjectures which have been made on the subject, that which computes the number to be about 4,000 appears to me to be the nearest approximation to the truth. Of this

number, perhaps about 700 are, in one way or other, connected with periodicals. Many of them, I need hardly say, have no better than chameleon's fare three days out of the seven. The joke of being poor was formerly used only in reference to poets; they have always been so remarkable for their poverty, that the words poet and poverty have almost become synonymous. Now the evil of poverty is unhappily felt by the writers of prose as well as poetry, to an extent unparalleled in by-gone times. Grub-street was formerly supposed, by a sort of poetical fiction, to be the only locality of poor authors; now a dozen Grub-streets would not contain the number, even supposing they were to adopt the principle so strictly acted on among the Irish inhabitants of St. Gile's, namely, of a dozen of them vegetating in the same apartment. Now-a-days there is hardly an attic in the humbler localities of the metropolis, but at present has, or has lately had, its poor author as an inmate. I have spoken of 4,000 as being the supposed number of persons who live by their literary labour; were I to include those who have *tried* to live by their literary exertions, but have been obliged to abandon 'the profession,' because they found they could not earn by it what was sufficient to keep soul and body together, I should have to double the number. There are scenes of destitution and misery, ever and anon exhibited among literary men—aye, and literary women too, which would make the heart sick. And it ought not to be forgotten that want comes armed to them with aggravated horrors. They are of necessity persons of more sensitive minds than the majority of other sufferers from the ills of poverty; and what adds to the pungency of their distress, is the circumstance of their slighted intellectual efforts being almost invariably mixed up with their physical destitution. I myself could detail cases of wretchedness among literary men, which have come under my own observation, at the bare mention of which every rightly constituted mind would stand appalled."

ART. XV.—*Colonial Policy of the British Empire.* Part I. By the Author of the "History of the British Colonies," &c. London: Allen and Co. 1837.

MR. MONTGOMERY MARTIN has, in this first part of a new publication, commenced what he promised, and that which is, indeed, a necessary sequel to his great work on the British Colonies. It is to extend to six parts, of one hundred pages each—the present treating of the Government of these possessions. After this is to follow—the Commercial branch of the subject —*thirdly* that of Emigration and Penal Settlements—*fourthly*, an examination of the colonies of France, Spain, Portugal, Holland, &c.—*fifthly*, an inquiry as to the influence of colonies on a nation's rise and progress—and *lastly*, statistical Charts and an Appendix of all official and public documents relating to the subjects discussed. It will hence be seen that the work is to be upon an extensive and systematic scale; and certainly there is not a man belonging to the British empire, or in the world, who from his past habits, and acquaintance with the subject, in the widest sense, that can at all be supposed equally prepared for the task with the author.

In the Part before us, in treating of the Home Government of the

Colonies, he proposes, instead of leaving the whole of our immense colonial interest to the controul of a perpetually shifting secretary of state, that a Colonial Board should be formed, somewhat similar to the Treasury and Admiralty Boards. That some congruous and stable system of legislation should exist for the benefit both of the people at home, and those stationed in these settlements cannot be doubted; that Mr. Martin's proposed plan is deserving of immediate and earnest consideration, we also assert, and recommend its details, as found in the portion of this his new work, to all who care about these important national concerns. In reference to Lower Canada, he gives very strong reasons for not instituting two elective chambers. This part of the work is the more interesting on account of the late debates in Parliament in relation to the colony in question.

People are in the habit of hearing and speaking of the immense extent of territory and amount of population subject to the British crown, without having any very definite idea of these things, or comprehending the amazing thoughts which such commonplace phraseology should suggest. But read the hundred pages now on our table, and the themes now alluded to will become enormous and magnificent in a manner that is calculated to exalt the mind of the contemplator, and leave upon it imperishable traces that cannot be dissevered from many other noble sentiments. In this way, such a work as this, which is to grasp and detail the component parts, as well as the necessary connexions of the subject under consideration, while it must benefit those having a direct interest in those things, cannot but enlighten and engage all who regard the welfare of the British empire, or of mankind, in no ordinary degree. The work is as much deserving of the attention of the popular reader as it is of the merchant, and will, no doubt, be, like the author's former valuable productions, extensively, nay almost universally, read.

ART. XVI.—*Sequel to Sematology: being an Attempt to clear the Way for the Regeneration of Metaphysics; comprising Strictures on Platonism, Materialism, Scotch Intellectual Philosophy, and Phrenology; Brougham's Additions to Paley; Logic at Oxford, and in the Edinburgh Review, &c.* By the Author of "An Outline of Sematology, or an Essay towards establishing a new Theory of Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric." *Unpublished Copy.*

THE volume, and it is but a thin one, which bears the above verbose and formidable title, has lain for months beside us; and more than once have we taken it up to give our opinion of its contents at considerable length. But there are so many things in it on which the author and we disagree, and such a want of clear elucidation of principles on his part, arising, perhaps, from a defect as to his full comprehension of these principles, that a work of much greater length than his own would be required to do justice to all our views on the many abstruse subjects broached; and after all, in a journal chiefly devoted to popular literature, who would read such a paper?

The author's ingenuity is considerable, and we are ready to admit that he has reflected much on the abstract subjects discussed; but we believe his labour will be lost. One great error, we think, attaches to a principal

doctrine held by him—viz., that which supposes that the human language which is employed in relation to the properties and operations of mind, can ever be rendered as definite, adequate, and clear, as that which describes the objects of sense. Even were such a vocabulary discovered by some master mind, how few would use or understand it? How long would it be in vogue?

Art. XVII.—*The Spirit of Despotism.* By Vicesimus Knox, D.D. Eleventh Edition. London: W. Bennett. 1837.

The title-page of this volume informs the reader that it has been edited by two literary Gentlemen who are "the Enemies of Despotism, and the Friends of the Oppressed." It is only necessary for us to take notice of the part which these gentlemen have performed, in a new edition of a work which the public has long ago stamped with its most unqualified approbation. Accordingly, we assure our readers that the Notes of the Editors are not only in perfect consonance with the text, and uniformly worthy to be associated with Dr. Knox's original work, but that they add much to it which that learned writer had not an opportunity of knowing or doing in his day, and render the volume altogether greatly more valuable and convincing than any preceding edition has been.

Art. XVIII.—*The Picaroon.* By the Author of "Makanna." 3 vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1837.

The author of this novel, or rather romance, possesses no ordinary degree of power in the working up of individual scenes, especially those of terror, and such as produce appalling effects. But he is heedless of those links which are necessary to an intelligible story, or to one that naturally developes itself; while he is an audacious contemner of probabilities. Whether this arises from the want of the discipline which a bold and soaring imagination requires, or from a deficiency of the ingenuity requisite to the concoction of a fixed plan, and the arts for the filling up of that plan, or from a real contempt of the limits which our most finished tale-tellers have observed and established (therein only imitating nature), we tell him that the public do and will think differently and better, and that if he hopes to succeed in the walk of literature which he has chosen—and this he ought to do, whether we consider his bursts of power, his vivid descriptions of wild and tumultuous scenes, especially those of a nautical character, or his touches of humour—he must balance otherwise than he has here done his materials—assort, adjust, and dispose of them in a manner more consistent with our experience and our expectancies, and endeavour to make all the subordinate parts dovetail easily with those that are most prominent, thus, at the same time, setting the latter off to the greatest advantage.

We do not go into the story, but only intimate that it is one in which Bristol merchants, an Italian count, smuggling, and crime of various kinds, are forcedly introduced. We hope again to meet with the author, and to find him weaving a web of mystery and wild adventure in a more regular manner, and then, he may rely upon it, he will hold the reader in breathless suspense over the pages of his work, till the last chapter of it, almost as fixedly as ever Mrs. Ratcliffe could do.

ART. XIX.—*Goldsmith's History of England, with Numerous Original Notes, and a Continuation to* 1836. By E. BELCHAMBERS. 4 vols. London: Bell & Co. 1837.

THESE volumes are gems outside as well as inside. They are really as beautiful as green-binding and golden adornment can make them—with the royal arms impressed so as to form a climax to entice the young who have a little pocket-money to lay out on intellectual treasures, which can never be wasted or become old. All this external neatness, tasteful *getting up*, and richness, can only be regarded as the suitable index of the contents. Goldsmith's England is too well known to require a word of recommendation from us to juvenile readers. But we must add, that the continuation dovetails admirably with the model, and that the notes are abundant, and judiciously inserted as well as dictated. When, with all these circumstances, we regard the portraits and other illustrations that embellish such gemlike, yet substantial volumes, it cannot be too much to say, that they are unique in the history of typography, and the arts of elegant condensation.

ART. XX.—*A Little Book for Little Readers.* By the Editor of "The Parting Gift." London: Darton. 1837.

A GEM in substance and appearance. As to size, type, and gilding, this tiny volume is fit to stand foremost in any little reader's cabinet; while, as to contents it presents the choice and enduring effusions suitable to tender and juvenile minds, which such masters of humanity and nature as Wordsworth, Campbell, Coleridge, Cowper, Southey, Mary Howitt, &c. have poured forth from the abundance of their hearts.

ART. XXI.—*The Child's First Book of Manners.* By the Editor of "The Parting Gift." London: Darton.

IN shape, and style of getting up, this little volume is a twin sister of the one that has been last noticed. It contains dialogues on manners in various situations of ordinary life, and to various persons, such as at table, out of doors, on a visit, &c., and towards parents, friends, servants, tradesmen, &c. —the intimate connexion between manners and morals being kept constantly in view by the author. The work seems calculated to engage the minds of "Little Readers;" and if so, it cannot fail, from the spirit that pervades it, to improve and purify their manners.

ART. XXII.—*Mammon Demolished; or, an Essay on the Love of Money.* By BOURNE HALL DRAPER. London: Darton. 1837.

THIS is a plain and forcible essay, or sermon, on the sin and consequences of covetousness, and is calculated to aid the cause of practical and personal religion. The slender volume is particularly suited to touch the minds of the young, and impress them with lasting lessons, before they have become encrusted and corroded by the cares and the influences of the world.

ART. XXIII.—*Conversations on Nature and Art.* London: Murray. 1837.

A FAMILY circle is supposed to carry on a series of dialogues on these broad subjects. Natural history occupies a great proportion of the work. Some of the most useful arts in civilized life, and that have chiefly aided in producing this civilization, are also ably and clearly described and commented upon. Useful knowledge conveyed in an engaging manner characterizes every page of the volume. The reading of it is a lightsome and really instructive exercise; for while he, who takes it up, may conveniently begin with any one of the dialogues, without being trammelled by a combined arrangement, he will find that the information is neither superficial, carelessly collected, nor inaccurately stated. To the young the book will afford essential aid, because it is filled with entertaining and exact knowledge—a thing which cannot be truly said of the majority of the compilations or small fry of publications, that have of late years been written for juvenile students.

ART. XXIV.—*An Inquiry into the Nature and Form of the Books of the Ancients; with a History of the Art of Bookbinding, from the Times of the Greeks and Romans to the Present Day; interspersed with Bibliographical References to Men and Books of all Ages and Countries. Illustrated with Numerous Engravings.* By J. A. ARNETT. London: Groombridge. 1837.

THIS neat volume aspires to the rank of a historical and chronological record of the art of which it treats, and really well maintains that character. To the general reader it furnishes very interesting information—treating, as it does, not only of an elegant and curious art, but of matters that are most closely connected with a subject of universal moment—viz., the history of the archives of the human mind, concentrated, as these are, in literature. To the artist the work offers a more immediate and practical value; nor should any bookbinder deny himself its possession;—while to the antiquarian it will be found to present almost all that has ever been collected by such indefatigable inquirers as Dibdin and Horne, and many others, who have been most deeply smitten with bibliomania. Mr. Arnett has employed a plain, unpretending, and sensible style of writing. His bibliographical notices of a number of the most celebrated binders, add a feature of very considerable moment to the work, which should conduce to stir the ambition of the students of the bibliopegistic art. The illustrations are curious and beautiful as well as numerous.

ART. XXV.—*The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. Vol. V.* London: Moxon. 1837.

IT is only necessary to say of this edition, which extends to six handsome and cheap volumes, that all the poems that have before appeared have been here revised and re-arranged, and that several new ones are added. The fifth volume contains the richest increase. Of these we quote an "Evening Voluntary," composed in 1835 by the sea-side, on the coast of Cum-

berland. It is addressed to a familiar friend, and one that the reader may think has been worn out long ago, by importunate songsters and worshippers, the moment he hears her name mentioned—viz. the Moon. But listen and learn how a true poet's spirit is bathed in a new flood of light and warmth, the moment he turns to contemplate the queen of night.

"Wanderer! that stoops so low, and com'st so near
To human life's unsettled atmosphere;
Who lov'st with Night and Silence to partake,
So might it seem, the cares of them that wake:
And, through the cottage-lattice softly peeping,
Dost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping;
What pleasure once encompassed those sweet names,
Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,
An idolizing dreamer as of yore!—
I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat shore,
Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend,
That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND;
So call thee for heaven's grace through thee made known
By confidence supplied and mercy shown,
When not a twinkling star or beacon's light
Abates the perils of a stormy night;
And for less obvious benefits, that find
Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind;
Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime;
And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,
Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,
And wounds and weakness oft his labour's sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the winding Streams,
Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams;
A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;
Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's gloom,
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb;
Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated cell
Welcome, though silent and intangible!—
And lives there one, of all that come and go
On the great waters toiling to and fro,
One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour,
Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move
Catching the lustre they in part reprove—
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway,
To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,
And make the serious happier than the gay?

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,
To fiercer mood, the phrenzy-stricken brain,
Let me a compensating faith maintain:

That there's a sensitive, a tender, part,
Which thou canst touch in every human heart,
For healing and composure.—But, as least
And mightiest billows ever have confessed
Thy domination; as the whole vast Sea
Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty;
So shines that countenance with especial grace
On them who urge the keel her *plains* to trace,
Furrowing its way right onward. The most rude,
Cut off from home and country, may have stood—
Even till long gazing hath bedimned his eye,
Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh—
Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer.
With some internal lights to memory dear,
Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast,
Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest—
Gentle awakenings, visitations meek;
A kindly influence, whereof few will speak,
Though it can wet with tears the hardiest cheek.

And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave
Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave;
Then, while the Sailor, mid an open sea,
Swept by a favouring wind that leaves thought free,
Paces the deck—no star perhaps in sight,
And nothing, save the moving ship's own light,
To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night—
Oft with his musings does thy image blend,
In his mind's eye thy crescent horns attend,
And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S FRIEND!"

ART. XXVI.—*The Book of the Young, An Invitation to Early Christian Piety.* By the REV. JOSEPH JONES, M. A. of New Church. Oxford: Talboys. 1837.

THE titles of a few of the chapters contained in this volume will sufficiently indicate its character. Thus they run—Youth, Human Life, Aversion to Religion, Character of Religion, Religion a Substitution, God our Happiness, Human Corruption, Redemption, Sanctification, Acknowledgment of Christ, &c. &c., the whole treated evangelically, as the word is usually understood. A short extract will help to show that the author's talents and style are of an order well adapted for moving the hearts of the young, and placing before the mind in a forcible light the most precious and important truths that concern man's happiness here and hereafter. We quote from the chapter on "Human Life."

"Human Life is a sober reality. I assert it to be so, in opposition to fantastic dreams and vain expectations. Let any one, young or adult, indulge himself in the gay expectations of fancy with respect to any future period of life, and he will find when the period arrives, that his expectations were at least in a great measure groundless. The fairy land which he

had decorated with all that is bright and enchanting, is found to be a common field, with little or nothing more upon it than the ordinary productions of the earth. The fancies of to-day are generally destroyed by the experience of to-morrow. We may refuse to get wisdom by experience, and proceed to make further experiments: but it will only issue in repeated disappointment. Life, I grant, may have what may be called its poetic scenes; but in its regular course it will be found plain prose—a repetition of similar schemes and labours, of the same fears and hopes, of the same joys and sorrows. I speak thus, not to make you dissatisfied or dispirited, but to repress the vagaries of imagination, and to prevent the innumerable evils that spring from mistaken views and feelings: for do not vain expectations respecting the future, lead us, among other results, to neglect the due improvement of the present?"

ART. XXVII.—*The Pocket Lacon; Comprising nearly One Thousand Extracts from the Best Authors.* Selected by JOHN TAYLOR. London: Cox. 1837.

THE motto that enriches the title-page of this neat and well-filled pocket volume, expresses in a few words its real value and character. It says—"A work that, dip where the reader may, he will find a fund of knowledge; and which he may continue to peruse, lay down, and take up at pleasure, without breaking the thread, or interrupting the chain of reasoning." To quote from the Preface, "in this volume the best writers of all ages and nations are made to utter their best thoughts in their own words,"—and, it may be added, in their most felicitous moments of inspiration. It is quite clear that the investigator who has selected these pearls of thought has carefully read the many volumes from which they are taken, and that he has made it his study to cull from them what may be regarded as the gem of each work in its most compressed and sententious form. He has thus provided for the reader's mind an amazing number of independent and separate pedestals of thought and reflection, so to speak, from which, not only, the wide expanse of ancient and modern literature may be scanned, but by virtue of which the spectator may rear congenial yet original standards.

There are two paragraphs in the Preface, which in justice to Mr. Taylor, and for the information of our readers, we cite. "The Compiler has not rejected a nervous passage, strong in its meaning and powerful in its language, merely because the sentiment it may embody is controvertible; but in such cases he has generally endeavoured to give both sides of the argument, from advocates of equal ability. He has high authority for this part of his arrangement, for says Milton in his *Areopagitica*, 'though all the winds of doctrine were let loose upon the earth, so truth be but in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple: Who ever knew her put to the worse in a free and open encounter?'"

"In apology for such extracts as have been taken from books now little read, the Compiler can only say with Dr. Johnson—'He that recalls the

attention of mankind to any part of learning which time has left behind it, may be truly said to advance the literature of his own age.' "

To show what sort of pearls and gems of thought this selection presents, and how much may be found in a small compass of that which, according to the now prevailing method of writing and of attenuating that which is solid and massive, we open at random and quote two of the first extracts that present themselves.

" *Experience without Learning*—'Verilie they bee fewest in number, that bee happie or wise by unlearned experience. And looke well upon the former life of those fewe, whether your exemple be old or young, who, without learning, have gathered, by long experience, a little wisdom and some happiness; and when you do consider what mischiefe they have committed, what dangers they have escaped, (and twentie for one doe perish in the adventure)—then think welle with yourselfe, whether ye would, that your own sonne should cum to wisdome and happiness by the way of such experience or no.'—*Ascham's School-master.*"

" *Modern Honour.*—'The only thing of weight that can be said against honour is, that it is directly opposite to religion. The one bids you bear injuries with patience, the other tells you if you don't resent them, you are not fit to live. Religion commands you to leave all revenge to God; honour bids you trust your revenge to nobody but yourself, even where the law would do it for you. Religion plainly forbids murder; honour openly justifies it; religion bids you not to shed blood upon any account whatsoever; honour bids you fight for the least trifle; religion is built upon humility, and honour upon pride. How to reconcile them must be left to wiser heads than mine.'—*Mandeville.*"

To those who wish to know how a number of the most eminent men have thought and written on any one great subject—education for instance, a copious index is added which readily directs the eye to the extracts that are scattered through the volume, so as to render it one of the most valuable and agreeable compilations that ever have been published; and all for a few shillings.

ART. XXVIII.—*Pictures of Private Life.* Third Series. By SARAH STICKNEY. Lond: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE purpose of this admirably constructed and beautifully developed story is to inculcate many of the best lessons that can be addressed to the middle classes of females in Great Britain. *Pretension* is its title, and with a potency, which nothing short of a deep acquaintance with human nature, and the history of every-day life, together with the earnestness of a devout spirit, and the loveliness of a highly accomplished feminine mind, does she bring home the truth to the conviction of the reader. We will not spoil the story, or its impressive moral by any garbled account of its current and issue. We declare, however, that its merits are of the highest order, and deserving of lasting admiration.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1837.

ART. I.—*The Eastern Seas, or Voyages and Adventures in the Indian Archipelago, in* 1832-33-34, *comprising a Tour of the Island of Java—Visits to Borneo, the Malay Peninsula, Siam, &c.; also an Account of the Present State of Singapore, with Observations on the Commercial Resources of the Archipelago.* By GEORGE WINDSOR EARL, M.R.A.S. London: Allen and Co. 1837.

MR. EARL's volume merits, and will obtain no ordinary share of attention, both because it furnishes a great deal of interesting and novel information to the general reader merely as a book of voyages and travels, throughout one of the largest and richest compartments into which, for the sake of distinctness, geographers are in the habit of dividing the globe; but, because the facts detailed and the suggestions offered in its pages, are calculated to arrest the views and awaken the efforts of merchants, legislators, and philanthropists, in such a way as promises to guide to the most beneficent results. It is not only true that several of the countries and islands here described or alluded to have been previously almost unknown, and that many things have in respect of them been communicated by the author, which closely concern the deepest interests of numberless tribes of half-civilized mankind, as well as the welfare of British mercantile and political relations, but it also happens that the transparent, judicious, and manly style that characterizes the whole narrative which is made the vehicle of this intelligence, has been rarely attained, excepting when head, heart, and literary habits have combined to produce this excellence. One might almost say, after reading the choicest or most stirring parts of the book, that there is nothing very striking in it as regards incident or adventure. There is certainly not one solitary paragraph, by reading which alone, either the writer's pretensions, or the single matter described, could lead to the belief that whoever begins at the beginning, will eagerly and profitably proceed to the end, without allowing himself to skip over the smallest portion of the contents; yet such is the case. There must be something drawn then from this fact that ought to

go to Mr. Earl's credit merely as a writer; but instead of endeavouring to give at length a philosophic theory for the fact, we shall do much better by presenting so much of that which he has done, as may enable any one to judge of the entire work for himself. Perhaps, however, we may not very far miss the mark, in the way of a general index to his attractive powers, when we say in a single sentence that he has done his observations and feelings great justice by distinctly bringing out much of the manners, character, and capabilities of the numberless tribes which inhabit the eastern islands—many of them, almost like amphibious creatures, being at home upon the sea, as well as when upon the land—and by happily contrasting the mild, peaceful, and industrious natives of the interior of several of the places visited, with the restless and unscrupulous population that swarms on the shores and along the rivers of the Indian Archipelago—thus affording, we believe, a fuller and clearer view of the physical and moral features, as well as capabilities of the vast regions referred to, than has ever been before made public.

In the autumn of 1832, Mr. Earl sailed from Freemantle, Western Australia, in a small schooner for Batavia, whose shores and river, sending forth the noxious smells of decaying vegetation and putrid animals, may have tempted mariners to speak of the "Spicy gales of India," or "of Araby the blest,"—creating, however, a chilly, damp sensation, and being pregnant with malaria. The crew of the schooner consisted of Chinese and Malays, so called, though none of them were genuine; and, on account of the cold which prevailed during their stay at Swan River, though the poor fellows seemed at first to be morose and sulky, no sooner had they entered the tropics, than their increasing liveliness and gaiety proved how much influence climate has upon the animal spirits.

We are not going to tarry long with our author at Batavia, which is well-known ground. One scene, however, deserves to be extracted, both on account of the picturesque character of the reality, and of the author's description of it.

"The sea near Batavia is covered with innumerable little islets, all of which are clothed with luxuriant vegetation. Native prahus, with their yellow mat sails, are occasionally seen to shoot from behind one of them, to be shielded from view immediately afterwards by the green foliage of another; and over the tops of the trees may often be descried the white sails of some stately ship, threading the mazes of this little archipelago. One group, appropriately named the Thousand Islands, has never yet been explored, and its intricacies afford concealment to petty pirates, who prey upon the small prahus and fishing-boats. We rounded Ontang Java point on the 2d of September, and bore up for Batavia roads, occasionally having a view of the shipping between the islands. A number of large fishing-boats were coming in from sea, and standing with us into the roads; and although we were running at the rate of seven knots an hour, they passed us with great rapidity. They had a most graceful

appearance: many of them were fourteen or fifteen tons burthen, and each boat carried one immense square sail. As the breeze was strong, a thick plank was thrust out to windward for an out-rigger, on which several of the numerous crew sat, or stood, to prevent the press of sail they were carrying from capsizing the boat. They were occasionally hidden from our view by their passing behind some of the small islets; but in a few seconds they would appear on the other side, having shot past so rapidly, that we could scarcely fancy that we had lost sight of them at all."

On the way up the river to the town, the objects that met the author's view were not so exhilarating. Among these was a boat carrying some sick Europeans to an hospital, a large lighter in which a number of native convicts were busily employed, clearing the mud from the bottom of the stream, many of them heavily ironed, and a large alligator of a light-brown colour. Although this ravenous monster was so close at hand and unscared, several children were bathing on the banks, without fear. The truth is, these animals are protected, because they devour the refuse of the slaughter-houses, and the other animal matter consigned to the river, which might otherwise prove most injurious to the health of the inhabitants—the abundance of this sort of garbage keeping them so well fed, that it is not worth while subjecting themselves to the trouble and the danger that would be attendant on preying upon living bipeds.

Mr. Earl will not allow that the Javanese are to be judged of according to the character and the appearance of the inhabitants of Batavia; and, indeed, he had an opportunity of correcting the reports of many on this subject, which is seldom enjoyed by voyagers. He attributes great blame to the Dutch government as respects the wretchedness, the demoralization, and the discontent which reign among the Batavians. Throughout the volume he is severe—we believe, not unjust, towards that liberal European power, with regard to its colonial policy. The determination with which it upholds slavery in its foreign possessions, the burdens it imposes upon its free subjects in the East, and the monopolizing spirit with which it seeks upon system to engross all the benefits arising from these possessions, with regard to the rights of the natives or of other independent governments, are flagrant violations of justice and humanity, which, it is wonderful that England, for instance, should so long have overlooked. When we accompany our author to Borneo, we shall have an opportunity of marking some extremely gross wrongs of the kind alluded to, and have reason to congratulate the government and people of Great Britain, that with all their sins of omission and commission, in as far as regards their colonial policy, they are hailed by the nations in the Indian Archipelago as the friends of mankind, and the patrons of commerce. We may

add, that it is not without satisfaction we learn, that the Dutch system of colonial policy is not more unjust and narrow in its views, than that it is certain, in relation to Batavia, for example, to be ere long, ruinous to its promoters and to its very existence.

"Batavia is the seat of the supreme government of Dutch India, and forms the depôt for the produce of all its possessions in the Eastern Archipelago. It was formerly visited by numbers of large junks from China and Siam, and by prahus from all parts of the Archipelago; but since the establishment of the British settlement at Singapore, the perfect freedom of commerce enjoined at that place has attracted the greater part of the native trade, while that formerly carried on by junks between Batavia and China has totally ceased: the government is obliged, therefore, to look for its revenue from the produce of its own possessions.

"Of the three articles most in demand for European consumption, coffee, pepper, and sugar, the two former are entirely monopolized by the government, and heavy penalties are inflicted on those cultivators who dispose of their produce to private individuals. The price paid by the government for these articles is extremely low, and they are afterwards sold at greatly advanced prices to the merchants. This system has been found so oppressive, that frequently the natives, driven to desperation, destroy their own plantations, preferring beggary to such severe taxation for the support of a government which only seeks to enrich itself, and proves utterly regardless of the welfare and prosperity of those who are subjected to its rule. These acts are always visited with severe punishment, but they are nevertheless of constant occurence."

Contrast such conduct and its consequences with the following account:—

"The conduct of the British towards its Indian subjects has not always been of the most meritorious description, but during our occupation of Java, the colonial government was administered by one who well understood and appreciated the character and disposition of the natives. The measures pursued by the late Sir Stamford Raffles, the governor, are indeed beyond all praise, and both as a statesman and a philanthropist, he stands unrivalled. He is remembered by the natives with feelings little short of adoration, and the illiberality of the government to which they are now subjected, only tends to make them the more regret the misfortune which deprived them of a father and a friend. The name of Sir Stamford Raffles is, perhaps, almost unknown to nine-tenths of the people of England, but scarcely a native of Java is to be found who does not remember some anecdote relative to the kindness and consideration with which the people were treated by him during his most popular administration, of a country very unadvisedly relinquished to a selfish and barbarous tyranny."

The truth is, that the Dutch are living in continual doubt and fear in reference to their possessions in Java, Borneo, &c., the just and natural consequences of their oppressive mercantile system.

Opportunities occurred for Mr. Earl making a much more extensive tour round Java, and to a number of its ports, than he had

anticipated; and hence he was enabled to detail a great deal more concerning the country and the peculiar character and manners of the natives, as well as of the European residents, Chinese emigrants, &c., than could have been expected by him. As in the other maritime parts of the Archipelago, the Mahommedan religion has been very generally introduced into those of Java. Yet, our author asserts that the Javanese are opposed to everything approaching to the fanaticism which forms such a distinguishing feature in the religion of the followers of the prophet. There are, besides, many native Christians in the island, who have been converted by the Dutch missionaries.

These philanthropists our author speaks of with high approbation. With very little encouragement from the colonial government, they have effected much real good, he declares, not merely in the large towns of Java, but over the wilder islands to the eastward—some of these remote places having been wholly converted; and, he predicts, that when the system of commercial monopoly, that is fast working its own ruin shall have been destroyed, a degree of civilization will be attained in these regions hitherto unequalled in Eastern India, and far beyond what persons unacquainted with them can suppose.

But as the present volume is chiefly engaged with matters that directly regard mercantile intercourse and prosperity, we quote, before leaving Java, some account of the natives as seamen, which may be taken as an index of their other activities and talents.

"A few words more respecting the Javanese seamen, will tend to show from what source our merchantmen, and even our men-of-war, on the Indian station, may be partly supplied with seamen, should the Archipelago ever again be frequented by British ships. The Javanese, when mixed with Europeans on board vessels of war, are found to be little inferior to any seamen in the world. Totally devoid of the disgusting prejudices of the Bengali seamen, who consider that anything touched by a Christian is polluted, they endeavour to imitate the Europeans in boldness and enterprise, and in a great measure adopt their manners and their mode of dress. This fact is proved by the efficiency of the crews of Dutch colonial war vessels, which are composed of equal proportions of Europeans and Javanese.

"The Javanese seamen surpass Europeans in agility in climbing the rigging, and indeed, in this point are inferior only to monkeys. One of the principal causes of the superiority of the Javanese to Europeans in working aloft, consists in the use they make of their toes. In climbing a rope, instead of swarming up, the rope is grasped both by the hands and between the two first toes of the foot, and is ascended hand over hand like a ladder. On one occasion I saw a whole ship's company thus ascend the rigging to reef topsails. The ratlines (the small ropes which are fixed across the shrouds to form the steps of the ladders) had been taken down; but this circumstance created no difficulty, and they all got up nearly as quickly as if the ratlines had been there. A seaman, when splicing

a rope, or sewing a piece of canvass, holds the article between his toes; and a carpenter steadies, in like manner, a piece of wood that he is shaping, and therefore retains both hands at liberty to handle his tools."

Mr. Earl has a number of attractive and encouraging things to say of the Javanese. The inhabitants of the interior are distinguishable from the natives of the coast, being less active but more powerful, and greatly more simple in their manners. An amusing anecdote, which is illustrative enough of the latter quality, is told of a young man who had come down from an inland province, and who, on observing a rough sea, concluded from a mental comparison of this sight with that of the tranquil lakes he was accustomed to behold, that it was a battle-royal going on among the billows. He ventured to fill his bottle with a portion of the infuriated waves, in order that he might astonish his untravelled friends at home on his return; for the Javanese seem to be remarkably fond of listening to wonderful and long legends. That we may exhibit our author in his lighter moments, we quote his version of the young man's story and reception on his going back to the hill-country.

"'When I approached the great sea,' said he, 'I heard a noise like the roaring of bulls, and I saw that there was a great battle of the waters. They were not quiet and peaceable like those of our lake, but were tearing and fighting, aye! fighting like tigers and buffaloes.' The gaping audience was struck with astonishment. The Jaxa, who was the oldest, and therefore considered the wisest man in the village, at last found his speech. 'Beware, young man,' said he, 'how you endeavour to impose upon us. Waters fight!! Are we goats, or are we buffalo-calves, that you tell us this? What is there to make the water of the great sea fight, any more than those of our lake? I have seen the sea myself, when I went to eat the wind* on the top of the Taggal mountain, and it was as smooth as a paddy field.' The traveller looked around him with a triumphant glance, and requested one of the women to bring him a bottle she would find in his bag. 'Now,' said he, 'I expected that the extraordinary fact would be doubted, and I therefore procured a bottle of the water; bring me a basin, and you may judge for yourselves.' The listeners crowded about him, and happy was he or she who could procure a near view of the proceedings. With a sneer at the ignorance of his countrymen, the man who had seen the world drew the stopper from the bottle, and after a moment's hesitation in order to acquire courage, poured the water into the basin. To his utter amazement and discomfiture, the water 'wouldn't fight.' but lay quite still, as if it had never been pugnacious. The Jaxa, who from the confidence displayed by the traveller, had begun to fear that he had been premature in his doubts, and that his consequence as the village oracle would therefore be lowered, now denounced the poor man as a vile impostor, and pushed his 'vantage

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"* *Makkan angin*, literally eat the wind, but it is applied to taking the air."

ground so strongly, that the luckless experimentalist was glad to shut himself up in the house to avoid the reproaches of his townsmen: even here, however, he was not safe, for his wife, who had expected that his discovery of the fighting water would exalt her husband to a post of honour, and cause him to be regarded as the leading man of science in the village, (the president, in fact, of the Royal Society of the place,) vented her disappointment on him in the shape of a curtain lecture, and, thus badgered upon all sides, the luckless traveller wished that he had drowned himself in the fighting water before he had said anything about it."

On the Southern coast of Java, Mr. Earl had an opportunity of perceiving a small hut, perched upon the steep side of certain limestone caverns, which had been erected for the residence of the men whose duty it was to guard the edible birds' nests that there abound, and upon which the Dutch have laid a heavy tax—nothing escaping their crushing exactions, to the ruin and depression of the natives. The manufacturers of these nests are small swallows, says our author, which are supposed to collect this glutinous substance, so much esteemed in China, from the sea. The nests resemble small tea-saucers in shape, the best being collected before the eggs have been laid in them. When used in China for culinary purposes they are dissolved in water and made into a soup, which is tasteless and flavourless, at least if Mr. Earl's palate is to be the criterion.

We are not going to follow the author closely in all his windings in the Eastern Seas, nor, according to his halts, to land with him at the various ports which he touched. It is sufficient for our purpose to trace him in outline from Java to Singapore, which was founded by Sir Stamford Raffles, when our government, without consulting the rights or interests of the Javanese, restored their island to the Dutch, after the peace of 1814—from Singapore to Bankok, the principal port of Siam, where his stay was short, and reception uncivil—from Bankok back to Singapore again — and thence to Borneo, having obtained the command of an adventure of a mercantile character to this last named extensive island.

In the voyage back from Siam, the vessel in which Mr. Earl sailed put in at Triganu, which is on the east coast of the Malay Peninsula, and where he witnessed the following curious method of bargaining, which, perhaps, might sometimes be advantageously practised in the neighbourhood of Cornhill.

"Their commercial transactions being generally conducted in places in which a number of individuals are collected together, as for instance, in the court of the Sultan, or at the residence of the Capitan China, if secrecy should be required, they adopt a mode of bargaining by means of the fingers, which precludes the bystanders from discovering what is going on. The parties grasp each other's hands, and the purchaser makes an offer by pressing one of the joints of the vender's fingers, there being to each joint a number attached, from one to ten; and touching a certain part of the hand, will show whether the offer is in tens, hundreds or

thousands. The hands of the dealers are covered with a handkerchief, so that none of the people present can see what is going forward. When the purchaser has made his offer, the vender, by another grip, lets him know what price he will take; and thus they continue, one increasing his offer, and the other lowering his demand, until the bargain is concluded, or broken off. This custom has, I think, been introduced by the Arabs, for they were always the greatest adepts at it, while the Javanese and other natives who have little communication with them, are unacquainted with the method."

We shall afterwards have occasion to refer to the enormous, and hitherto seldom checked system of piracy, which is practised on the Malay coast, and in the neighbouring seas, to the disgrace of our Colonial government, and the obstruction of the most obvious interests of the British merchant, as well as to the claims of humanity and civilization. Go we now, therefore, at once, to Borneo, an island, not only of vast extent, but of measureless fertility, and offering incalculable scope for enterprises of benevolence, and in search of wealth.

The author, on reaching the coast of Borneo with a valuable cargo, with the view of disposing of it advantageously, and of collecting as much information as possible concerning the island, discovered that the Dutch, who are all-powerful in the neighbouring seas, had interdicted all commercial intercourse between foreign countries, and the portion of the island which was inhabited by a Chinese colony, except through the medium of the Dutch settlements at Sambas and Pontiana. In these circumstances Mr. Earl resolved on visiting the petty Dutch resident at Sambas, and to endeavour to make some arrangement with him. But as our design with regard to Borneo is chiefly to communicate some few of those interesting accounts which resulted from the mercantile adventure in question, we shall confine ourselves to them now, in as far as this part of the author's voyages and travels are concerned, only mentioning that although he succeeded latterly in getting advantageously quit of his cargo to the Chinese, and although they were solicitous to open a trade with Singapore and other places, yet such is the vigilance of the Dutch, that any farther private speculations of the kind, he considers, would be hazardous and useless, in the present state of matters.

Connected with the Dutch residency at Sambas, which place was, before the establishment of this settlement, a nest of pirates, the author met with a few Europeans, among whom was a Frenchman, who is described as being a remarkably well-informed man. From these persons Mr. Earl derived not only valuable knowledge, but made some excursions with them, which enabled him to judge for himself. He declares, however, that the Dutch are so close respecting the geographical features and other important circumstances connected with Borneo, and the various countries of the Archipelago, where they have settled, that they will not even give

publicity to what concerns the advancement of science. This silence, he says, can only be accounted for, "either by the dread which they entertain of the arrival of strangers, who might be attracted to their Indian possessions, were the capabilities of the countries, so long misruled, to be generally known; or to their dislike to have the system upon which they have acted made a topic of conversation, since, in that event, inquiries might be instituted of a political nature, which would be far from agreeable."

We first quote a general sketch of the island of Borneo. He says it bears—

"The same relation to Eastern India, that the continent of America bears to Europe, being a country in which the various tribes inhabiting the further east may find a refuge from religious persecution, or escape the disadvantages of over-population in the mother country. Thus we find the coasts of the island to be inhabited by several nations, totally unconnected with each other, governed by their own laws, and adopting their own peculiar manners and customs. The west coast is occupied by Malays and Chinese; the north-west coast by the half-caste descendants of the Moors of Western India; the north part by the Cochin Chinese; the north-east coast by the Sulus; and the east and south coasts by the Bugis tribes of Celebes. In addition to these, there are no fewer than three distinct tribes, living in prahus, and wandering about the shores of the island: the Lanuns from Magindano; and the Orang-Badju and Orang-Tidong, source unknown. Except on a few spots on the north-west coast, where the Dyaks are to be met with near the sea, the aboriginal tribes have all retired into the interior.

"If an opinion may be formed of the capabilities of the unknown parts of Borneo from those of the western portion of the island, it would appear that no country in the world can compete with it; since the districts occupied by the Dutch and the Chinese, in addition to the possession of a soil which vies in richness with that of any other island in the Archipelago, contain inexhaustible mines of gold and diamonds, which are so easily wrought, that the inhabitants are enabled to procure considerable quantities of both, with the most inefficient instruments."

We shall not enter upon our author's forcible and impressive, but plain and straightforward account of the circumventing and rapacious methods by which the Dutch have, since 1823, when they last settled in the island, shut the Chinese within a certain territory, and by blockading the coast prevented these industrious people either from leaving the country, or maintaining any intercourse with foreign nations, excepting through the medium of the Dutch ports. We rather confine ourselves to certain notices descriptive of some branches of the insular inhabitants, and of their condition and customs.

The Dyaks, who are the aboriginal inhabitants of Borneo, are, by far, the most interesting portion of the population. Many peculiarities attach to their history. They consist of small, and in

the interior, of perfectly distinct tribes. Those on the banks of the large rivers generally rank themselves under one more powerful than the rest, while a most extraordinary system obtains in the forests; for there no such thing as intercourse exists. That the various tribes should speak distinct dialects, in these circumstances, is natural enough. Their general appearance is thus given, according to Mr. Earl's opportunities of judging.

"The Dyak countenance is highly prepossessing, more so than that of any people I have yet encountered. On only one occasion did I ever perceive a decidedly sulky expression, and that was in the case of a lady who had been treated rather indecorously by some Malays. Those whom I saw for the first time (except in one instance on my return from the gold mines), always cast their eyes on the ground, and sometimes turned away their faces in a manner similar to that of a bashful child; but by pretending to take no notice of them, and conversing with some one who happened to be present, they would, after a time, venture to steal an occasional glance, and if they understood Malay, I generally managed eventually to draw them into conversation. Their bashful manner, however, rarely wore off entirely, even after frequent meetings.

"The countenances of the Dyak women, if not exactly beautiful, are generally extremely interesting, which is, perhaps, in a great measure owing to the soft expression given by their long eye-lashes, and by their habit of keeping the eyes half closed. In form they are unexceptionable, and the Dyak wife of a Chinese, whom I met with at Sinkawan, was, in point of personal attractions, superior to any eastern beauty who has yet come under my observation, with the single exception of one of the same race, from the north-west coast of Celebes."

Our readers will not be surprised to learn after this, that the Dyaks are much fairer in complexion than the Malays, and much superior to them in other respects; or that in their domestic relations they are mild. It is also pleasant to hear that their men marry only one woman each, that the old people among them are always respected, and that they believe in a Supreme Being, as also in a future state. But is it not most strange after all this, and almost incredible—although our author declares that what he relates, beyond what he had an opportunity of personally ascertaining, was on unquestionable authority—that these same tribes observe as a special portion of their most solemn and binding creed, and believe that the owner of every human head which they can procure, will serve them in the next world,—nay, that some of the tribes consider the heads of women and children to be more valuable than those of the men? Yet such is the account presented in the pages before us. Our readers will bear in mind some wonderful and revolting statements which have lately been published by persons minutely acquainted with Hindostan, concerning the monsters called *Thugs*, and that still more disgusting race of human beings denominated *Kookees*. But really when we read such

details as those we now quote about, the otherwise prepossessing Dyaks, the desire that the light of Christianity should reach and touch their hearts, becomes more intense than in almost any conceivable case.

After stating how much importance is attached to the procuring of a human head, the account proceeds thus—

"The system of human sacrifice is, upon this account, carried to so great an extent, that it totally surpasses that which is practised by the Battas of Sumatra, or, I believe, by any people yet known. A man cannot marry until he has procured a human head, and he who is in possession of several may be distinguished by his proud and and lofty bearing: for the greater number of heads which a man has obtained, the greater will be his rank in the next world; and this opinion naturally induces his associates to consider him entitled to superior consideration upon earth. A man of consequence cannot be inhumed until a human head has been procured by his friends; and at the conclusion of peace between two tribes, the chief of each presents a prisoner to the other to be sacrificed on the spot.

"The loss of human life occasioned by these latter-named ceremonials, falls far short of that which is produced by the necessity of obtaining a human head to grace the marriage rites, a necessity which tends so strongly to check the increase of population, that had the lawgiver who introduced it apprehended that the island would speedily become too thickly inhabited, he could not have hit upon a more efficacious mode of prevention, since had the batchelors been permitted to cut off the heads of persons belonging to their own tribe, instead of being obliged to confine their aggressions to strangers, the entire population of the island must eventually have been extirpated.

"The possession of a human head cannot be considered as a proof of the bravery of the owner, for it is not necessary that he should have killed the victim with his own hand, his friends being permitted to assist him, or even to perform the act themselves.

"The chiefs sometimes make excursions of considerable duration for the sole purpose of acquiring heads, in order that they may be assured of having a numerous body of attendants in the next world. If they are at peace with their neighbours they proceed in their canoes to the more distant parts of the country, to which the numerous ramifications of the rivers afford them easy access. Upon their arrival near a village, if the party be small, they take up their position in the bushes close to some pathway, and attack a passer-by unawares. If the party be large, they are bolder in their operations, and an attempt will be perhaps made to surprise a whole village. For this purpose they will remain concealed in the jungle on the banks of the river during the day, and at night will surround the village so completely as to prevent the escape of the intended victims; and an hour or two before daybreak, when the inhabitants are supposed to sleep the soundest, the attack will be commenced by setting fire to the houses, and their victims are destroyed as they endeavour to escape."

It is farther stated that the heads thus obtained, are dried and stuck up about the most conspicuous places of their captor's houses,

the teeth being sometimes worn as beads. The entire population of a town is thus sometimes cut off during a single night. It is added that some of the tribes are cannibals, which can hardly be thought incredible when taken along with these details. It is also mentioned by the author as an acknowledged fact, even by the Dutch themselves, that the Dyaks have retrograded, in respect of civilization, since the former have established themselves on the coast of the island. What an argument, therefore, for an amelioration of government! what a field for benevolent enterprise! But is there any hope for Christian philanthropy to exercise itself among the Dyaks? Let us listen to Mr. Earl.

"From the horrid practice of human sacrifice which obtains among the Dyaks, it may be thought that all attempts to improve them would be hopeless, but before we arrive at such a conclusion, a glance should be taken at the ancient history of Great Britain. So far from being irreclaimable, the dreadful nature of their mode of life renders them the more willing to adopt milder customs; and I feel confident in asserting that no people on earth, with the exception, perhaps, of their counterparts, the natives of South America, are so susceptible of civilization. This has been proved by the readiness with which the tribes occupying the country near the settlements of the Malays and Bugis have adopted the Mahommedan religion almost without an effort on the part of their converters; for the Malays, farther advanced in knowledge, but infinitely inferior in natural disposition to the Dyaks, took no pains to induce them to discontinue their practice of wholesale murder, rather regarding their attacks upon each other as actions affording amusement."

"The Dyaks in the Chinese territory have totally abandoned their barbarous customs, and are milder in their conduct, and apparently in their disposition, than any of the natives of the Archipelago that I have met with. The horrid massacres perpetrated by the wilder Dyaks, would seem to sanction a contrary opinion, but it must be considered that the individuals who now engage in these frightful outrages, have been brought up from infancy to consider the slaying of a fellow creature in the light of a meritorious action, in fact, one of the most acceptable services which they could perform. Should the view which I have taken of the character of these people be correct, their shocking pursuit of human victims will only tend to show how strong an influence the force of habit, and the circulation of particular doctrines, can exercise over minds naturally indisposed to cruelty. Freedom of commerce, which has hitherto been found the best instrument of civilization, would rapidly improve the condition of these people, and were an European settlement, with a free port, established on one of the numerous large rivers, the Dyaks would soon be brought into communication with it, for they are greatly addicted to commerce, and spare no pains to procure articles of foreign manufacture for which they have acquired a taste.

"Were two or three of the Dutch missionaries, who have worked so much real good in those places in which they have been untrammelled by their government, to establish themselves among the Dyaks, their labours would be of incalculable benefit, although the speedy conversion of these

people might be retarded, since the Malays would not fail to poison their ears against all religious adventurers professing a different creed, it unfortunately being in their power to prevent, in a great measure, their more ignorant neighbours from deriving any advantage from instruction."

The only other class of the inhabitants of Borneo, which we shall follow the author in noticing, is that of the Chinese. It is stated that before the Dutch took possession of the west of the island in 1823, about three thousand of this nation arrived as settlers annually, that now their emigration has almost totally ceased, but that the whole number of the colony may still be reckoned at 150,000. Mr. Earl was enabled to pay a visit to this interesting community, without the knowledge of the Dutch resident, and to dispose of his cargo to them. His account of their territory is cheering, inasmuch as it describes a people living under a well-concerted representative government of their own originating, who are far advanced in the arts of civilization, although severely oppressed by the Dutch. Who could have expected to behold such scenes as the following in Borneo?

"After crossing the swamp, we ascended a hill, and, on arriving at the top, a sudden turn of the path brought to view one of the finest prospects I had ever beheld. Immediately below us stretched an extensive valley, teeming with cultivation and covered with villages and cottages; the Sinkawan river, here about fifteen yards wide, winding through it. The south-east side of the valley was bounded by a range of mountains, about fifteen hundred feet in elevation; but to the north-west, the ground stretched in gentle undulations, as far as the eye could reach.

"Our path led through a series of gardens, which, in addition to many kinds of culinary vegetables, produced sugar cane, maize, plantains, and a variety of fruits. After a delightful walk through the valley for about three miles, crossing the river several times by means of wooden bridges, we arrived at the large village where we were to breakfast. The street was crowded with people, who left a small space in the centre for us to pass on to the court-house, where I found the Kung Se had prepared an excellent repast, having been informed of my intended visit by a messenger, who had been sent to Montradok from the coast the previous night.

"Many of the farmers' cottages were built of unburnt bricks, and covered with thatch, and being invariably surrounded and shaded by fruit-trees, they bore a stronger resemblance to those which adorn an English landscape than any habitations I had seen since my departure from my own home.

"Houses for the entertainment of travellers were erected at intervals on the road-side, and at noon we entered one of them to rest ourselves, and to partake of some refreshment. The landlady, a Chinese, about forty years old, who had the sole direction of the household affairs, was the most obliging individual whom I met with on the journey, the selection of the house by the guides having probably been made on account of the known excellence of her disposition. Displaying no idle curiosity, our kind hostess immediately commenced the preparations for our entertainment, bustling about, and scolding her two handmaidens, who in a few minutes, perhaps

in consequence of this admonishment, placed a duck on the fire to grill; a dish containing a preparation of rice, much resembling maccaroni, being put before me to employ my time until the duck should be ready for the table."

On reaching Montradok, the Chinese capital, the author was received and entertained by the governor with great hospitality. After an account of this kind treatment and of the working of the gold and diamond mines, he adds—

"I should rejoice to hear of the speedy improvement of the political condition of these industrious settlers, but fear that nothing of the kind will be accomplished, until their neighbours discover them to be so completely reduced as to be totally unable to afford them the revenue, now so inexorably wrung from their unwilling hands, in which event they will in all probability be left to themselves. This crisis seems fast approaching, unless the progress of impending ruin should be stayed by some active interference on the part of the British, whose duty it appears to be, to prevent the Dutch from depriving Sinkawan of the lucrative traffic which it might enjoy with Singapore, were not the former port closed by a blockade."

Mr. Earl has been at pains to collect from various quarters in the course of his voyages and travels, many particulars concerning the present state of Borneo, and the recent discoveries made in the interior, which he has thrown into a distinct chapter, after giving his readers all the information which his own personal observation gathered. This chapter we pass over, with the single remark, that Borneo, according to his description, is an island possessed of extraordinary, perhaps unrivalled richness, in point of its vegetable and mineral productions; and taking its rivers and other features into view, offers one of the widest fields in the world for mercantile enterprise.

The last three chapters of the volume are devoted to Singapore, to which place Mr. Earl returned from Borneo. With his return, however, the personal narrative drops, and the three chapters referred to, comprise an elaborate detail of all the considerable circumstances in the history of this recently established British settlement, from materials gathered in the course of his frequent residences at that place, as well as from various persons intimately acquainted with its progress. To our readers we recommend this able and satisfactory account of Singapore, which was established not many years ago, without the concurrence, and, indeed, with the decided disapprobation of the Home Government, but which now annually imports British manufactures to the amount of several hundred thousand pounds, besides being of prodigious benefit to the East India Company, and the Eastern trade in general. Even now, however, the settlement is in a great measure neglected by our Colonial Office, otherwise how could

such a statement as the following occur in such a candid and well-informed work as the one before us ?

"The Malay pirates absolutely swarm in the neighbourhood of Singapore, the numerous islands in the vicinity, the intersecting channels of which are known only to themselves, affording them a snug retreat, whence they can pounce upon the defenceless native traders, and drag them into their lairs to plunder them at their leisure. Square-rigged vessels are generally allowed to pass unmolested, for the pirates, who are as cowardly as they are cruel, rarely attack craft of this description, unless they have received authentic information from their spies at Singapore that they may be taken with facility.

" The system of piracy is perfect in its nature, more so even than that which formerly obtained among the buccaneers of America. A petty chief of one of the Malay states, who has either been ruined by gambling, or is desirous to improve his fortune, collects under his banner as many restless spirits as he can muster, and sails for one of the most retired islands in the neighbourhood of Singapore. Here he erects a village as a depôt for slaves and plunder, and then lies in wait with his armed prahus, near the frequented waters, for the native traders passing to and from the British settlement. Should the chief be eminently successful, he soon gains a large accession to his force, and his village increases to a small town, while his fleet of prahus becomes sufficiently numerous to be subdivided into several squadrons, which cruise in the various straits and channels.

" The pirates generally sail in fleets of from three to twenty prahus. These are armed with guns, large and small, and each prahu carries from fifteen to forty men. The vessels which they succeed in capturing are brought to the settlement, where they are plundered and afterwards burnt; and the goods are taken for sale to Singapore or New Harbour, in prahus of their own, which are fitted up to resemble traders. The unfortunate natives who compose the crews of the captured prahus, are carried to Lingin, or to the opposite coast of Sumatra, where they are sold to the Malays, to cultivate the pepper plantations in the interior.

" In mercy, therefore, to the native traders who visit the settlement on the supposition that they will at least be free from violence when within sight of the British flag, some measures should be taken to put an end to the system. I regret the necessity which obliges me to repeat, that nothing but the most rigorous measures, even to the utter annihilation of those who may be caught in the fact, will tend to check the evil; for the pirates having long been permitted to commit their murders and robberies with impunity, now consider themselves to be almost invincible, and therefore require some very severe lessons to bring them to their senses. The frightful acts daily committed, however, will never be entirely suppressed until those Malay chiefs who encourage the pirates, by affording them assistance and protection, receive some substantial proof that such practices will not be permitted with impunity. To shew how very easily the banditti of these seas may be deterred from their aggressions, I will mention a single case in point. A few years ago an American merchant ship was attacked and taken by the Malay inhabitants of Qualla Battu on the west coast of Sumatra. When this circumstance became known in the United States, the President, with a promptitude worthy of the chief magistrate of a great

commercial nation, immediately despatched a frigate to chastise the offenders, and Qualla Battu was attacked and burnt. This act of retribution has produced a very beneficial effect, since, although many American ships annually resort to the coast, not a single instance has occurred of one of them being attacked or molested."

In an Appendix of considerable length, Mr. Earl treats of the "Commercial Resources of the Indian Archipelago," besides offering some "Observations on the Unexplored Parts of North and North-Western Australia." His views under these heads may be taken as deductions from his previous narrative, and also as speculations regarding the best methods which Britain can adopt in furtherance of her commercial interests in the Eastern Seas, and for establishing new colonies on the Northern Coast of Australia. He represents New Guinea, Borneo, Celebes, and other large islands in the same regions as remarkably well fitted for the consumption of British manufactures; because the natives are fond of novelty and display—are active and unprejudiced—while the soil of the countries which they occupy, and the surrounding seas are singularly productive. Singapore, he considers, as being too distant, and otherwise exposed to too many dangers, to afford the assistance of a naval, or the convenience of a mercantile depot, for these large islands. He therefore would have settlements established on the Northern Coasts of Australia to supply the defect. Certain difficulties, however, must first be overcome, and certain hoped-for discoveries made before all this can be realized. These the author has not overlooked, but has indicated, as far as conjecture, founded on minute investigation and patient study, can warrant. We are not, however, inclined to go into such subjects; neither have we space, after what has been extracted from the preceding narrative. Of itself that narrative is suggestive and descriptive in no common degree—the tone of its author is candid and firm—the facts it contains are important, valuable, and of pressing concern—and doubtless they will be felt by our government and the commercial community of the country as eminently entitled to regard and immediate consideration. As an example and an incentive, let the manner in which our brethren in the United States of America, manage their traffic even in regions where they have not a single settlement be quoted; and with the hints thus thrown out, we close Mr. Earl's excellent volume, a volume of greater value, merit, and mark, than any belonging to the same class of literature that has been published for a long time.

"The commercial rivalry of the Americans, however, is very different in its nature from that of the Dutch, and is carried on in a spirit worthy of an enterprising nation. As their commerce receives the greatest attention from their government, their rapid advances in the Archipelago may be easily accounted for. A political agent is constantly employed in

visiting the various countries in Asia, and in making arrangements by which their merchants can carry on a traffic both with credit and advantage. The most insignificant native ports which are resorted to by the American merchant ships are also frequently visited by their vessels of war, and any insult or aggression offered to American citizens is immediately resented. At the same time the British flag is absolutely unprotected, and the merchants of Singapore are therefore deterred from carrying on trading speculations with the native ports. The consequence is, that the trade of those independent countries in the Archipelago which are so distant from Singapore that the natives are unable to bring their goods to that port in their own vessels, is now chiefly in the hands of the Americans. The west coast of Sumatra, for example, was formerly much resorted to by the British traders, but now, although numbers of American vessels annually visit the coast, only a solitary English ship is now and then to be met with at the northern pepper ports.

"The Americans have laboured under great disadvantages in the Archipelago, from their possessing no settlements by which they could acquire a political influence, and from their having no manufactures of their own adapted to the market. The exertions of their government, however, have sufficed to counterbalance all these adverse circumstances, and it must therefore be evident that, were equal attention bestowed by the British government on matters concerning the promotion of the welfare of British merchants, the latter would be enabled to trade with security, while the possession of manufactures in great demand, and a convenient settlement of our own at Singapore, would of necessity cause our commerce with the Archipelago to increase in a much greater ratio than that of the Americans.

ART. II.—*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* Vols. II. and III. London: Murray. Edinburgh: R. Cadell.

THE second volume of this charming biography was handed to us so late in April, that we had only time to notice it in the slightest possible way in our number for the ensuing month. We now, however, return to it, when the opportunity has arrived of uniting and reviewing it along with the third volume; for although the leading events of Scott's life may be said to have become as familiar to all as household goods, and principally to consist of his numerous publications, yet it will be found that in the two portions of the narrative now before us there are so many incidents, and so much correspondence to which the world has never before had access, as to confer on it the interest belonging to a new and remarkably engaging work. We had supposed that the first volume of all would have contained the greatest quantity of original matter; and that, as it had to deal with the great magician's early history, when the opening and progress of his mind were to be traced to maturity, it would have been the most attractive, in so far as novelty went, and in

some respects the most instructive. But in this presumption we are free to confess that there was error, and to pronounce the parts of the Memoir now to be reviewed as even more engaging and useful, whether as respects freshness, the illustration of character, or the lessons both in ordinary and literary life which they offer. There are here, also, far more abundant fruits of a widely-extended intercourse with very many of the noblest, as well as the most refined, spirits of the age. There is not only in the second volume a narrative extending from 1804 to 1812, commencing with the publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," embracing notices of various literary projects, for example—"Marmion," the "Lady of the Lake," "Don Roderick," the establishment of the "Quarterly Review," and the planning of "Rokeby;" but there is an account of the unfortunate partnership with Ballantyne, of visits to London, Correspondence with Joanna Baillie, Ellis, Canning, Wordsworth, and many other eminent characters, the beginning of Scott's acquaintance with Byron, the purchase of Abbotsford, &c. &c.

We must now proceed to lay before our readers a considerable portion of the volume in question, and rich it is, not only in anecdote and incident, but as regards valuable information for mankind in general, and literary men in particular. As far as the biographer is concerned, there seems also to be a gradual improvement, both in the freedom and the vigour of his writing—arising, no doubt, from a due sympathy with his subject. Above all, there is a spirit of impartiality in the whole of his details and his strictures, that has seldom been equalled, and perhaps never when one is the hero of the piece, whose memory is held so dear by the writer as is that of Sir Walter Scott, by his son-in-law. Before quoting any passages that may be considered as being chiefly valuable and interesting to persons devoted to literary pursuits, we extract what will serve to show how justly and judiciously Mr. Lockhart bears himself in the performance of his important and delicate task, proving that was not one of the least remarkable instances of Scott's sagacity and manliness when he made choice of his son-in-law to be his literary executor.

Very soon after the publication of the "Lay of the last Minstrel," and at the very time when its author's popularity was beginning to be extraordinary, he entered into a secret copartnery with Ballantyne, the printer, one of the stipulations being that every bookseller who published anything of Scott's should employ his partner as printer. How far this contract could be reconciled with fair dealing, we do not take upon ourselves to pronounce, but that such a contract formed one of the most important steps in Scott's life, is shown with great clearness of discrimination by his biographer. He not only embarked in this concern 5000*l.* being nearly all the capital he had

at his disposal, but he continued bound by it during twenty years, its effects being, in truth, as Mr. Lockhart happily describes them, "so mixed and balanced during the vicissitudes of a long and vigorous career, that I at this moment doubt whether it ought, on the whole, to be considered with more of satisfaction or of regret." The following statement and reflections upon this subject are striking :—

"It is an old saying, that wherever there is a secret there must be something wrong; and dearly did he pay the penalty for the mystery in which he had chosen to involve this transaction. It was his rule, from the beginning, that whatever he wrote or edited must be printed at that press; and had he catered for it only as author and sole editor, all had been well; but had the booksellers known his direct pecuniary interest in keeping up and extending the occupation of those types, they would have taken into account his lively imagination and sanguine temperament, as well as his taste and judgment, and considered, far more deliberately than they too often did, his multifarious recommendations of new literary schemes, coupled though these were with some dim understanding that, if the Ballantyne press were employed, his own literary skill would be at his friend's disposal for the general superintendence of the undertaking. On the other hand, Scott's suggestions were in many cases, perhaps in the majority of them, conveyed through Ballantyne, whose habitual deference to his opinion induced him to advocate them with enthusiastic zeal; and the printer, who had thus pledged his personal authority for the merits of the proposed scheme, must have felt himself committed to the bookseller, and could hardly refuse with decency to take a certain share of the pecuniary risk, by allowing the time and method of his own payment to be regulated according to the employer's convenience. Hence, by degrees, was woven a web of entanglement from which neither Ballantyne nor his adviser had any means of escape, except only in that indomitable spirit, the mainspring of personal industry altogether unparalleled, to which, thus set in motion, the world owes its most gigantic monument of literary genius."

This passage furnishes not merely a proof of the admirable and impartial manner in which Mr. Lockhart has performed his task, but presents a notable hinge in the life of Scott. The letter we now introduce lets us see in what manner such an eminent author *pushed* business, and brought himself to a level with mercenary tradesmen. The Memoir states that this letter is the first found of Scott's to his partner, and that the Mr. Foster, mentioned in the beginning of it, was a literary gentleman, who had proposed to take on himself a considerable share in the annotation of some of the new editions then on the carpet; among others one of Dryden.

"TO MR. JAMES BALLANTYNE, PRINTER, EDINBURGH.

Ashestiel, 12th April, 1805.

"Dear Ballantyne—I have duly received your two favours, also Foster's. He still howls about the expense of printing, but I think we

shall finally settle. His argument is that you print too fine, *alias* too dear. I intend to stick to my answer, that I know nothing of the matter; but that settle it how you and he will, it must be printed by you, or can be no concern of mine. This gives you an advantage in driving the bargain. As to everything else, I think we shall do, and I will endeavour to set a few volumes agoing on the plan you propose.

"I have imagined a very superb work. What think you of a complete edition of British Poets, ancient and modern? Johnson's is imperfect and out of print; so is Bell's, which is a Lilliputian thing; and Anderson's, the most complete in point of number, is most contemptible in execution both of the editor and printer. There is a scheme for you! At least a hundred volumes, to be published at the rate of ten a year. I cannot, however, be ready till Midsummer. If the booksellers will give me a decent allowance per volume, say thirty guineas, I shall hold myself well paid on the *writing* hand. This is a dead secret.

"I think it quite right to let Doig* have a share of Thomson†; but he is hard and slippery, so settle your bargain fast and firm—no loop-holes. I am glad you have got some elbow-room at last. Cowan will come to, or we will find some fit place in time. If not, we *must* build—necessity has no law. I see nothing to hinder you from doing Tacitus, with your correctness of eye; and I congratulate you on the fair prospect before us. When you have time you will make out a list of the debts to be discharged at Whitsunday, that we may see what cash we shall have in bank. Our bookkeeping may be very simple; an accurate cash-book and ledger is all that is necessary; and I think I know enough of the matter to assist at making the balance-sheet.

"In short, with the assistance of a little cash, I have no doubt things will go on *à merveille*. If you could take a little pleasuring, I wish you could come here and see us in all the glories of a Scottish spring.

"Yours truly, W. Scott.

But still, although Scott could thus, contrary to prudence and open dealing, entangle himself, he was not at all blind to the errors and the ways of those persons whom he designates as *the trade*; parties that, by the bye, were striving against one another who should bid highest for the works of such a popular and indefatigable workman. He thus writes to Miss Seward in 1807.

"I think Southey does himself injustice in supposing the *Edinburgh Review*, or any other, could have sunk 'Madoc,' even for a time. But the size and price of the work, joined to the frivolity of an age which must be treated as nurses humour children, are sufficient reasons why a poem on so chaste a model, should not have taken immediately. We know the similar fate of Milton's immortal work, in the witty age of Charles II., at a time when poetry was much more fashionable than at present. As to the division of the profits, I only think that Southey does not understand the gentlemen of *the trade*, emphatically so called, as well as I do. Without

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* "A bookseller in Edinburgh,

† "A projected edition of the works of the author of the *Seasons*."

any greater degree of *fourberie* than they conceive the long practice of their brethren has rendered matter of prescriptive right, they contrive to clip the author's proportion of profits down to a mere trifle. It is the tale of the fox that went a-hunting with the lion, upon condition of equal division of the spoil; and yet I do not quite blame the booksellers, when I consider the very singular nature of their *mysterie*. A butcher generally understands something of black cattle, and wo betide the jockey who should presume to exercise his profession without a competent knowledge of horse flesh. But who ever heard of a bookseller pretending to understand the commodity in which he dealt? They are the only tradesmen in the world who professedly, and by choice, deal in what is called 'a pig in a poke.' When you consider the abominable trash which, by their sheer ignorance, is published every year, you will readily excuse them for the indemnification which they must necessarily obtain at the expense of authors of some value. In fact, though the account between an individual bookseller and such a man as Southey may be iniquitous enough, yet I apprehend that upon the whole the account between *the trade* and the authors of Britain at large is pretty fairly balanced; and what these gentlemen gain at the expense of one class of writers, is lavished, in many cases, in bringing forward other works of little value. I do not know but this, upon the whole, is favourable to the cause of literature. A bookseller publishes twenty books, in hopes of hitting upon one good speculation, as a person buys a parcel of shares in a lottery, in hopes of gaining a prize. Thus the road is open to all; and, if the successful candidate is a little fleeced, in order to form petty prizes to console the losing adventurers, still the cause of literature is benefited, since none is excluded from the privilege of competition."

One could hardly have expected that the same hand should have written to Southey in the following terms, recommending grain to his own mill.

"I am very glad the 'Morte Arthur' is in your hands; it has been long a favourite of mine, and I intended to have made it a handsome book, in the shape of a small antique-looking quarto, with wooden vignettes of costume. I wish you would not degrade him into a squat 12mo; but admit the temptation you will probably feel to put it into the same shape with 'Palmerin and Amadis.' If on this, or any occasion, you can cast a job in the way of my friend Ballantyne, I should consider it as a particular personal favour, and the convenience would be pretty near the same to you, as all your proofs must come by post at any rate. If I can assist you about this matter, command my services."

But there is infinitely more in Scott's life that redounds to his honour than duplicity or reserve, even amid all his entanglements and harassments, which his connection with James Ballantyne induced. That person was also a man of great probity, who uniformly sustained an excellent character; while as a printer he did more for Scotland than perhaps any other ever accomplished, by improving his art to a high degree. Our extracts from the second volume of the Memoir, will therefore now, without exception, amuse, delight,

or instruct the reader. We begin with an anecdote of Mungo Park, with whom Scott became acquainted in 1804. It is one that we have often heard repeated, without knowing, however, who was the person who gave it currency at first.

"Calling one day at Fowlshiels, and not finding Park at home, Scott walked in search of him along the banks of the Yarrow, which in that neighbourhood passes over various ledges of rock, forming deep pools and eddies between them. Presently he discovered his friend standing alone on the bank, plunging one stone after another into the water, and watching anxiously the bubbles as they rose to the surface. 'This,' said Scott, 'appears but an idle amusement for one who has seen so much stirring adventure.' 'Not so idle, perhaps, as you suppose,' answered Mungo. 'This was the manner in which I used to ascertain the depth of a river in Africa before I ventured to cross it—judging whether the attempt would be safe by the time the bubbles of air took to ascend.' At this time Park's intention of a second expedition had never been revealed to Scott; but he instantly formed the opinion that these experiments on Yarrow were connected with some such purpose."

It serves also to enhance our admiration of that adventurer, to strengthen our confidence in his strange accounts, and to understand his character, when informed, that being questioned why he did not publish in his book some very remarkable accounts which he orally revealed to Scott, the answer was, "that in all cases where he had information to communicate, which he thought of importance to the public, he had stated the facts boldly, leaving it to his readers to give such credit to his statements as they might appear justly to deserve; but that he would not shock their faith, or render his travels more marvellous, by introducing circumstances which, however true, were of little or no moment, as they related solely to his own personal adventures and escapes."

Some of the notices of Scott's literary methods of dividing and employing his time are remarkable and valuable, as hints to other labourers in the same field.

"It had been his custom, whenever professional business or social engagements occupied the middle part of his day, to seize some hours for study after he was supposed to have retired to bed. His physician suggested that this was very likely to aggravate his nervous headaches, the only malady he was subject to in the prime of his manhood; and, contemplating with steady eye a course not only of unremitting but of increasing industry, he resolved to reverse his plan, and carried his purpose into execution with unflinching energy. In short, he had now adopted the habits in which, with very slender variation, he ever after persevered when in the country. He rose by five o'clock, lit his own fire when the season required one, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation—for he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcombries of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those 'bed-gown and slipper tricks,' as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his

shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner-time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor, while at least one favourite dog lay watching his eye just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast between nine and ten, he had done enough, (in his own language) '*to break the neck of the day's work.*' After breakfast a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, 'his own man.' When the weather was bad he would labour incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed over-night, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favour, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with especial brightness."

He was also a most regular as well as extensive correspondent in the matter of epistolary labour. He considered attention to those demands upon his time among the necessary business that ought to be dispatched before he had a right to close his writing-box; and in turning over his enormous mass of correspondence, Mr. Lockhart says, "I have always invariably found some indication that when a letter had remained more than a day or two unanswered, it had been so because he found occasion for inquiry, or deliberate consideration." As to some of his other habits, and particularly at the time when he was a trooper, the biographer states,—

"Scott was far too zealous a dragoon not to take a principal share in the stable duty. Before beginning his desk-work in the morning, he uniformly visited his favourite steed; and neither captain nor lieutenant, nor the lieutenant's successor, Brown Adam (so called after one of the heroes of the 'Minstrelsy'), liked to be fed except by him. The latter charger was, indeed, altogether intractable in other hands, though in his the most submissive of faithful allies. The moment he was bridled and saddled, it was the custom to open the stable door as a signal that his master expected him; when he immediately trotted to the side of the leaping-on stone, of which Scott, from his lameness, found it convenient to make use, and stood there, silent and motionless as a rock, until he was fairly in his seat, after which he displayed his joy by neighing triumphantly through a brilliant succession of curvettings. Brown Adam never suffered himself to be backed but by his master. He broke, I believe, one groom's arm, and another's leg, in the rash attempt to tamper with his dignity. Camp was, at this time, the constant parlour dog. He was very handsome, very intelligent, and naturally very fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children. As for the more locomotive Douglas and Percy, he kept one window of his study open, whatever might be the state of the weather, that they might leap out and in as the fancy moved them. He always talked to Camp as if he understood what was said; and the animal, certainly, did understand not a little of it: in particular, it seemed as if he perfectly comprehended on all occasions that his master considered

him as a sensible and steady friend—the greyhounds as volatile young creatures, whose freaks must be borne with."

In our review of the first volume, we saw that Scott lamented that his education had not been more exact and profound. There are notices here and there in the later volumes which show that he frequently dwelt with regret on the subject. Yet Mr. Lockhart thinks that he did not feel, after all, much concern about regulating systematically what is usually called education, if his conduct towards his own children might be taken as a real and practical commentary on his opinions. He seemed to attach little importance to anything else, so he could perceive that the young curiosity was excited—the intellect, by whatever springs of interest, set in motion. "He detested and despised the whole generation of modern children's books, in which the attempt is made to convey accurate notions of scientific minutiæ; delighting cordially, on the other hand, in those of the preceding age, which, addressing themselves chiefly to the imagination, obtain through it, as he believed, the best chance of stirring our graver faculties also." With all his brilliant powers, Scott's genius was ever in unison with common sense, and his views on education evidently kept company with this steady and practical guide. Let us see what was his method and bearing with regard to the daily treatment of his own offspring.

"He was not one of those who take much delight in a mere infant; but no father ever devoted more time and tender care to his offspring than he did to each of his, as they successively reached the age when they could listen to him and understand his talk. Like their mute playmates, Camp and the greyhounds, they had at all times free access to his study; he never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy; he was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or ninepins, and resume his labour as if refreshed by the interruption. From a very early age he made them dine at table, and 'to sit up to supper' was the great reward when they had been 'very good bairns.' In short, he considered it as the highest duty as well as the sweetest pleasure of a parent to be the companion of his children; he partook of all their little joys and sorrows, and made his kind unformal instructions to blend so easily and playfully with the current of their own sayings and doings, that so far from regarding him with any distant awe, it was never thought that any sport or diversion could go on in the right way, unless *papa* were of the party, or that the rainiest day could be dull so he were at home."

Scott's opinion of society in London is of a piece with his uniform good sense. He thus writes to Joanna Baillie—

"I don't believe I shall see London this great while again, which I do not very much regret, were it not that it postpones the pleasure

of seeing you and about half-a-dozen other friends. Without having any of the cant of loving retirement, and solitude, and rural pleasures, and so forth, I really have no great pleasure in the general society of London; I have never been there long enough to attempt anything like living in my own way, and the immense length of the streets separates the objects you are interested in so widely from each other, that three parts of your time are past in endeavouring to dispose of the fourth to some advantage. At Edinburgh, although in general society we are absolute mimics of London, and imitate them equally in late hours, and in the strange precipitation with which we hurry from one place to another, in search of the society which we never sit still to enjoy, yet still people may manage their own parties and motions their own way. But all this is limited to my own particular circumstances,—for in a city like London, the constant resident has beyond all other places the power of conducting himself exactly as he likes. Whether this is entirely to be wished or not may indeed be doubted. I have seldom felt myself so fastidious about books, as in the midst of a large library, where one is naturally tempted to imitate the egregious epicure who condescended to take only one bite out of the sunny side of a peach. I suspect something of scarcity is necessary to make you devour the intellectual banquet with a good relish and digestion, as we know to be the case with respect to corporeal sustenance."

This statement may be contrasted with an anecdote given on the authority of Mr. Morritt, and which throws a favourable light upon Scott's feelings and sympathy with particular circumstances in his career.

"'When we approached the village,' says the memorandum with which Mr. Morritt favours me, 'Scott, who had laid hold of my arm, turned along the road in a direction not leading to the place where the carriage was to meet us. After walking some minutes towards Edinburgh, I suggested that we were losing the scenery of the Esk, and besides, had Dalkeith Palace yet to see. 'Yes,' said he, 'and I have been bringing you where there is little enough to be seen—only that Scotch cottage (one by the road side, with a small garth,) but, though not worth looking at, I could not pass it. It was our first country house when newly married, and many a contrivance we had to make it comfortable. I made a dining-table for it with my own hands. Look at these two miserable willow-trees on either side the gate into the enclosure; they are tied together at the top to be an arch, and a cross made of two sticks over them is not yet decayed. To be sure it is not much of a lion to show a stranger; but I wanted to see it again myself, for I assure you that after I had constructed it, *mamma* (Mrs. Scott) and I both of us thought it so fine, we turned out to see it by moon-light, and walked backwards from it to the cottage door, in admiration of our own magnificence and its picturesque effect. I did want to see if it was still there—so now we will look after the barouche, and make the best of our way to Dalkeith.'"

Our last extract from the second volume contains parts of one of the most satisfactory and honest accounts that we have ever

seen concerning the Ossianic controversy. Few critics, certainly, could be more entitled to a hearing than the great Minstrel of the North. We copy two of the paragraphs on this subject, as found in a letter written to Miss Seward.

"Ossian's poems have more charms for youth than for a more advanced stage. The eternal repetition of the same ideas and imagery, however beautiful in themselves, is apt to pall upon a reader whose taste has become somewhat fastidious; and, although I agree entirely with you that the question of their authenticity ought not to be confounded with that of their literary merit, yet scepticism on that head takes away their claim for indulgence as the productions of a barbarous and remote age; and, what is perhaps more natural, it destroys that feeling of reality which we should otherwise combine with our sentiments of admiration. As for the great dispute, I should be no Scottishman if I had not very attentively considered it at some period of my studies; and, indeed, I have gone some lengths in my researches, for I have beside me translations of some twenty or thirty of the unquestioned originals of Ossian's poems. After making every allowance for the disadvantages of a literal translation, and the possible debasement which those *now* collected may have suffered in the great and violent change which the Highlands have undergone since the researches of Macpherson, I am compelled to admit that incalculably the greater part of the English Ossian must be ascribed to Macpherson himself, and that his whole introductions, notes, &c. are an absolute tissue of forgeries. * * * * * * *

"The Highland Society have lately set about investigating, or rather, I should say, collecting materials to defend, the authenticity of Ossian. Those researches have only proved that there were no real originals—using that word as is commonly understood—to be found for them. The oldest tale they have found seems to be that of Darthula; but it is perfectly different, doth in diction and story, from that of Macpherson. It is, however, a beautiful specimen of Celtic poetry, and shows that it contains much which is worthy of preservation. Indeed, how should it be otherwise, when we know that, till about fifty years ago, the Highlands contained a race of hereditary poets? Is it possible to think, that, among perhaps many hundreds, who for such a course of centuries have founded their reputation and rank on practising the art of poetry in a country where the scenery and manners gave such effect and interest and imagery to their productions, there should not have been some who attained excellence."

The third volume, which commences with Scott's *flitting* to Abbotsford in 1812, bringing the life down to the close of 1815, is perhaps, fuller of interesting materials than even its predecessor; among which, the origin of the Waverley novels, and a number of circumstances connected with these wonderful productions, are fully laid open. There are in this portion of the work, also, very many strongly characteristic points, and several interesting facts not hitherto generally, or, at least, accurately known. We, therefore, in hurrying over its chapters, must endeavour to pounce upon some

of those passages which fall under the recommendations and descriptions now given.'

The summer of 1812 was one of the busiest of Scott's busy life. Besides attending to his duties in the Court of Session five days every week for some months, he was every Saturday evening found at Abbotsford, superintending the extensive works and improvements that were going on there, and at the same time prosecuting his literary labours, Rokeby being of the number. In a letter to Mr. Morritt, he says, "As for the house and the poem, there are twelve masons hammering at the one—poor noodle at the other—so they are both in progress." And, that it may be taken in connection with several notices quoted from the preceding volume regarding his habits, we may here state, that, in the autumn of the same year, "the only parlour (the long vacation of the court extending over this season, and he residing at Abbotsford) which had been hammered into anything like habitable condition, served at once for dining-room, drawing-room, school-room, and study. A window, looking to the river, was kept sacred to his desk; an old bed curtain was nailed up across the room, close behind his chair, and there, whenever the spade, the dibble, or the chisel—for he took his full share in all the work on hand—was laid aside, he pursued his poetical tasks, apparently undisturbed and unannoyed by the surrounding confusion of masons and carpenters, to say nothing of the lady's small talk, the children's babble among themselves, or their repetition of their lessons."

We may here also call the attention of our readers to some circumstances belonging to the period now spoken of, which are illustrative of that sort of practical joking which the poet afterwards more assiduously and remarkably delighted in.

"For many years Scott had accustomed himself to proceed in the composition of poetry along with that of prose essays of various descriptions; but it is a remarkable fact that he chose this period of perpetual noise and bustle, when he had not even a summer-house to himself, for the new experiment of carrying on two poems at the same time—and this too without suspending the heavy labour of his edition of Swift, to say nothing of the various lesser matters in which the Ballantynes were, from day to day, calling for the assistance of his judgment and his pen. In the same letter in which William Erskine acknowledges the receipt of the first four pages of Rokeby, he adverts also to the Bridal of Triermain as being already in rapid progress. The fragments of this second poem, inserted in the Register of the preceding year, had attracted considerable notice; the secret of their authorship had been well kept: and by some means, even in the shrewdest circles of Edinburgh, the belief had become prevalent that they proceeded not from Scott, but from Erskine. Scott had no sooner completed his bargain as to the copyright of the unwritten Rokeby, than he resolved to pause from time to time in its composition, and weave those fragments into a shorter and lighter romance, executed

in a different metre, and to be published anonymously, in a small pocket volume, as nearly as possible on the same day with the avowed quarto. He expected great amusement from the comparisons which the critics would no doubt indulge themselves in drawing between himself and this humble candidate; and Erskine good-humouredly entered into the scheme, undertaking to do nothing which should effectually suppress the notion of his having set himself up as a modest rival to his friend. Nay, he suggested a further refinement, which in the sequel had no small share in the success of this little plot upon the sagacity of the reviewers. Having said that he much admired the opening of the first canto of Rokeby, Erskine adds, 'I shall request your *accoucheur* to send me your *little Dugald* too as he gradually makes his progress. What I have seen is delightful. You are aware how difficult it is to form any opinion of a work, the general plan of which is unknown, transmitted merely in legs and wings as they are formed and feathered. Any remarks must be of the most minute and superficial kind, confined chiefly to the language, and other such subordinate matters. I shall be very much amused if the secret is kept and the knowing ones taken in. To prevent any discovery from your prose, what think you of putting down your ideas of what the preface ought to contain, and allowing me to write it over? And perhaps a quizzing review might be concocted.'

"This last hint was welcome; and among other parts of the preface to Triermain which threw out 'the knowing ones,' certain Greek quotations interspersed in it are now accounted for. Scott, on his part, appears to have studiously interwoven into the piece allusions to personal feelings and experiences more akin to his friend's history and character than to his own; and he did so still more largely, when repeating this experiment, in the introductory parts of Harold the Dauntless."

Here are two anecdotes that are not less characteristic of the every-day manner of the man. The occasion on which they occurred was when he travelled on horseback, with his eldest boy and girl on their ponies, while Mrs. Scott followed them in the carriage, to pay a visit to Mr. Morritt at Rokeby.

"Two little incidents that diversified this ride through Northumberland have found their way into print already; but as he was fond of telling them both down to the end of his days, I must give them a place here also. Halting at Flodden to expound the field of battle to his young folks, he found that Marmion had, as might have been expected, benefited the keeper of the public-house there very largely; and the village Boniface, overflowing with gratitude, expressed his anxiety to have a *Scot's Head* for his sign-post. The poet demurred to this proposal, and assured mine host that nothing could be more appropriate than the portraiture of a foaming tankard, which already surmounted his door-way. 'Why, the painter-man has not made an ill job,' said the landlord, 'but I would fain have something more connected with the book that has brought me so much good custom.' He produced a well-thumbed copy, and handing it to the author, begged he would at least suggest a motto from the Tale of Flodden Field. Scott opened the book at the death-scene of the hero, and his eye was immediately caught by the 'inscription' in black letter—

"'Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and pray
For the kind soul of Sibyl Grey.' &c.

'Well, my friend,' said he, 'what more would you have? You need but strike out one letter in the first of these lines, and make your painter-man, the next time he comes this way, print between the jolly tankard and your own name,

"'Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and PAY.'

"Scott was delighted to find, on his return, that this suggestion had been adopted, and, for aught I know, the romantic legend may still be visible.

"The other story I shall give in the words of Mr. Gillies. 'It happened at a small country town that Scott suddenly required medical advice for one of his servants, and, on enquiring if there was any doctor at the place, was told that there were two—one long-established, and the other a new comer. The latter gentleman, being luckily found at home, soon made his appearance; a grave, sagacious-looking personage, attired in black, with a shovel hat, in whom, to his utter astonishment, Sir Walter recognised a Scotch blacksmith, who had formerly practised, with tolerable success, as a veterinary operator, in the neighbourhood of Ashestiel.—'How, in all the world!' exclaimed he, 'can it be possible that this is John Lundie?'—'In troth is it, your honour—just *a' that's for him.*'—'Well, but let us hear; you were a *horse*-doctor before; now, it seems, you are a *man*-doctor; how do you get on?'—'Ou, just extraordinar' weel; for your honour maun ken my practice is vera sure and orthodox. I depend entirely upon twa *simples.*'—'And what may their names be? Perhaps it is a secret?'—'I'll tell your honour,' in a low tone; my twa simples are just *laudamy* and *calamy.*'—'Simples with a vengeance!' replied Scott. 'But John, do you never happen to *kill* any of your patients?'—'Kill? Ou ay, may be sae! Whiles they die, and whiles no; but its the will o' Providence. *Ony how, your honour, it wad be lang before it makes up for Flodden!*'"

At this time he remained at Rokeby about a week, and according to Mr. Morritt's memorandum, the fidelity of his local description, that afterwards appeared in the well-known poem, known by the name of that gentleman's property, was not only perfect as to outline, but even down to "the peculiar little, wild flowers and herbs that accidentally grew round and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil." On this scrupulousness being observed, Scott replied, "that in nature herself no two scenes are exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas, whoever trusted to imagination, would soon find his own mind circumscribed and contracted to a few favourite images, and the repetition of these would sooner or later produce that very monotony and barrenness which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but the

patient worshippers of truth,"—thus affording one instance more of the fact that the greatest artists have been the most patient labourers, even down to the minutest attention with respect to the minutest circumstance connected with the materials they have used, or the tools with which they have worked.

In 1813, Scott's connection with the Ballantynes kept him in continual uneasiness. The demands upon him for money were incessant, and the firm was brought to the verge of insolvency. Wherever the minstrel went, and in whatever absorbing studies or engagements he might be employed, pressing and gloomy letters from Edinburgh were sure to surprise him. But what he complained of most, was the secrecy or the reserve with which he was treated, and the pain excited by the belief that the worst was never fully disclosed in these harassing communications and exorbitant demands. In a postscript to one of his letters, are these words, addressed to John Ballantyne—"For God's sake, treat me as a man, and not as a milch-cow!" Still, according to Mr. Lockhart's testimony,

"All these annoyances produced no change whatever in Scott's habits of literary industry. During these anxious months of September, October, and November, he kept feeding James Ballantyne's press, from day to day, both with the annotated text of the closing volumes of Swift's works, and with the MS. of his Life of the Dean. He had also proceeded to mature in his own mind the plan of the Lord of the Isles, and executed such a portion of the First Canto as gave him confidence to renew his negotiation with Constable for the sale of the whole, or part of its copyright. It was, moreover, at this period, that, looking into an old cabinet in search of some fishing-tackle, his eye chanced to light once more on the Ashestiel fragment of *Waverley*. He read over those introductory chapters—thought they had been undervalued—and determined to finish the story. All this while, too, he had been subjected to those interruptions from idle strangers, which, from the first to the last, imposed so heavy a tax on his celebrity; and he no doubt received such guests with all his usual urbanity of attention, Yet I was not surprised to discover among his hasty notes to the Ballantynes, several of tenour akin to the following specimen:—

Sept. 2nd. 1813.

"'My temper is really worn to a hair's breadth. The intruder of yesterday hung on me till twelve to-day. When I had just taken my pen, he was relieved, like a sentry leaving guard, by two other lounging visitors; and their post has now been supplied by some people on real business.'"

Yet "in the very agony of these perplexities, the unfortunate Maturin received from him a timely succour of 50*l*.," beside "other struggling brothers of the trade."

Scott's connection, at first, with Constable arose out of the derangement of the "Ballantynes'" affairs; and we may also add, the

Waverley Novels was a speculation that in a great measure sprung from the same pressure.

But at a date somewhat earlier than the one to which the last extract applies, an offer of the laureateship was made to Scott, which led to a correspondence and to results that deserve to be remembered. Two letters will explain the matter, together with some other particulars concerning the embarrassments of the period. Mr. Lockhart thus introduces the subject.

"'Having explained to the Duke of Buccleuch the position in which he stood—obliged either to procure some guarantee which would enable him to raise L.4000, or to sell abruptly all his remaining interest in the copyright of his works: and repeated the statement of his personal property and income, as given in the preceding letter to James Ballantyne—Scott says to his noble friend:—'I am not asking nor desiring any loan from your Grace, but merely the honour of your sanction to my credit as a good man for L.4000; and the motive of your Grace's interference would be sufficiently obvious to the London Shylocks, as your constant kindness and protection is no secret to the world. Will your Grace consider whether you can do what I propose, in conscience and safety, and favour me with your answer? I have a very flattering offer from the Prince Regent, of his own free motion, to make me poet-laureate; I am very much embarrassed by it. I am, on the one hand, afraid of giving offence where no one would willingly offend, and perhaps losing an opportunity of smoothing the way to my youngsters through life; on the other hand, the office is a ridiculous one, somehow or other—they and I should be well quizzed,—yet that I should not mind. My real feeling of reluctance lies deeper—it is, that favoured as I have been by the public, I should be considered, with some justice, I fear, as engrossing a petty emolument which might do real service to some poorer brother of the Muses. I shall be most anxious to have your Grace's advice on this subject. There seems something churlish, and perhaps conceited, in repelling a favour so handsomely offered on the part of the Sovereign's representative—and on the other hand, I feel much disposed to shake myself free from it. I should make but a bad courtier, and an ode-maker is described by Pope as a poet out of his way or out of his senses. I will find some excuse for protracting my reply till I can have the advantage of your Grace's opinion: and remain, in the meantime, very truly,

Your obliged and grateful

WALTER SCOTT.'

"'P.S.—I trust your Grace will not suppose me capable of making such a request as the enclosed, upon any idle or unnecessary speculation; but, as I stand situated, it is a matter of deep interest to me to prevent these copyrights from being disposed of either hastily or at under prices. I could have half the booksellers in London for my sureties, on a hint of a new poem; but bankers do not like people in trade, and my brains are not ready to spin another web. So your Grace must take me under your princely care, as in the days of lang syne; and I think I can say, upon the sincerity of an honest man, there is not the most distant chance of your having any trouble or expence through my means.'

"The Duke's answer was in all respects such as might have been looked for from the generous kindness and manly sense of his character.

"'*To Walter Scott, Esq., Abbotsford.*
Drumlanrig Castle, August 28th, 1813.

"'My dear sir,

"'I received yesterday your letter of the 24th. I shall with pleasure comply with your request of guaranteeing the L.4000. You must, however, furnish me with the form of a letter to this effect, as I am completely ignorant of transactions of this nature.

"'I am never willing to *offer* advice, but when my opinion is asked by a friend I am ready to give it. As to the offer of His Royal Highness, to appoint you laureate, I shall frankly say that I should be mortified to see you hold a situation which, by the general concurrence of the world, is stamped ridiculous. There is no good reason why this should be so; but so it is. *Walter Scott, Poet Laureate*, ceases to be the Walter Scott of the Lay, Marmion, &c. Any future poem of yours would not come forward with the same probability of a successful reception. The poet-laureate would stick to you and your productions like a piece of *court plaster*. Your muse has hitherto been independent—don't put her into harness. We know how lightly she trots along when left to her natural paces, but do not try driving. I would write frankly and openly to His Royal Highness, but with respectful gratitude, for he *has* paid you a compliment. I would not fear to state that you had hitherto written when in poetic mood, but feared to trammel yourself with a fixed periodical exertion; and I cannot but conceive that His Royal Highness, who has much taste, will at once see the many objections which you must have to his proposal, but which you cannot write. Only think of being chaunted and recitatived by a parcel of hoarse and squeaking choristers on a birthday, for the edification of the bishops, pages, maids of honour, and gentlemen-pensioners! Oh, horrible, thrice horrible! Yours sincerely,

BUCCLEUCH, &c.'"

Scott recommended Southey, who, as every one knows, obtained the laureateship, and still holds the office. About the same period we are now regarding, an attempt was made to levy the income-tax on the copy-right of authors, which this same labourious, perplexed, and generous man successfully resisted. We also learn, that, when in 1813, the Town-Council of Edinburgh sent a deputation to congratulate the Prince Regent on the prosperous course of public events, Scott drew up their address, which his Royal Highness acknowledged to be the "most elegant congratulation a sovereign ever received, or a subject offered." It will, however, interest the reader more to hear something concerning the first of his novels. We quote from a letter dated July, 1814, to Mr. Morritt.

"'Now to go from one important subject to another. I must account for my own laziness, which I do by referring you to a small anonymous sort of a novel, in three volumes, Waverley, which you will receive by the mail of this day. It was a very old attempt of mine to embody some traits of those characters and manners peculiar to Scotland, the last rem-

nants of which vanished during my own youth, so that few or no traces now remain. I had written great part of the first volume, and sketched other passages, when I mislaid the M.S., and only found it by the merest accident as I was rummaging the drawers of an old cabinet; and I took the fancy of finishing it, which I did so fast, that the last two volumes were written in three weeks. I had a great deal of fun in the accomplishment of this task, though I do not expect that it will be popular in the south, as much of the humour, if there be any, is local, and some of it even professional. You, however, who are an adopted Scotchman, will find some amusement in it. It has made a very strong impression here, and the good people of Edinburgh are busied in tracing the author, and in finding out originals for the portraits it contains. In the first case, they will probably find it difficult to convict the guilty author, although he is far from escaping suspicion. Jeffrey has offered to make oath that it is mine, and another great critic has tendered his affidavit *ex contrario*; so that these authorities have divided the Gude Town. However, the thing has succeeded very well, and is thought highly of. I don't know if it has got to London yet. I intend to maintain my *incognito*. Let me know your opinion about it. I should be most happy if I could think it would amuse a painful thought at this anxious moment. I was in hopes Mrs. Morritt was getting so much better that this relapse affects me very much. Ever yours truly, W. Scott.'"

Mr. Morritt in reply, and after having read the novel, expressed an earnest hope that Scott would drop his *incognito* on the appearance of a second edition. Here follows portions of the author's answer,

"'As to Waverley, I will play Sir Fretful for once, and assure you that I left the story to flag in the first volume on purpose; the second and third have rather more bustle and interest. I wished (with what success Heaven knows) to avoid the ordinary error of novel-writers, whose first volume is usually their best. But since it has served to amuse Mrs. Morritt and you *usque ab initio*, I have no doubt you will tolerate it even unto the end. It may really boast to be a tolerably faithful portrait of Scottish manners, and has been recognised as such in Edinburgh. The first edition of a thousand instantly disappeared, and the bookseller informs me that the second, of double the quantity, will not supply the market for long.

"'The hero is a sneaking piece of imbecility; and if he had married Flora, she would have set him up upon the chimney-piece, as Count Borowlaski's wife used to do with him. I am a bad hand at depicting a hero, properly so called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, buccaneers, Highland robbers, and all others of a Robin-Hood description. I do not know why it should be, as I am myself, like Hamlet, indifferent honest; but I suppose the blood of the old cattle-drivers of Teviotdale continues to stir in my veins.

"'I shall *not* own Waverley; my chief reason is, that it would prevent me of the pleasure of writing again. David Hume, nephew of the historian, says the author must be of a jacobite family and predilections, a yeoman-cavalry man, and a Scottish lawyer, and desires me to guess in whom these happy attributes are united. I shall not plead guilty, however; and, as

such seems to be the fashion of the day, I hope charitable people will believe my *affidavit* in contradiction to all other evidence. The Edinburgh faith now is, that Waverley is written by Jeffrey, having been composed to lighten the tedium of his late Transatlantic voyage. So you see the unknown infant is like to come to preferment. In truth, I am not sure it would be considered quite decorous for me, as a Clerk of Session, to write novels. Judges being monks, Clerks are a sort of lay brethren, from whom some solemnity of walk and conduct may be expected. So, whatever I may do of this kind, I shall whistle it down the wind to prey on fortune. I will take care, in the next edition, to make the corrections you recommend. The second is, I believe, nearly through the press. It will hardly be printed faster than it was written; for though the first volume was begun long ago, and actually lost for a time, yet the other two were begun and finished between the 4th June and the 1st July, during all which I attended my duty in Court, and proceeded without loss of time or hinderance of business.' "

In this volume there is a delightful diary kept by Scott of a voyage to the Shetland Isles, &c. which he made in 1814. There are also many letters to celebrated correspondents, and concerning important as well as singularly interesting topics, such as those to Byron, &c. &c. A journey to London is not less pleasantly described, or characteristic of the author; while his pilgrimage to Waterloo, and his visit to Paris, in 1815, possess attractions that cannot be surpassed, whether as regards the variety of incidents, the magnitude of the events described, or the eminent characters introduced, with whom the traveller became acquainted. We need not enumerate the various works which had their birth during the three years which the third volume of the biography embraces, nor have we space for much more of those exceedingly amusing and otherwise curious accounts respecting Scott's *incognito* as a novelist. Taking them altogether, we have felt, in going through this portion of the Memoir, a pleasure more akin to that which we experienced on the appearance of every new contribution to these matchless tales, than on any former occasion or revival of recollections, since their first announcement and publication. Before hurrying forward, however, to some notices connected with Scott's visit to the Continent in 1815, it may be stated as a proof of the wonderful fertility of his genius, that "Guy Mannering," was published exactly two months after the "Lord of the Isles." and according to Mr. Lockhart's calculation, was the work of six weeks at a Christmas, and, continues he, "I am sorry to have to add, that this severity of labour, like the repetition of it which had such deplorable effects at a later period of his life, was the result of his anxiety to acquit himself of obligations arising out of his connection with the commercial speculations of the Ballantynes."

From these statements we may reasonably suppose that the Novelist seldom did more than write out in one rough and ready

copy the fruit of his brain. It may also be presumed, especially by those who have had an opportunity of listening to him for any length of time, when perfectly at his ease, and giving scope to his conversational and anecdotical powers, that less of that freedom and flow which filled and encompassed him when once he got warmed with his subject, would have attended longer labour, and more anxious invention. His head and heart were fully stored, and he only required physical strength, and abundance of good spirits, to do justice to himself.

We cannot well leave England for the Continent, however, without bringing the Prince Regent and Scott together, and for one reason besides several others, each of which will interest the reader,—the special reason having reference to an injurious report that long prevailed about the Prince's asking the Novelist as to the authorship of Waverley.

"On hearing from Mr Croker (then Secretary to the Admiralty) that Scott was to be in town by the middle of March, the Prince said—'Let me know when he comes, and I'll get up a snug little dinner that will suit him?' and, after he had been presented and graciously received at the *levee*, he was invited to dinner accordingly, through his excellent friend Mr Adam (now Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland), who at that time held a confidential office in the royal household. The Regent had consulted with Mr Adam also as to the composition of the party. 'Let us have,' said he, 'just a few friends of his own—and the more Scotch the better;' and both the Chief Commissioner and Mr Croker assure me that the party was the most interesting and agreeable one in their recollection. It comprised, I believe, the Duke of York—the late Duke of Gordon (then Marquess of Huntly)—the Marquess of Hertford (then Lord Yarmouth)—the Earl of Fife—and Scott's early friend, Lord Melville. 'The Prince and Scott,' says Mr Croker, 'were the two most brilliant story-tellers in their several ways, that I have ever happened to meet; they were both aware of their *forte*, and both exerted themselves that evening with delightful effect. On going home, I really could not decide which of them had shone the most. The Regent was enchanted with Scott, as Scott with him; and on all his subsequent visits to London, he was a frequent guest at the royal table.' The Lord Chief Commissioner remembers that the Prince was particularly delighted with the poet's anecdotes of the old Scotch judges and lawyers, which his Royal Highness, sometimes *capped* by ludicrous traits of certain ermined sages of his own acquaintance. Scott told, among others, a story, which he was fond of telling, of his old friend the Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield; and the commentary of his Royal Highness on hearing it amused Scott, who often mentioned it afterwards. The anecdote is this:—Braxfield, whenever he went on a particular circuit, was in the habit of visiting a gentleman of good fortune in the neighbourhood of one of the assize towns, and staying at least one night, which, being both of them ardent chess-players, they usually concluded with their favourite game. One Spring circuit the battle was not decided at daybreak, so the Justice-

Clerk said,—'Weel, Donald, I must e'en come back this gate in the harvest, and let the game lie ower for the present;' and back he came in October, but not to his old friend's hospitable house; for that gentleman had, in the interim, been apprehended on a capital charge (of forgery), and his name stood on the *Porteous Roll*, or list of those who were about to be tried under his former guest's auspices. The laird was indicted and tried accordingly, and the jury returned a verdict of *guilty*. Braxfield forthwith put on his cocked hat (which answers to the black cap in England), and pronounced the sentence of the law in the usual terms —'To be hanged by the neck until you be dead; and may the Lord have mercy upon your unhappy soul!' Having concluded this awful formula in his most sonorous cadence, Braxfield, dismounting his formidable beaver, gave a familiar nod to his unfortunate acquaintance, and said to him, in a sort of chuckling whisper—'And now, Donald, my man, I think I've chekmated you for ance.' The Regent laughed heartily at this specimen of Macqueen's brutal humour; and 'I'faith, Walter,' said he, 'this old big-wig seems to have taken things as cooly as my tyrannical self. Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast—

"'The table spread with tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post?'"

"Towards midnight, the Prince called for 'a bumper, with all the honours, to the Author of Waverley,' and looked significantly, as he was charging his own glass, to Scott. Scott seemed somewhat puzzled for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, and filling his glass to the brim, said, 'Your royal highness looks as if you thought I had some claim to the honours of this toast: I have no such pretensions, but shall take good care that the real Simon Pure hears of the high compliment that has now been paid him.' He then drank off his claret, and joined with a stentorian voice in the cheering, which the Prince himself timed. But before the company could resume their seats, his Royal Highness exclaimed, 'Another of the same, if you please, to the Author of Marmion —and now, Walter, my man, I have check-mated you for *ance*." The second bumper was followed by cheers still more prolonged: and Scott then rose and returned thanks in a short address, which struck the Lord Chief Commissioner as 'alike grave and graceful.' This story has been circulated in a very perverted shape. I now give it on the authority of my venerated friend, who was—unlike, perhaps, some others of the company at that hour—able to hear accurately, and content to *see single*. —He adds, that having occasion, the day after, to call on the Duke of York, his Royal Highness said to him—'upon my word, Adam, my brother went rather too near the wind about Waverley—but nobody could have turned the thing more prettily than Walter Scott did—and upon the whole I never had better fun.'

"The Regent, as was his custom with those he most delighted to honour, uniformly addressed the poet, even at their first dinner, by his Christian name, 'Walter.'"

Now for one or two anecdotes of Scott at Paris. Many of our readers must remember "Paul's Letter's to his Kinsfolk," and by

whom, as well as of whom, and from what places they were written. Of one of these letters Mr. Lockhart says—

"'Paul' modestly acknowledges, in his last letter, the personal attentions which he received while in Paris, from Lords Cathcart, Aberdeen and Castlereagh; and hints that, through their intervention, he had witnessed several of the splended *fêtes* given by the Duke of Wellington, where he saw half the crowned heads of Europe grouped among the gallant soldiers who had cut a way for them to the guilty capital of France. Scott's reception, however, had been distinguished to a degree of which Paul's language gives no notion. The noble lords above-named welcomed him with cordial satisfaction; and the Duke of Wellington, to whom he was first presented by Sir John Malcolm, treated him then, and ever afterwards, with a kindness and confidence, which, I have often heard him say, he considered as 'the highest distinction of his life.' He used to tell, with great effect, the circumstances of his introduction to the Emperor Alexander, at a dinner given by the Earl of Cathcart. Scott appeared, on that occasion, in the blue and red dress of the Selkirkshire Lieutenancy; and the Czar's first question, glancing at his lameness, was, 'In what affair were you wounded?' Scott signified that he suffered from a natural infirmity; upon which the Emperor said, 'I thought Lord Cathcart mentioned that you had served.' Scott observed that the Earl looked a little embarrassed at this, and promptly answered, 'O, yes; in a certain sense I have served—that is, in the yeomanry cavalry; a home force resembling the Landwehr, or Landsturm.'—'Under what commander?'—'Sous M. le Chevalier Rae.'—'Were you ever engaged?'—'In some slight actions—such as the battle of the Cross Causeway and the affair of Moredun-Mill,"—'This,' says Mr. Pringle of Whytbank, 'was, as he saw in Lord Cathcart's face, quite sufficient, so he managed to turn the conversation to some other subject.' It was at the same dinner that he first met Platoff, who seemed to take a great fancy to him, though, adds my friend, 'I really don't think they had any common language to converse in.' Next day, however, when Pringle and Scott were walking together in the Rue de la Paix, the Hetman happened to come up, cantering with some of his Cossacks; as soon as he saw Scott, he jumped off his horse, leaving it to the Pulk, and, running up to him, kissed him on each side of the cheek with extraordinary demonstrations of affection—and then made him understand, through an aid-de-camp, that he wished him to join his staff at the next great review, when he would take care to mount him on the gentlest of his Ukraine horses. So mounted, accordingly, he witnessed the closing *spectacle* on the *Champ de Mars*.

"It will seem less surprising that Scott should have been honoured with much attention by the leading soldiers and statesmen of Germany then in Paris. The fame of his poetry had already been established for some years in that country. Yet it may be doubted whether Blücher had heard of Marmion any more than Platoff; and old Blücher struck Scott's fellow-travellers as taking more interest in him than any foreign general, except only the Hetman.

"Among the gay parties of this festive period, Scott mentioned with special pleasure one fine day given to an excursion to Ermenonville, under

the auspices of Lady Castlereagh. The company was a large one, including most of the distinguished personages whom I have been naming, and they dined *al fresco* among the scenes of Rousseau's retirement, but in a fashion less accordant with the spirit of his *réveries d'un promeneur solitaire*, than with the song which commemorates some earlier tenants of that delicious valley—

"'La belle Gabrielle,
Etoit dans ces lieux—
Et le souvenir d'elle
Nous rend heureux,' &c.

"At some stage of this merry day's proceedings, the ladies got tired of walking, and one of Lord Castlereagh's young diplomatists was despatched into a village in quest of donkeys for their accommodation. The *attaché* returned by and by with a face of disappointment, complaining that the charge the people made was so extravagant, he could not think of yielding to the extortion. '*Marshal Forwards*' said nothing, but nodded to an aid-de-camp. They had passed a Prussian picket a little while before;—three times the requisite number of donkeys appeared presently, driven before half a dozen hussars, who were followed by the screaming population of the refractory hamlet; and 'an angry man was Blücher,' said Scott, 'when Lord Castlereagh condescended to go among them, all smiles, and sent them back with more Napoleons than perhaps the fee-simple of the whole stud was worth.'"

Few men, and but very few authors, ever obtained the distinguished patronage and friendship which Scott for many years enjoyed, and in various countries. Few or none ever bequeathed, whether we consider his virtues, his talents, or his works, more abundant and noble materials for biography. No man could so well fulfil the office of his biographer as his son-in-law. And with undiminished, yea, increasing expectations, do we look for the appearance of the succeeding volumes of the work; earnestly and affectionately hoping that the author's great family bereavement, which has so lately happened, may not infringe upon the sacred and important duties belonging to the present task.

ART. III.—*England; with Sketches of Society in the Metropolis.* By J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1837.

THERE is always entertainment, and generally instruction as well as reproof, to be found in a stranger's or foreigner's account of our country, and people. When that stranger happens to be a man of mark, or possessed of an original and penetrating mind, the interest and advantages to be derived from his strictures are redoubled: especially if such a gifted or celebrated person be an American; because the citizens of the United States are not only our own immediate brethren, who obtain and have a right to the sympathies of

a kindred family on the part of Englishmen, but because the peculiar differential qualities existing between the two nations render the opinions of the one regarding the other eminently curious and valuable. We hold that the very fact of their near relationship, but, at the same time dissimilarity, while nice and subtile is the source of shades of opinion that lend to the descriptions and views of their mutual censors an extraordinary character. Never, we venture to assert, did this mode of estimating an American writer's sketches of England and Englishmen, more suitably apply than in the case of Fenimore Cooper's volumes now before us. All the world knows that he is a close, a searching observer, who expresses his feelings and conclusions nervously and fearlessly. Most of our readers must also be aware that he is excessively jealous and sensitive in reference to this country as compared with America, and that he seems to live in daily and nightly fear of the encroachments of the former, and of the renown and safety of the latter. These sensitive and silly prejudices we have seen the American Scott give expression to, more offensively than in the present work. Still there is not a chapter or letter in the whole that does not betray excessive prejudice of the character now indicated. If he cannot find a fault on any point with England, he is sure to make one. Somehow he has got it into his head that—perhaps by reading Hall, Trollope, and Fanny Kemble's libels—the English people, one and all, entertain an unmitigated hatred of the Americans; nay, that till very lately the British Government have meditated the conquest of the United States, and that our diplomatists, and the whole nation, when no longer hopeful of being able to carry out such a measure, systematically vilify, by word and action, the nation to which he belongs. We have had occasion before now to notice this morbid and foolish frailty of Cooper's; but really, it ought to be characterised by some name more stringent and chastising than that of foolishness or frailty; for does it not tend to create and to keep alive the very error that it aims to stigmatise, and does not the novelist, through the potency of his name, and by the vigour of his talent, add fuel to heat the very gross engine he affects to dislodge and disable. It legitimately follows from the spirit manifested in these volumes, that do what Englishmen will to such men as the author, offence is sure to be taken. If he is treated with consideration in this country, it is set down to policy or politeness, as if, by its very showing, it required an effort to disguise the little respect that the party so treating him feels on the occasion. On the other hand if he meets only with the notice which an Englishman of his rank and name should ordinarily experience, he is as testy and querulous as a spoiled child. All this, and much that is akin to it, we regret, not only because of the injury which the feeling and the practice help to propagate and perpetuate, but on account of the fame of the scan-

dalised and the scandalisers in the matter of national relationship, and of the wound which is thus prepared for the writer's own character. We must now, however, proceed to present some specimens from which the spirit and the merits of the work may be plainly understood; and from which it will be felt, that while he is credulous and irritable in the extreme, he is also observant, critical, and corrective in no ordinary degree. Unlike some American tourists, when in this country, such as the "Penciler," Mr. Cooper is the very opposite of a toad-eater. But at the same time, his very sensitiveness and dread about English feelings and representations on American subjects must be construed as the highest and most unexceptionable proof of his deference towards the opinions and modes of action in vogue in Great Britain.

It was in 1828 that Mr. Cooper gathered the particulars that occupy these volumes; and while some of his prognostications, if set down as they occurred to him at that time, evince are markable degree of sagacity and accuracy of foresight, others, as might be expected of such a decided and candid prophet, show that he is not infallible. We may also remark, that though the work consists of chapters which assume the form and designation of letters, they are such only in name and fashion; because, while they want the ease and frankness of confidential epistolary communications, they exhibit the study that is ordinarily bestowed on formal disquisitions, and all the symptoms of having been composed under the permanent feeling that they were to face the public. It will, however, be seen from our extracts, that the essayist had peculiar and abundant opportunities of judging of many of the most important events, as well as most noted personages that distinguished the history of England during his sojourn here; and that while he avoids any thing like the gossiping of a spy or a tale-bearer, he utters his sentiments with an undisguised honesty which ought to be imitated both in America and in England, far more extensively than hitherto has been done.

When Mr. Cooper left Paris for London, he was told, "you are going from a town where there is little company and much society, to one where there is no society and much company." It does not seem, however, that his experience verified the prediction; and he admits, besides, that "in no country has he ever been as well treated as in England, not even in his own." We must now let him explain what were some of the occasions and persons that led him to pronounce this general opinion. Before leaving Paris, the Hon. William Spencer gave the author a list of persons upon whom he recommended him to call, and afterwards wrote letters to most of them, which, together with his own fame, procured for him a number of distinguished acquaintances. The first English visitor out of his own American circle was the author of "Caleb Williams," who is described as having been "a quiet little old man," about five feet

high, but of a solid and heavy frame. His head, however, was fine, his countenance benevolent, and his colour fresh. Observing that Mr. Cooper regarded him with some degree of inquisitiveness, he readily announced himself, by saying—

"'I am Mr. Godwin. I knew your father when he lived in England; and hearing that you were in London, I have come, without ceremony, to see you.' After expressing my gratification at having made his acquaintance on any terms, I gave him to understand there was some mistake, as my father had never been out of America. This led to an explanation; when he took his seat and we began to chat. He was curious to hear something of American literature, which I have since discovered is very little known in England. He wished to learn, in particular, if we had any poets; 'I have seen something of Dwight's, and Humphrey's and Barlow's,' he said, 'but I cannot say that either pleased me much.' I laughed, and told him we could do better than that now. He begged me to recite something—a single verse, if possible. He could not have applied to a worse person, for my memory barely suffices to remember facts, of which I trust it is sufficiently tenacious, but I never could make any thing of a quotation. As he betrayed a childish eagerness to hear even half-a-dozen lines, I attempted something of Bryants' and a little of 'Alnwick Castle,' which pretty much exhausted my whole stock. I was amused at the simplicity with which he betrayed the little reverence he felt for our national intellect; for it was quite apparent he thought 'nothing good could come out of Nazareth.'

"Mr. Godwin sat with me an hour; and the whole time the conversation was about America, her prospects, her literature, and her politics. It was not possible to believe that he entertained a favourable opinion of the country, notwithstanding the liberal tendency of his writings; for prejudice, blended with a few shrewd and judicious remarks, peeped out of all his notions. He had almost a rustic simplicity of manner, that, I think, must be as much attributed to the humble sphere of life in which he had lived as to character; for the portion of his deportment which was not awkward seemed to be the result of mind, while the remainder might easily enough be traced to want of familiarity with life. At least, so both struck me; and I can only give you my impressions. As Mr. Godwin has long enjoyed a great reputation, and the English of rank are in the habit of courting men of letters, (though certainly in a way peculiar to themselves,) I can only suppose that the tendency of his writings, which is not favourable to aristocracy, has prevented him from enjoying the usual advantages of men of celebrity."

In this, and many other passages, the observer is not only critical, but apt to cavil at presumed opinions and feelings, in a manner that looks as if he had constantly been on the watch to discover some cause for quarrelling with England in relation to America. The constancy too with which he strives to elevate the latter, when contrasted with the former, is not less observant. Indeed, the circumstance of his having had to yield precedence on certain occasions to a lord ruffles him not a little; and the period when Congress shall

send a fleet of thirty sail of the line to our seas, to remedy such offences, is regarded by him with complacent anticipation. We wonder that a man of Mr. Cooper's literary habits, and knowledge of the world, could allow himself to be annoyed by these childish jealousies, or to think that the majority of Englishmen are conscious of any feelings or interests that could give rise to them. But be this as it may, such is the transatlantic novelist's persuasion, gathered from all he saw in England, or rather in London and its immediate vicinity, which, with his journey from Dover, was all that he had to judge by.

To our country cousins who have never visited the "Great Metropolis," as well as to the Americans, the following sketch of London streets, the crowds, carriages, and coach-horses, may be taken as a true picture.

"When we arrived here from Paris, I was disposed to deny that the streets of London were as crowded as it is usual to pretend. My opinion was formed too soon. What was then true is so no longer. London, or rather Westminster, in the height of the season, and Westminster out of the season, so far as the movement in the streets is concerned, are not the same town. When I was here in 1826, I saw no essential difference between Regent Street and Broadway, as regards the crowd: but now, that we have passed the Easter holydays, every one appears to be at his post; and, so far from having ever seen anywhere else the crowds of people, the display of rich equipages, the incessant and grand movement that adorn and bewilder the streets of London, I had never even pictured such in my imagination. They who have not been here at this season of the year, know nothing of the place. There is a part of the day, between one and six, when it is actually a matter of risk for a pedestrian to cross the street. I live near Piccadilly, which is not wider than Broadway, if quite as wide, and I have occasion to cross it frequently. You know I am no laggard, and am not deficient in activity; and yet I find it convenient to make my first run towards a stand of coaches in the middle of the street, protected by which I take a fresh departure for the other side. Regent Street is still worse; and there is a place at Charing Cross that would be nearly impracticable, but for a statue of Charles the Second, which makes a capital lee for one on foot. As for Broadway and its pretended throng, I have been in the current of coaches in what is called the City here for an hour at a time, when the whole distance was made through a jam as close as any you have ever seen in that street for the space of a hundred yards. Broadway will compare with the more crowded streets of London, much as Chestnut Street will compare with Broadway.

"I frequently stop and look about me in wonder, distrusting my eyes, at the exhibition of wealth and luxury that is concentrated in such narrow limits. Our horses have none of the grand movement that the cattle are trained to in Europe generally; and these of London seem, as they dash furiously along, as if they were trampling the earth under their feet. They are taught a high carriage; and as they are usually animals of great size as well as fleetness, their approach is sometimes terrific. By fleet-

ness, however, I do not mean that you, as a Queen's county man, and who come of a sporting stock, would consider them as doing a thing 'in time,' but merely the fleetness of a coach-horse. As to foot, I have little doubt that we can match England any day. I think we could show as good a stock of roadsters, both for draught and the saddle; but we appear to want the breed of the English carriage-horse; or if we possess it at all, it is crossed, dwindled, and inferior.

"The English coachmen do not rein in the heads of their cattle towards each other, as is practised with us, but each animal carries himself perfectly straight and in a line parallel to the pole. I found this unpleasant to the eye at first, but it is certainly more rational than the other mode, and by the aid of reason and use I am fast losing my dislike. The horses travel easier and wider in this way than in any other, and when one gets accustomed to it I am far from certain the action does not appear nobler. The superiority of the English carriages is equal to that of their horses."

Mr. Cooper sketches in this vigorous style many of those things both general and particular which fell under his observation, and whenever America is not in the balance or his own dignity, we should say that his outlines and colourings are faithful and accurate. There are numerous descriptions of individuals whom he met, and of private parties to which he was invited. But in these he manages to avoid providing fare for scandalmongers, or those who wish to have set before them family or personal disclosures. We must now present some specimens of these sketches of life. Here is a full-length drawing of a late premier.

"Some favourable accidents have thrown me lately, more than I had a right to expect in the circumstances under which I have visited England, into the society of the leading Whigs. At dinner at Lord Grey's, I have met Lord Holland, Lord Lauderdale, Lord John Russell, Lord Duncannon, Lord Althorp, Lord Durham, and many men of less note, though all of the same way of thinking. Were it permitted to relate what passes when one is admitted within the doors of a private house, I could amuse you, beyond a question, by repeating the conversation and remarks of men of whom it is matter of interest to learn anything authentic; but neither of us has been educated in a gossiping school. Still, without violating propriety, I may give you some notions of my distinguished host.

"Lord Grey, notwithstanding his years, for he is no longer young, retains much of the lightness and grace of a young man, in his form. He is tall, well-proportioned, and I should think had once been sufficiently athletic; and there is an expression of suavity and kindness in his face that report had not prepared me to see. He struck me as being as little of an actor in society as any public man I have ever seen. Simple and well-bred such a man could hardly escape being, but in Lord Grey's simplicity there is a nature one does not always meet. He is not exactly as playful as Lord Holland, who seems to be all *bonhommie*, but he sits and smiles at the sallies of those around him as if he thoroughly enjoyed them. I thought him the man of the most character of his set; though he betrayed it quietly, naturally, and, as it were, as if he could not help

it. The tone of his mind and of his deportment was masculine. I find that the English look upon this statesman with a little social awe; but I have now met him several times, and have dined twice with him at his own table, and so far from seeing, or rather *feeling*, any grounds for such a notion, I have been in the company of no distinguished man in Europe, so much my senior, with whom I have felt myself more at ease, or who has appeared to me better to understand the rights of all in a drawing-room. I can safely say that his house is one of the very few in England in which something has not occurred to make me feel that I was not only a foreigner, but *an American*. Lord Grey expressed no surprise that I spoke English: he spared me explanations of a hundred things that are quite as well understood with us as they are here, manifested liberality of sentiment without parade, and on all occasions acted and expressed himself precisely as if he never thought at all of national differences. His company was uniformly good, and as it was generally composed of men of rank, perhaps I fared all the better for the circumstance. *Castes* have a tendency to depress all but the privileged, and the losers are a little apt to betray the 'beggar on horseback' disposition, when they catch one whom they can patronize or play upon. There was not the least of this about the manner of Lord Grey."

Mr. Cooper is very ready at turning incidents, that to a common observer, or to an Englishman, might pass unnoticed to good account, and is frequently happy in the criticisms or remarks, of which he makes them the text. Thus, at Holland House, he says;—

"During dinner, as the stranger, I had the honour of a seat next to Lady Holland. She offered me a plate of herrings between the courses. Being in conversation at the moment, I declined it, as I should not have done, according to strict etiquette, especially as it was offered by the mistress of the house. But my rule is the modern one of pleasing one's self on such occasion; besides, I never suspected the magnitude of the interest involved in the affair. 'You do not know what you say,' she good-humouredly added, 'they are Dutch.' I believe I stared at this, coming as it did from the mistress of a table so simply elegant and so *recherchée*. 'Dutch!' I involuntarily repeated, though I believe I looked at the same as if it was a herring after all. 'Certainly, we can only get them through an ambassador.' What a luxury would a potato become, if we could contrive to make it contraband! I shall hold a Dutch herring in greater respect as long as I live. Unluckily there is nothing prohibited in America, and it is a capital oversight in graduating our comforts, it is such a pleasure to sin! I believe I got out of the difficulty by saying there were too many good things of native production, to require a voyage to Holland on my account. Still I frankly avow I ought to have eaten one, even to the fins and tail. From such feeling as this, has probably come the old saying of 'fish, flesh, and red-herring.' There a thousand things in life which will not stand the test of philosophical inquiry, but on which no small part of our daily enjoyments depend. I have mentioned this little anecdote, not because it is particularly pertinent to the house in which I was dining, which would be particularly impertinent in me, but,

because I think it illustrative of a principle that pervades the whole structure of English society. Things appear to me to be more than usually estimated here, by the difficulty there may be in attaining them, and less than usual by their intrinsic value. In citing such examples, one is always obliged to keep a salvo for poor human nature (and why Æsop made the animal in the manger a dog, I never could discover); but, apart from this, England is singularly a begrudging country. Every thing is appreciated by its price. They have an expression always in their mouths that is pregnant of meaning, and which I fancy was never heard anywhere else. They say a thing is 'ridiculously cheap.' Now when one becomes ridiculous from buying a thing at a low price, common sense is in a bad way. This is one of the weaknesses of man from which we are more than usually exempt, and I believe that with us, free trade may boast of having done more on this point than on any other. I was asked by the mistress of this house where I had learned to speak so good English: this surprising me quite as much as the herring! The old nobleman I have mentioned, had the civility to offer to take me to town in his chariot; and I was safely deposited in St. James's Place, about ten. As Lord Holland is a man of mark, it may be well if I add that he had an air of great benevolence, and that there were much nature and *bonhommie* in his manner. I thought his feeling towards America kind, and his disposition to speak of it stronger than usual. His wife is possessed of some property in New York, and he complained a little of the squatters; the land, he told me, lying on the Genessee, in Connecticut. You may judge from this single circumstance how much attention we attract, when a man made this mistake about his own property. The day may not be distant when lands in either Connecticut, or New York, will more avail his heir than the lawn before Holland House. Reform must move fast in England, or it will be overtaken by revolution. Sir James M'Intosh pithily observed, that he supposed 'there was about the same danger of finding a squatter in Connecticut, as there would be of finding one in the county of Kent.' He is the only man I have yet met in England who appears to have any clear and defined notions of us. They will not acquire this knowledge, simply because they do not wish to acquire it, until we bear hard on some of their interests, political or pecuniary, and then light will pour in upon them in a flood, as the sun succeeds the dawn. That day is not distant. After the herring, and before the dessert, a page, attired in a very suspicious manner, entered with a regular censer, such as is used before the altar, smoking with frankincense, and, swinging it about, he perfumed the room. I thought this savoured a little of 'Protestant emancipation.'"

Of a piece with the above may be given a much shorter quotation.

"A dozen noblemen may have laid their own patrician hands on my knocker, within a fortnight. As I use the dining-room to write in, I am within fifteen feet of the street door, and no favour of this sort escapes my ears. Ridiculous as it may seem, there is a species of etiquette established, by which a peer shall knock louder than a commoner! I do not mean to tell you that parliament has passed a law to that effect, but I

do mean to say, that so accurate has my ear become, that I know a lord by his knock, as one would know Velluti by his touch, Now a loud knock may be sometimes useful as a hint to a loitering servant, but it was a queer thought to make it a test of station."

Our author has nicely marked the separation that exists in this country between certain castes and professionals—as between a physician and a churchman. We may here appropriately quote as connected with this nicety of discrimination what he says of English gentlemen.

"The English gentlemen have the merits of courage, manliness, intelligence, and manners. Their morals are overrated, except as to the vices which are connected with meanness. Perhaps there is less of the latter than is commonly found in countries where the upper classes are more directly under the influence of courts; but even of this there is much, very much, more than it is common to believe in America. As between the English and ourselves, I honestly think we have the advantage of them on this point. They are our superiors in manners and in intelligence; they are our superiors in all that manliness which is dependent on opinion; but certainly I have known things practised, and that pretty openly, in connexion with interest, by men of condition here, which could not well be done by a gentleman with us without losing *caste*. In the Northern States we have very few families whose sons would now hesitate about embarking in commerce, at need; and this of itself is a great outlet (as well as an inlet) for the vices of a pecuniary nature. The prejudices connected with this one subject are the cause of half the meannesses of Europe. The man who would hesitate about suffering his name to appear in a commercial firm, would pass his life in a commission of meannesses, not to say crimes, that should put him to the ban of society. This feeling is daily becoming weaker in England, but it is still strong. Men of family scarcely ever engage *openly* in commerce, though they often do things *covertly*, which, besides possessing the taint of trade, have not the redeeming merit of even its equivocal ethics. To them the Army, Navy, and Church and Government patronage, are almost the only resources. The latter facts have given rise to two of the most odious of the practical abuses of the present system. A few occasionally appear at the bar, but more as criminals than as advocates. The profession is admitted within the pale of society, as it opens the way to Peerage and to Parliament; but it requires too much labour and talents to be in favour. A physician in England ranks higher, professionally, than almost anywhere else; but he is scarcely considered an equal in the higher set. The younger sons of Peers enter all the professions but that of medicine; but I never heard of one who chose to be a doctor. A curate may become Archbishop of Canterbury, but a physician can merely hope to reach a baronetcy, a dignity little coveted. Like our 'Honourables' and 'Colonels,' it is not in vogue with the higher classes. I cannot better illustrate the state of feeling here, in relation to these minor titles, than by our own in relation to the appellations named, which are of much account in certain sets; but which it is thought bad taste to bandy among gentlemen."

While quoting from some of those portions of these volumes where the author deals in comparisons and contrasts, it will be acceptable to our fair readers, as well as to all those lords of the creation, who, either love or are loved by the fair, to hear what such a painter has to tell of English beauty.

"The English female face is essentially the same as the American, though national peculiarities are to be observed in both. It is a delicate office to decide on the comparative personal charms of the sex in different communities; but as you and I are both beyond the hopes and fears of the young, on this point, a passing word is no more than a tribute due to the incontestible claims of both. Were it not for the females of Rome, I should say that the women of England and America might bear away the palm from all other competitors, on the score of personal charms, so far as we are familiarly acquainted with the rest of the world. There is a softness, an innocence, a feminine sweetness, an expression of the womanly virtues, in the Anglo-Saxon female countenance, that is met with only as an exception in the rest of Christendom. 'As between the English and American divisions of this common race, I think one may trace a few general points of difference. The English female has the advantage in the bust, shoulders, and throat. She has usually more colour, and, on the whole, more *delicacy* of complexion. The American is superior in general delicacy of outline, as well as in complexion; she has a better person, bust and shoulders excepted, and smaller hands and feet. Those who pretend to know much on this subject and to make critical comparisons, say that it is usual to see most truly *beautiful* women in England and most *pretty* women in America.

"Real beauty is an exception everywhere; and it must be remembered how much easier it is to find exceptions in a crowded population, than in one scattered over a surface as large as a third of Europe. Of one thing I am certain, *disagreeable* features are less frequently met among the native females of America than among any other people I have visited. I must hesitate as to the points of *beauty* and *prettiness*, for, judging, merely by what one would see in London and New York I think there is truth in the distinction. The English women appear better in high dress, the Americans in demi-toilettes. One other distinction, and I shall quit the subject. I have remarked that faces here, which appear well in the distance, often fail in some necessary *finesse* or delicacy when closer; and I should say, as a rule, that the American female, certainly the American girl, will bear the test of examination better than her European rival. I do not mean by this, however, under a fierce sun, that direful enemy of soft eyes,—for there is scarcely such a thing as a bright sun, or what we should call one, known in England."

There are many amusing anecdotes in these volumes; we select two.

"A Scotch officer, of no very extraordinary merit, but who had risen to high employments by personal assiduity and the arts of a courtier, was in the presence of George III. at Windsor, in company with one or two others, at a moment when ceremony was banished. That simple-minded and well-meaning monarch was a little apt to admit of tangents in the dis-

course, and he suddenly exclaimed, 'D——, it appears to me that you and I are just of a height: let's measure—let's measure.' The general placed his back to that of the king: but, instead of submitting to the process of measurement, he kept moving his head in a way to prevent it. Another tangent drew the king off, and he left the room. 'Why did'nt you stand still and let him measure, D——?' asked a looker on: 'you kept bobbing your head so, he could do nothing.' 'Well, I did'nt know whether he wanted to be taller or shorter!'"

We believe the next is as descriptive of the great Captain, as the former is of Scotchmen.

"I heard an anecdote the other day of this sovereign (George IV.) which shows he can at least bear contradiction, and that on a point on which the nation itself is rather sensitive. The Duke of Wellington made one of his guests at dinner, and the conversation is said to have turned on the different armies of Europe! 'I think it must be generally conceded,' observed the King, 'that the British cavalry is the best in Europe: is it not, Arthur?'—for he is said to have the affectation of calling the great man by his Christian name, by way of *illustrating himself*, it is to be supposed. 'The French is very good, Sir,' was the answer of a man who had seen a service very different from that which figures in histories, novels and gazettes. 'I allow that the French cavalry is good, but I say that our own is better.' 'The French cavalry is very good, Sir.'—'I do not deny it; but is not ours better?' 'The French cavalry is *very* good, Sir.' 'Well, I suppose I must knock under, since Arthur will have it so.' You are to remember that practical men say the French cavalry is the best of modern times. Had this anecdote come from a *laquais de place*, I should not have mentioned it."

We are not cognizant of what many practical men say on the subject; but we can assure our readers, that Mr. Cooper is glad to have an opportunity to insinuate or utter broadly anything that will tend to disparage England and Englishmen, still, we confess, that while in these volumes much of their lighter matter is amusing, striking, and suggestive of improvement, there is in his graver passages a great deal that is impressive, and calculated to expose error, as well as to chastise folly. Our only remaining extract should be daily read in many an English family.

"The question is often asked, in what do the poor of England suffer more than the poor of any other country? I am not sufficiently versed in the details connected with the subject to speak with authority, but I can give you the impressions received as a looker-on.

"In comparing the misery of England with that of the Continent of Europe, one must remember the great difference of climate. A man suffers less at Naples, without a coat or a fire, and with three *grani* for his daily pittance, than is undergone in England beneath woollen, with ten *grani* to furnish the 'ways and means.' These facts make a great moral difference in favour of England, when we come to consider the merits of systems, though the physical consequences may be against her.

"The poor of this country appear to me to be over-worked. They have

little or no time for relaxation; and, instead of exhibiting that frank manly cheerfulness and heartiness of feeling that have been so much extolled, they appear sullen, discontented, and distrustful. There is far less confidence and sympathy between classes than I had expected to see; for, although a good understanding may exist between the great landholder and the affluent yeoman who pays him rent and farms the soil, the social chain appears to be broken between those below the latter and their superiors. I do not mean that the rich are obdurate to the sufferings of the poor, but that the artificial condition of the country has choked the ordinary channels of sympathy, and that the latter, when known at all, are known only as the *poor*. They are the objects of duties, rather than fellow-creatures living constantly within the influence of all the charities, including those of communion and rights, as well as those which are exhibited in donations.

"There is one large class of beings in England whose condition I should think less enviable than that of Asiatic slaves. I allude to the female servants of all-work in the families of those who keep lodging-houses, tradesmen, and other small housekeepers. These poor creatures have an air of dogged, sullen misery, that I have never seen equalled in any other class of human beings, not even excepting the beggars in the streets. In our lodgings at Southampton there was one of these girls; and her hand was never idle, her foot seemed to know no rest, while her manner was that of wearied humility. We were then fresh from home, and the unmitigated toil of her existence struck us all most painfully. When we spoke to her kindly, she seemed startled, and looked distrustful and frightened. A less inviting subject for sympathy could scarcely be imagined,—for she was large, coarse, robust, and even masculine; but even these iron qualities, were taxed beyond endurance."

ART. IV.—*The City of the Sultan; and Domestic Manners of the Turks in* 1836. By Miss PARDOE, Author of "Traits and Traditions of Portugal." 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1837.

REMEMBERING how much was brought to light of the manners of the Turks, by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was the first, indeed, to introduce the English public to their harems, it was with no ordinary degree of anticipated pleasure, that we opened the volumes of another female explorer and observer, who, with enthusiastic ardour, sped to the "City of the Sultan," resolved at all hazards, not to return till she had penetrated among the mysteries of its veiled population. Numberless have been the books that have been written of late years relating to Turkey and Constantinople, by the hardier sex, who, every one must know, cannot possibly have access to those domestic and social scenes, where luxury and indolence alone seem to reign. Since the period when Lady Mary wrote, there have only been random and uncertain glances obtained by British travellers of the secrecies referred to; it might be expected, therefore, that in the work of the present fair adventurer, much

to excite our wonder, and much to satisfy our curiosity would appear. Even although when the former celebrated writer made the domestic manners of the Turks the subject of her publications, she had left nothing unexamined and undescribed, the revolutions and transitions to which Turkish society, and the Ottoman empire have since that period been undergoing, cannot but have left some traces or obliterations in the private habits of the people, and in their modes of thinking. The author therefore who should obtain the privilege of witnessing the present condition of their harems, independently of the more patent characteristics of the nation, ought to afford to Christendom some important indices of the existing and passing forms of feeling and practice as they obtain in Stamboul.

Miss Pardoe's volumes on a number of interesting points do throw a considerable light; and yet we have felt in going through them, not seldom, that something was wanting, which, by the promise of that which we had just read was fully expected. She has also retailed much that was before well known, and needlessly thus enlarged the work. In point of style, her's is frequently faulty, on account of its laboured ornaments and meretricious embellishments. Still, the work contains much that is amusing and curious, while the spirit and determination with which the writer pursued her researches, and the vigilance with which she employed her eyes and her pen cannot be too highly admired. We suspect that few of the erratic lords of the creation would have adventured so boldly as this lady sometimes did, even although their ambition to appear in print, had been as engrossing as it generally is. But not to detain our readers longer on the threshold, we are off with Miss Pardoe to the city of Mosques.

'Our traveller arrived in Constantinople in the December of 1835, and lost no time in throwing herself among the veiled portion of its inhabitants, amid the piled-up luxuries of *duvet* and embroidery, establishing herself familiarly on the satin cushions, with her feet doubled under her *à la Turque*. The habits of the occupiers of the harem are described as the most inactive, voluptuous, yet gentle, that any ignorant creatures can cherish. The only exception to their luxurious indolence, or mode of existence which may be likened to that of a gorgeously-dressed waxen doll, consists in their early rising; but if ever this promising circumstance looked ridiculous und absurd, it is in the case of these uneducated trifiers who only by this semblance of husbanding time to advantage, add to the prolonged *ennui* of the dreary day, since their waking hours are entirely spent in dressing themselves, in varying the position of their ornaments in the bath, or in sleep. This latter solace, Miss Pardoe says, is " as entirely at their beck, as a draught of water; in winter they have but to nestle under the coverings of the tandour; or in

summer, to bury themselves among their cushions, and in five minutes they are in the land of dreams." Indeed, it is added, they frequently engage their guests to take a nap with the same *sang froid* with which an European lady would invite her visiters to take a walk. But the observation follows—that habits of industry have begun to make their way, even into the harem; thus intimating that the changes without have reached the seclusions of domestic life—utter idleness being no longer a necessary attribute to the high-bred Turkish female.

We cannot present a more luxurious picture of these indolent females than is to be found in Miss Pardoe's bath scene.

"Having passed through a small entrance-court, we entered an extensive hall, paved with white marble, and surrounded by a double tier of projecting galleries, supported by pillars; the lower range being raised about three feet from the floor. These galleries were covered with rich carpets, or mattresses, overlaid with chintz or crimson shag, and crowded with cushions; the spaces between the pillars were slightly partitioned off to the height of a few inches; and, when we entered, the whole of the boxes, if I may so call them, were occupied, save the one which had been reserved for us.

"In the centre of the hall, a large and handsome fountain of white marble, pouring its waters into four ample scallop shells, whence they fell again into a large basin with the prettiest and most soothing sound imaginable, was surrounded by four sofas of the same material, on one of which, a young and lovely woman lay pillowed on several costly shawls nursing her infant.

"When I had established myself comfortably among my cushions, I found plenty of amusement for the first half hour in looking about me; and a more singular scene I never beheld. On the left hand of the door of entrance, sat the proprietress of the baths, a beautiful woman of about forty, in a dark turban, and a straight dress of flowered cotton, girt round the waist with a cachemire shawl; her chemisette of silk gauze was richly trimmed—her gold snuff-box lay on the sofa beside her—her amber-headed pipe rested against a cushion—and she was amusing herself by winding silk from a small ebony distaff, and taking a prominent part in the conversation; while immediately behind her squatted a negro slave-girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, grinning from ear to ear, and rolling the whites of her large eyes in extasy at all that was going forward.

"The boxes presented the oddest appearance in the world—some of the ladies had returned from the bathing-hall, and were reclining luxuriously upon their sofas, rolled from head to foot in fine white linen, in many instances embroidered and fringed with gold, with their fine hair falling about their shoulders, which their slaves, not quite so closely covered as their mistresses, were drying, combing, perfuming, and plaiting, with the greatest care. Others were preparing for the bath, and laying aside their dresses, or rather suffering them to be laid aside, for few of them extended a hand to assist themselves—whilst the latest comers were removing their *yashmacs* and cloaks and exchanging greetings with their acquaintance.

"As I had previously resolved to visit every part of the establishment, I followed the example of my companion, who had already undergone the fatigue of an Oriental bath, and exchanged my morning dress for a linen wrapper, and loosened my hair: and then, conducted by the Greek waiting-maid who had accompanied me, I walked bare-footed across the cold marble floor to a door at the opposite extremity of the hall, and, on crossing the threshold, found myself in the cooling-room, where groups of ladies were sitting, or lying listlessly on their sofas, enveloped in their white linen wrappers, or preparing for their return to the colder region whence I had just made my escape.

"This second room was filled with hot air, to me, indeed, most oppressively so; but I soon discovered that it was, nevertheless, a *cooling-room:* when, after having traversed it, and dipped my feet some half dozen times in the little channels of warm water that intersected the floor, I entered the great bathing-place of the establishment—the extensive octagon hall in which all those who do not chuse, or who cannot afford, to pay for a separate apartment, avail themselves, as they find opportunities, of the eight fountains which it contains.

"For the first few moments, I was bewildered; the heavy, dense, sulphureous vapour that filled the place, and almost suffocated me—the wild, shrill cries of the slaves pealing through the reverberating domes of the bathing-halls, enough to awaken the very marble with which they were lined—the subdued laughter, and whispered conversation of their mistresses murmuring along in an under-current of sound—the sight of nearly three hundred women only partially dressed, and that in fine linen so perfectly saturated with vapour, that it revealed the whole outline of the figure—the busy slaves, passing and repassing, naked from the waist upwards, and with their arms folded upon their bosoms, balancing on their heads piles of fringed or embroidered napkins—groups of lovely girls, laughing, chatting, and refreshing themselves with sweetmeats, sherbet, and lemonade—parties of playful children, apparently quite indifferent to the dense atmosphere which made me struggle for breath—and, to crown all, the sudden bursting forth of a chorus of voices into one of the wildest and shrillest of Turkish melodies, that was caught up and flung back by the echoes of the vast hall, making a din worthy of a saturnalia of demons—all combined to form a picture, like the illusory semblance of a phantasmagoria, almost leaving me in doubt whether that on which I looked were indeed reality, or the mere creation of a distempered brain."

Before leaving the seclusions and the pastimes of the Turkish females, let us introduce the account of a most extraordinary species of fanaticism and appalling superstition, which, Miss Pardoe states, came to her knowledge a short time before she left the East. It is practised and observed by the female Arabs of the harem.

"They have a species of society, or institution—I scarcely know how to term it—in which they are initiated from their girlhood, that they call 'babaluk,' whose principle of mystery is kept as secret as that of freemasonry; while the occasional display of its influence is wild and startling enough to remind the spectator of the priestesses of Delphi. Far from affecting any concealment of their participation in the pretended powers of

the society, you cannot, when a guest in the harem, please an initiated Arab more surely than by inquiring if she be a babaluk; and the Turkish ladies frequently amuse themselves and their visitors, by exhibiting their black slaves while under the influence of their self-excited frenzy. When a sable Pythoness is informed of the wish of her mistress, she collects such of her companions as are babaluks, for there are sometimes several in the same harem, and a brazier of burning charcoal is placed in the centre of the saloon in which the ceremony is to take place. Round this brazier the Arabs squat down, and commence a low, wild chant, which they take up at intervals from the lips of each other; and then break into a chorus, that ultimately dies away in a wail, succeeded by a long silence, during whose continuance they rock their bodies backwards and forwards, and never raise their eyes from the earth. From the moment in which the chant commences, an attendant is constantly employed in feeding the fire with aloes, incense, musk, and every species of intoxicating perfume. After a time, they fall on the floor in a state of utter insensibility, and great exertion is frequently necessary to arouse them from their trance; but, when once they are awakened, they become furious; they rend themselves, and each other; they tear their hair and their clothing; they howl like wild beasts; and they cry earnestly for food, while they reject all that is offered except brandy and raw meat, both of which they destroy in great quantities. Having satisfied their hunger, they renew the warfare that they had discontinued to indulge it, and, finally, roll on the floor with bloodshot eyeballs, and foaming at the mouth. A second trance ultimately seizes them, from which they are left to recover alone; fresh perfumes being flung into the brazier to expedite their restoration, which generally takes place in ten or fifteen minutes; and then it is that the spell of prophecy is on them. They rise slowly and majestically from the floor; they wave their hands solemnly over the aromatic flame; they have become suddenly subdued and gentle; and, after having made the circuit of the brazier several times in silence, they gaze coldly round the circle, until, fixing upon some particular individual, they commence shadowing forth her fate, past, present, and to come; and I have heard it seriously asserted, that they have thus divulged the most secret events of by-gone years, as well as prophesying those which subsequently took place. It is scarcely wonderful, even disgusting as a great portion of the ceremonial undoubtedly is, that many of the Turkish ladies occasionally relieve the tedium of the harem by the exhibition of the babaluk; that vague yearning to pry into futurity so inherent in our nature, coupled with the uncertainty on whom the spell of the sybil may be cast, causes an excitement which forms an agreeable contrast from their customary *ennui*. No second fate is ever foretold at the same orgies. When the first babaluk begins to speak, the others sink down into a sitting posture, occasionally enforcing her assertions by repeating the last words of any remarkable sentence in a long, low wail; and, when she ceases and takes her place among them, they are for the third time overtaken by a trance: the brazier is then removed, the spectators leave the room, the door is carefully closed, and the babaluks are left to awaken at their leisure. When they finally come forth, they resume their customary avocations, without making the slightest allusion to the extraordinary

scene in which they have been actors; nor do they like the subject to be mentioned to them until several days have elapsed."

This leads us to note some other traits of Turkish manners and superstitious observances. High and low have a deeply-seated and constant dread of the Evil Eye, against which they use charms of various kinds, one of the most potent of these being garlic. A blue eye is almost synonymous with one that is evil—the evil orb being supposed to have that colour. Even the Sultan has to be protected, during his state progresses through the capital, against such dangerous influences. We were hardly prepared to hear that the present emperor could be so foolish as to have lately published a firman, which prohibits the women from looking earnestly at him as he passes them, on the pain of subjecting their husbands or brothers to the bastinado! Whether this ordinance he really meant as a protective measure against evil eyes, or as a cloak for some politic end, we know not; but, certainly according to its palpable meaning it disparages the opinion that has very generally been formed of Sultan Mahmoud's superiority to weak prejudices. Indeed, if Miss Pardoe has been correctly informed that monarch entertains not a few most ridiculous feelings of vanity and pride. She says that everything has to be done to prevent him from thinking he can ever grow old or die. He not only paints himself white and red, and is a "thing of shreds and patches," that he may obtain the admiration and flattery of the ladies of the seraglio, but every officer of the household stains his hair and beard, and "uses all the means with which art or invention can supply him, in order that no intrusive symptom of age or decay may shock the nerves and awaken the regrets of his lord and contemporary; the faded beauties of the seraglio are removed from his sight, the past is seldom adverted to, and the future is considered as his sure and undoubted heritage."

Miss Pardoe declares that the sultan has still much to do before he can even render his troops soldierlike. "They are dirty, slouching, and awkward; tread inwards from their habit of sitting upon their feet, and march as though they were dragging their slippers after them." It cannot be said truly, we believe, that he has not effected great changes with regard to that branch of his government which concerns his military and warlike forces. But the taste and the tact of a nation can never be simultaneously revolutionized by a monarch's fiat, as the observation just quoted shows. At the same time all is not tame or ridiculous in Sultan Mahmoud's parades. Our next extract will fully equal the most dazzling conceptions which strangers have formed of Eastern pomp and imposing splendour.

"I was still gazing at these lovely women, when a party of about thirty field-officers passed the carriage, on their way to their places near the

door of the Mosque, at which the Sultan was to enter. They were all similarly attired in surtout coats of Spanish brown, gathered in large folds at the back of the waist, and buttoned beneath a cloth strap; a very common and ugly fashion among the Turks; and wore sword-belts richly embroidered with gold. Many among them were some of the stoutest men I ever saw.

"In about five minutes after them, arrived the led horses of the Sultan; and these formed by far the most splendid feature of the procession; they were ten in number, and wore on their heads a *panache* of white and pink ostrich feathers mixed with roses, and fastened down upon the forelock with a clasp of precious stones. Each was attended by a groom, controlling, with some trouble, the curvettings and capers of the pampered animals, who were caparisoned in a style of splendour which, if it have ever been equalled, can certainly never have been surpassed. Their housings, which were either of silk or velvet, all differing the one from the other, were embroidered with gold and silver, large pearls, and jewels. One of them bore, on a ground of myrtle-coloured velvet, the cypher of the Sultan wrought in brilliants, and surrounded by a garland of flowers formed of rubies, emeralds, and topaz. Another housing, of rich lilac silk, was worked at the corners with a cluster of musical instruments in diamonds and large pearls, and, as the sunshine flashed upon it, it was like a blaze of light. The remainder were equally magnificent; and the well-padded saddles of crimson or green velvet were decorated with stirrups of chased gold, while the bridles, whose embroidered reins hung low upon the necks of the animals, were one mass of gold and jewels.

"The Sultan's stud was succeeded by the Seraskier Pasha in state, mounted on a tall grey horse (whose elaborate accoutrements were only inferior to those that I have attempted to describe,) and surrounded and followed by a dozen attendants on foot: his diamond-hilted sword—the rings upon his hands—the star in front of his *fêz*, and the orders on his breast, were perfectly dazzling.

"At intervals of about a minute, all the great officers of state passed in the same order, and according to their respective ranks; and at length we heard the welcome sounds of the Imperial band, which struck up the Sultan's Grand March, as Mahmoud the Powerful, the Brother of the Sun and Emperor of the East, passed the gates of the court.

"First came twelve running footmen, in richly laced uniforms, and high military caps: and these were succeeded by the twenty body pages, who were splendidly dressed, and wore in their chakos, plumes, or rather *crêtes* of stiff feathers, intermixed with artificial flowers of immense size, and originally invented to conceal the face of the Sultan as he passed along, and thus screen him from the Evil Eye! But his present Sublime Highness is not to be so easily scared into concealment, and the pages who were wont to surround his predecessors merely precede him, while a crowd of military officers supply their place, one walking at each of his stirrups, and the rest a little in the rear.

"As this was the first occasion on which I had seen the Sultan, I leant eagerly forward upon my cushions to obtain a good view of him; and I saw before me, at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards at the utmost, a man of noble physiognomy and graceful bearing, who sat his horse with

gentleman-like ease, and whose countenance was decidedly prepossessing. He wore in his *fèz* an aigrette of diamonds, sustaining a cluster of peacock's feathers; an ample blue cloak was flung across his shoulders whose collar was one mass of jewels, and on the third finger of his bridle hand glittered the largest brilliant that I ever remember to have seen.

"As he moved forward at a foot's pace, loud shouts of 'Long live Sultan Mahmoud!' ran along the lines, and were re-echoed by the crowd, but he did not acknowledge the greeting, though his eyes wandered on all sides, until they fell upon our party, when a bright smile lit up his features, and for the first time he turned his head, and looked long and fixedly at us. In the next instant, he bent down, and said something in a subdued voice to the officer who walked at his stirrup, who, with a low obeisance, quitted his side, and hastily made his way through the crowd, until he reached our carriage, to the astonishment and terror of a group of Turkish women who had ensconced themselves almost under it; and, bowing to my father, who still stood bare-headed beside us, he inquired of one of the servants who I was, and what had brought me to Constantinople; the Sultan, meanwhile, looking back continually, and smiling in the same good-humoured and condescending manner.

"The reply was simple—I was an Englishwoman, and had accompanied my father to Turkey, for the purpose of seeing the country; and, having received this answer, the messenger again saluted us, and withdrew."

We have hitherto beheld Miss Pardoe as the associate of the inmates of the harem, as the spectator of open day processions and displays, or the reporter of certain general national characteristics, which a less enthusiastic and adventurous tourist might have described. Our readers, however, will form but an inadequate idea of her resolution and her opportunities of writing concerning the wonders of the "City of the Sultan," were we now to close her volumes. Whoever peruses them will discover that she talked with Beys and Pachas, that she sat at and enjoyed Mussulman feasts, that she held interesting and abundant intercourse with male and female in the Ottoman capital, of various nations, and different creeds. We must go forward, however, till we find her risking her life, when visiting a mosque in disguise at a high festival.

A young Turk, a Bey indeed, having volunteered to be her guide in this bold enterprise, she donned the national male attire, stained her eye-brows with a certain dye, pulled a fèz low upon her brow, and preceded by a servant with a lantern, and followed by the Kiara and a pipe-bearer, at half-past ten o'clock, they sallied forth towards the mosque of St. Sophia. "If you risk the adventure," said her conductor, "you will have done what no Infidel has yet ever yet dared to do; but I forewarn you that, should you be discovered, and fail to make your escape on the instant, you will be torn to pieces." Although her spirit quailed, she did adventure; and now follows the result of her observations in the course of her perilous intrusion.

"At length we entered the spacious court of the mosque, and as the servants stooped to withdraw my shoes, the Bey murmured in my ear: 'Be firm, or you are lost!'—and making a strong effort to subdue the feeling of mingled awe and fear, which was rapidly stealing over me, I pulled the *fèz* deeper upon my eye-brows, and obeyed.

"On passing the threshold, I found myself in a covered peristyle, whose gigantic columns of granite are partially sunk in the wall of which they form a part; the floor was covered with fine matting, and the coloured lamps, which were suspended in festoons from the lofty ceiling, shed a broad light on all the surrounding objects. In most of the recesses formed by the pillars, beggars were crouched down, holding in front of them their little metal basins, to receive the *paras* of the charitable; while servants lounged to and fro, or squatted in groups upon the matting, awaiting the egress of their employers. As I looked around me, our own attendant moved forward and raising the curtain which veiled a double door of bronze, situated at mid-length of the peristyle, I involuntarily shrank back before the blaze of light that burst upon me.

"Far as the eye could reach upwards, circles of coloured fire, appearing as if suspended in mid-air, designed the form of the stupendous dome; while beneath devices of every shape and colour were formed by myriads of lamps of various hues: the Imperial closet, situated opposite to the pulpit, was one blaze of refulgence, and its gilded lattices flashed back the brilliancy, till it looked like a gigantic meteor!

"As I stood a few paces within the doorway, I could not distinguish the limits of the edifice—I looked forward, upward—to the right hand and to the left—but I could only take in a given space covered with human beings, kneeling in regular lines, and at a certain signal bowing their turbaned heads to the earth, as if one soul and one impulse animated the whole congregation; while the shrill chanting of the choir pealed through the vast pile, and died away in lengthened cadences among the tall dark pillars which support it.

"And this was St. Sophia! To me it seemed like a creation of enchantment—the light—the ringing voices—the mysterious extent, which baffled the earnestness of my gaze—the ten thousand turbaned Moslems, all kneeling with their faces turned towards Mecca, and at intervals laying their foreheads to the earth—the bright and various colours of the dresses—and the rich and glowing tints of the carpets that veiled the marble floor—all conspired to form a scene of such unearthly magnificence, that I felt as though there could be no reality in what I looked on, but that, at some sudden signal, the towering columns would fail to support the vault of light above them, and all would become void.

"I had forgotten everything in the mere exercise of vision;—the danger of detection—the flight of time—almost my own identity—when my companion uttered the single word '*Gel*—Come'—and, passing forward to another door on the opposite side of the building, I instinctively followed him, and once more found myself in the court."

It had originally been proposed by the gallant guide, that if they succeeded in leaving St. Sophia unsuspected, they should next visit the mosque of Sultan Achmet, to which she had only replied,

"when we leave St. Sophia, we will talk of this." The first part of the feat having been safely accomplished,—"whither shall we now bend our way?" asked the young Turk:—"To Sultan Achmet," was the reply, the lady finding that at the moment she could not have bestowed many words on her best friend, the very effort at speech being painful.

"In ten minutes more we stood before the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and, ascending the noble flight of steps which lead to the principal entrance, we again cast off our shoes, and entered the temple.

"Infinitely less vast than St. Sophia, this mosque impressed me with a feeling of awe, much greater than that which I had experienced in visiting its more stately neighbour—four colossal pillars of marble, five or six feet in circumference, support the dome, and these were wreathed with lamps, even to the summit; while the number of lights suspended from the ceiling gave the whole edifice the appearance of a place overhung with stars. We entered at a propitious moment, for the Faithful were performing their prostrations, and had consequently no time to speculate on our appearance; the chanting was wilder and shriller than that which I had just heard at St. Sophia; it sounded to me, in fact, more like the delirious outcry, which we may suppose to have been uttered by a band of Delphic Priestesses, than the voices of a choir of uninspired human beings.

"We passed onward over the yielding carpets, which returned no sound beneath our footsteps: and there was something strangely supernatural in the spectacle of several human beings moving along, without creating a single echo in the vast space they traversed. We paused an instant beside the marble-arched platform, on which the muezzin was performing his prostrations to the shrill cry of the choir;—we lingered another, to take a last look at the kneeling thousands who were absorbed in their devotions; and then, rapidly descending into the court, my companion uttered a hasty congratulation on the successful issue of our bold adventure, to which I responded a most heartfelt 'Amen'—and in less than an hour, I cast off my *fèz* and my pelisse in the harem of——Effendi, and exclaimed to its astonished inmates:—'I have seen the mosques!'"

Miss Pardoe's reflections upon the issue of her adventure are effective and lofty.

"Knowing what I now know of the Turks, I would not run the same risk a second time, though the Prophet's beard were to be my recompense. There are some circumstances in which ignorance of the extent of the danger is its best antidote. But the feeling that remained on my mind was vague, even to pain. I had seen St. Sophia, it is true, and seen it in all the glory of its million lamps; I had beheld it at a moment when no Christian eye had ever heretofore looked on it; and when detection would have involved instant destruction. I had lifted aside the veil from the Holy of Holies, witnessed the prostration which followed the thrilling cry of 'Allah Il Allah!' and polluted, with the breath of a Giaour, the atmosphere of the true believers; I had looked upon the Cheik-Islam, as he stood with his face turned Mecca-ward, his pale brow cinctured with gold, and his stately figure draped in white cachemere; and I had stood erect when every head was bowed, and every knee bent at the name of the Prophet."

These dashing and gorgeous accounts are not the only rich and curious portions of Miss Pardoe's volumes; but they sufficiently indicate the style and the sort of information which they present. There are some Turkish legends, some poetry, and prints that also increase the beauty and value of the work. One paragraph more concerning certain objects and mysteries of St. Sophia, which the authoress surveyed on a second visit must close this article

"The two huge waxen candles occupying the sides of the arched recess, or *mihrab*, at the eastern end of the building, are lighted every night, and last exactly twelve months; they are the very Gog and Magog of wax-chandlery, and must be at least eighteen inches in circumference. In making the tour of the gallery, we came upon a door that had been stopped with masonry; the frame into which it had originally fitted is of white marble, and remains quite perfect. There are traces of violence on the brick-work, which appears to have been secured by some powerful cement that has indurated with age, until it has acquired the solidity of stone, and has become capable of resisting any ordinary effort to remove it; and this door is the second miracle of St. Sophia. The legend runs, that the united attempts of all the masons of Stamboul are powerless against the rude masonry that blocks the entrance of this passage, by reason of a wondrous and most potent talisman, which human means have as yet failed to weaken, but that it conducts to an apartment in which a Greek bishop is seated before a reading desk perusing an open volume of so holy a nature, that no Moslem eye must ever rest upon it. Nor does the tradition end here, for both the Turks and Greeks have a firm faith in the prophecies which have been made, that St. Sophia will one day revert to the Christians, on which occasion the walled-up bishop will emerge from his concealment, and chant a solemn high mass at the great altar.".

ART. V.—*The Irish Tourist; or, the People and the Provinces of Ireland.* London: Darton and Harvey. 1837.

THOSE who from the Preface, to this small unpretending volume, which professes to have been written for juvenile readers, presume that it must be either trifling in its style or details, or hurriedly and imperfectly composed, will very soon, if they enter upon a perusal of it, find out that they were too rash in their conjectures. We declare that it has conveyed to us a far clearer and fuller picture of Ireland and the Irish people, than most of the ambitious recent tourist-sketches of that country which have come under our notice, and perhaps than them all put together. Some may object to the shape into which this information is thrown; for the author's tour is but a fanciful one after all. But since he could not consistently with truth have given so many details as the result of his own personal observation, the question ought to be, has he succeeded in his endeavour to bring within his fictitious framework, an adequate and an accurate account of the important and difficult subject which he

has chosen? The sources whence he derived the information which he has here presented are explained by himself. He says that he has "some personal knowledge of the country, and a memory, early filled with details gathered from the lips of those who knew well the land they spoke of," and that it has been his intention in these pages to convey all this knowledge, together with that which the best Irish tourists have written, in a lively and graphic manner. Now, all this he has done with great judgment, perspicuity, and tact. His knowledge of the people of whom he has to speak, is precise and of the localities he describes, minute; besides, he possesses that more general acquaintance with the nation's annals, without which no intimacy with recent facts and no perception of character can be reduced to intelligible order or kept within due bounds. As a writer, he even has the capacity to turn all this into an animated narrative or dialogue, which is not destitute of dramatic effect, so as to leave on the reader's mind such a vivid impression of what he represents as must be lasting. The dialogues that occur in the volume prove to us that he is not only an Irishman, but a close observer of all his countrymen's peculiarities.

In his sketches of the scenery, localities, antiquities, natural phenomena, &c. of Ireland, and of the character, manners, and condition of its inhabitants, our author does not restrict himself to only a part of its territory or population. He treats of its four leading geographical divisions, conducting the traveller through each of them, one after another. The several counties that come within Connaught, Munster, Ulster, and Leinster, are thus regularly visited and described. In the first, a young Irishman, Arthur O'Ryan, returns along with a Spanish friend, by name, Vergos, to his father's residence, and the excursions which the stranger undertakes through the neighbouring country give rise to adventures, descriptions, and reflections, that convey what the author has learnt or observed in that province concerning the condition of its inhabitants, and the causes of their privations and irregularities. Connaught, indeed, engages our tourist's most earnest attention, and, apparently, his deepest concern. He regards this division of Ireland as being least known, and the most awakening of his four subjects, and says, though it is had a bad name, "it is, however, rapidly undergoing that process which will alike strip it of its romance and its dangers, of some of its vices, perhaps—but perhaps, too, some of its virtues."

Before we proceed to extract any passages from any one of the divisions of the work, it is proper to hint to the reader, that while the author seems to be far from a bigot belonging to either of the hostile parties that distract the sister isle, he disguises not that he is a Protestant. He also intimates that the dawning hope of better days for poor-misgoverned Ireland is to be identified with the

present administration: that as her condition is now looked into, "her people will be fed, her wastes cultivated, her worst grievances redressed." The cast of the author's politics may be gathered from these circumstances; at the same time no one can profess or present more candid and liberal opinions, or express himself with less semblance of partizanship, even when treating of religion and politics—topics which are inseparable from any just or intelligible account of the most ordinary, social, or individual demonstrations that even the rapid tourist can witness in that country.

The author has a great deal to tell about that wild border-land, called Cunnemara, and of a tract farther up from the sea, designated Joyce's country, which owes its appellation to the predominance of a family, or clan bearing that name, the principal individual of this family, being a substantial proprietor, familiarly called Big Ned Joyce, but more respectfully *King* Joyce." The whole race is renowned for its gigantic size, but the King is pre-eminently distinguished for this quality, though still more for his good sense and superior understanding. We must follow Vergos into the territory which these mighty men and their hardly less stalwart women inhabit. He meets with a poor widow among the Joyces.

"Vergos turned the conversation towards her present situation. 'You said you had a hard agent over you! Shall you be able to make up the rent?'

"'May be I shall, and may be I sha'n't!'

"'How do you mean?'

"That it's at the will of the proctor! Yer Honour sees the bit land the cow feeds on;—the childer and I have made it worth something, and some say the clergyman must have his dues out of it: so if the proctor comes first there'll be less for the agent!'

"'And if he can't get his due, what will happen?'

"'The Joyce boys 'll look to that!' was her significant answer. 'I arn't afraid of having all my 'tatoes pulled up, and the very pig driven, and the chairs carried away, and I in my own country:—barring that, they would soon take all!'

"'Mrs. Joyce, I told you before that I was a Catholic; but I think no ill of a man for being a Protestant. Tell me now fairly, is the rector a good, kind man to the poor?'

"'I never heard but he was; and if the boys would let me, I'd ev'n go, and tell him my tale plainly:—but you see how it is! They say neither he, nor none of his, have a right to their tithe, seeing we never troubles him any way. They say we are many,—more by twenty to one,—than the Protestants, and that 'tis no justice to make us pay for one we never axed hither, nor wished to see; and so they won't let one of their people go to the rector to ax a favour, or make their manners. For my part it's often I've pitied 'em, poor gentlemen, to be sent to live here amongst them that behave so uncivil: but sure 'tis no fault of ours at all. They might come like the Scotch folk and the Swaddlers, and there'd be no objection:—foreby the priest might curse 'em a little, just at first,

perhaps, for dacency's sake;—but then they would come on their own footing entirely, and would but take what the people chose to give, or else live on their own, and not be wresting the widdee's bit from her mouth. I tell ye,' she continued, 'I'm sorry often for the poor gentlemen, seeing they mane to do kindly by us. I'd be glad at least to have the childer go to the fine new school they've built; but the Cunnemara boys say no! They won't by no means take anything in good part, seeing the whole thing is put upon 'em against their will.'

"'But, my good woman,—Mrs. Joyce, I mean,—it is a pity you don't follow your own opinion, and get all the good you can for the children.'

"'And that's what's sometimes too hard for me! It's the childer's good I think of. But what would I do if they were to bring the priest upon me, and if all mine were to turn their backs on me?'

"'You do really think they would be friends with the rectors if it were not for the tithes?'

"'Sure I do! why would they not? Let 'em come and live quiet among us, not axing for money or goods of them that don't belong to 'em, and why would not our hearts warm to 'em when we saw 'em warming to us? I don't say,' continued she, 'but that there must always be the differ between the Roman and the Protestant; but let them that send the rector pay him; 'tis murtherous work putting the poor craturs in here, and give 'em nought to live on but the bread they take from them that don't want em, any way!'

"'But then *they* say,' said Vergos, (taking the Protestantside, our readers must observe, by way of exercising the good woman's powers of arguing her own,) '*they say* that your priests are ignorant, and keep you in ignorance: and that you will never look for better teaching for yourselves or children of your own accord, unless they provide it for you.'

"'It's all a crochet, yer Honour! all a *concate!* Don't I tell you, that I would fain send the childer to the new school? and what is it hinders me, but that the Joyces won't be behoven to the clergy any way? And what makes 'em angry with the clergy but the tithes? But ye were asking just now about the rector. Troth, and I believe he *is* a mighty good man; —time he should,—*maning* that the late one was an awful man for a minister! Did O'Ryan tell ye how he duped the bishop that had never been in Cunnemara, and made him buy the bit of glebe by the sea, on purpose for him to be more convanient for the smuggled goods? Och! many a storehouse and barn did he build, and many a bale of ill-gotten things was hidden there. May be he thought 'twas kinder taking his living in this way than fighting with the people for the tithe. So there he built up his house, four miles out from the church, and looked after the potsheen, and the wine and things. And the poor young man that's come in his stead, who knows no more of potsheen than a babe, has to toil all the way, come the season what it will, to do his duties. They say he has larnt the Irish tongue to be the plainer among the people, poor young gentleman! It makes one's heart ache to see him living in a wild place that nobody nor a free trader would take to.'

"'And your priest, do *he* and this new rector ever meet and speak civilly?'

"'Father Dennis, maning no wilful disrespect, is not the man to spake

civil. Sure his breeding wasn't any ways genteel, and he came back from Maynooth free like and asy as he was afore, and yet not with the ase of the raal gentleman! But I don't go much in his way, only to mass on Sundays; and widdee Joyce is too poor for a station to be kept at her house! When the childer grow older he'll put them in mind of the marriage fee, never fear!' "

We think our readers must feel persuaded that there is much truth, both as respects Protestant and Catholic, in the above representation. It has all the marks of versimilitude. It also brings out very clearly the sentiments of the latter party on the subject of tythes and the tyranny, as well as endurance that are alternately exhibited by the pastors belonging to the former. Very many passages and dialogues occur, which seem to us to be faithful mirrors of the present condition of the Irish people. Without departing from Connaught, a very apt quotation may be introduced, whether the accuracy of the picture or some of the speculations and measures which have of late been engaging the public mind, nay, that at this moment do frequently occupy the legislature, be considered.

Arthur and his friend Vergos after admiring the beautiful domain of Lord Sligo, make a circuit round the base of a neighbouring mountain, which changes the whole view.

"The poorer people whom Vergos addressed, seemed, as usual, in a state of great poverty. Many of the men were gone to England to the harvest, leaving their wives and daughters to maintain themselves as well as they could in their absence. He enquired if they would really bring back the greater part of their earnings, and was assured they would: —that they would probably beg their way back, sleeping either in the open air, or under sheds by the way-side, if permitted.

" 'How miserable must be the state of these poor creatures,' said Arthur; and how much are they traduced, when we see them undertaking such journeys as this, merely for the earning of a pound or two, to pay the rent of their cabin or potatoe-ground!'

" 'What becomes of the family at home in the absence of the father?' was Vergos' next question: his eyes turned as he asked it, upon two or three miserable hovels on the coast. He saw a poor half-naked woman, with two children, go to the door of one of these hovels. He saw the door open; and after a moment's parley, to his utter amazement, he saw the inmates of this hovel, but one degree better clad than the poor creatures without, reach out their hands, and bestow a gift of potatoes on the beggar. She seemed noway surprised: she took it, as if it was her customary daily portion; sat down by the road-side, and ate herself, and gave to her children."

Other applicants are immediately afterwards seen creeping along from different points towards the cottages, and Vergos inquires of a decent-looking person who is passing at the time—" Are these all vagrants?" The dialogue that follows, and the narrative appended to it, are not unworthy of the consideration and investigation which

all who have a voice in legislating concerning Poor Laws for Ireland should employ, ere finally arriving at a decision.

"'Not one of them, sir, I believe,' said the man' touching his hat civilly. 'I think I know every face among 'em; and well enough I may, for they're regular customers. That woman, that has scarce strength to crawl, and drags along with her a little boy in her hand, is Pat Rochfort's wife:—a decent fellow, and good workman as needs be; but he's off harvesting.'

"'Good heaven!—and is there no provision for a decent workman's wife, that she must be driven to live by begging till he returns?'

"'It's no more nor less than most of them do, sir: but they don't reckon it begging. The neighbours can't bide the reproach of having them starve at their doors; and 'tis cheaper to give potatoes than money.'

"'But those poor people, living in those wretched cottages,—surely they cannot afford to spare even a potatoe!'

"'Ill enough, sir, indeed; but they know, when their turn comes, they'll be helped. We all take turn-about. I suppose, in the long run, I give the worth of two shillings in potatoes and milk every week; and some, and not rich either, I know, do more: none like to have the curse put upon them.'

"'But have these families no means of living but this, in their husbands' absences?'

"'One or two may,sir,; but very few, I believe. When you know that a man has but fivepence a-day for labour, you may well think there can have been no provision beforehand.'

"'This is shocking!' whispered Vergos;—'most shocking! But what, then, becomes of your widows with families, of your aged poor, of your sick?'

"'Oh, sir. it is sometimes a dreadful tale:—no one would wish it *twice* told. One comfort is, that suffer as they may, they never have the feeling of being entirely forsaken. If a poor creature dies for want, aud, indeed, I don't deny that many do, sooner or later, there's still always somebody near to pity, if they cannot help.—nobody can say their hearts are hardened."

The narrative to be appended, belongs to that part of the tour which had Munster for its scene, where, as in Ulster, an English gentleman and his son are the travellers and observers.

"We halted in the course of our rambles at several farm houses and cottages, and found them on the whole better than many of those we had seen on our way from Cork; some, however, were very wretched, and I was shocked to see the multitude of beggars along the line of road leading to Killarney. In the wilder parts of the country they are of course not so numerous, but even there I saw them repeatedly beseiging the farm houses. One day a sudden shower had driven us to the shelter of one of these farms just at the time of dinner: the family were taking their meals, of which potatoes formed by far the greater part. This was a lonely place. I could see no other abode from it, and yet even here the servants were called up five or six times from the dinner-table to relieve the applicants at the door, and in no case was the application refused, nor even answered churlishly. I could not but admire the patience of these people,

for it is after all a matter not less of expense than of constant interruption and irritation, which I should have thought calculated to sour the temper and harden the hearts of those subjected to it. On the contrary the habit of giving seemed to be the established one, and refusals quite the exception. The more I saw of the spirit of the farmers and tradesmen in Ireland, the more I felt how difficult it would be by any system of poor-laws to check mendicancy; they have so accustomed themselves to an indolent unenquiring habit of bestowing food on all who ask, and take so little heed of the quantity outgoing on this account, that they really would consider it a burden to be made to pay a very trifling tax, and a serious hardship to be at the trouble of denial. I once requested a farmer's servant to be so kind as to ascertain for me how large a quantity of potatoes was given as alms at her master's door on one summer's morning; she accordingly filled a measure of nine stone early in the morning, giving out of *that* and nothing else, and bestowing only at the usual rate,—by two o'clock the basket was empty! How much was added in the course of the afternoon, I had no opportunity of learning. Even the labourers, I found, while they had even a basket of potatoes in the house would give out of that to any who asked. The farmers were all very unwilling to calculate on the subject, and if I began upon it, I soon saw they were desirous of evading it. They mostly said, however, that they would rather give as they did now than have any compulsory assessment; they do not miss what they bestow in potatoes, but a money tax they cannot pay. I once ventured to ask whether instead of giving indiscriminately to all who came, it would not be better to put the same quantity aside and send it to a mendicity society, where the *really* distressed would be relieved, but impostors detected; but the farmer replied, 'I would rather give them myself,—besides the wife would never come into it, nor any woman in the parish.' I must add, that although I myself was often most eloquently importuned for alms, I never heard the applicants at farm-houses or cottages making use of any strong solicitation. Aid was generally given them without either threat or importunity; the givers make no calculations—if the beggar's bag is already full it seems to make no difference. They would feel themselves in want of a blessing if the poor man was sent away unrelieved; and thus is the system kept up—and many, no doubt, are its evils. The labourer and even the small farmer is really often a poorer man than the mendicant, who earns considerably more at times than his own subsistence; and the burthen of supporting the distressed is taken from the rich and thrown almost wholly on the class least able to afford it. I found, indeed, that the houses of the gentry were no places for beggars' resort; very few dared come beyond the porter's lodge. In some instances, potatoes, or a certain weekly sum of money was given them, but not by the hands of the rich themselves; nor could I accuse them of hardness on this account, for I felt that, were the case my own, I should feel extremely averse to encourage so bad and pernicious a state of things as that which exists. Very many of these rich people also expend large sums in such works as are calculated to improve the real condition of the people, and no one can doubt that by so doing they are better benefactors than the bestowers of indiscriminate alms."

These and other parts of this unassuming volume appear to us

to contain the very cream of many of the most important inquiries and results which that eminent and laborious body of Commissioners has published, who were appointed by the Crown, to report concerning the extent and state of poverty in Ireland, and whose various voluminous publications have been for some time before the world. The author offers a forcible observation, when he says that an Englishman is so accustomed to conclude before hand that mendicants are idle or impostors, that it requires an effort to inquire into the actual state of things, when he sees himself surrounded by hosts of miserable-looking beings. Such a habit and mode of judging, however, would be most unfair and cruel when beset by the clamours of the Irish poor; for, in the state Ireland is in, no poor, though industrious, peasants' family can say, that it may not in a few months be without the means of procuring food and shelter. What must follow but beggary?—a course of life which is undertaken with a mixture of pride and shame, both feelings driving them often to seek an uncertain livelihood at a distance from that in which they are known.

It has been said, and our tourist admits the charge, that the grand defect in the Irish character, is want of sincerity and good faith. His answer and apology relative to this serious defect, we cite.

"It does appear to me that this fault is one chiefly, if not solely, manifested towards those whom they have been taught to regard as a race wanting in just and proper feeling towards themselves, and whom they thing they may lawfully endeavour to outwit in return. I say not who is the most to blame for this state of things; but I know that it is rare to talk with a poor Irishman who does not show that he thinks you have a purpose of your own to serve with him, and who is not therefore suspicious and on his guard. I did my best to lull these suspicions to sleep, and believe I sometimes succeeded; and when once I could discourse with him on fair and open terms, I found the Irishman might be fully trusted, and that his statements were clear and correct. The priests and the Protestant clergy, too, concurred in assuring me that no people can be more true to obligations among themselves. On several occasions, when in company with a respectable priest, I conversed upon this subject, and could not forbear using the opportunity to urge upon him and his brethren the importance of attending to this defect of moral principle in their people. I found him quite willing to admit and lament it; but his opinion was that it originated in a sense of oppression, and that time, if in its course it is permitted to remove the cause, will remove the effect. 'The fact is, sir,' said he, 'though I am sorry to say it, that so much selfishness, so much heartless disregard for the interest of the many has been evinced in your treatment of Ireland for a long course of time, that the people have a great deal to unlearn of what they have learnt from you; and though I cordially believe you are now directed by a far different spirit, you must not be surprised if the old feelings of distrust awhile remain among the lower and more prejudiced of my countrymen: besides, you must be aware that the time of individual provocation is not yet gone by—many an Orangeman and many a clergyman,

I fear, will yet outrage the feelings of the people, in spite of all that a wise and liberal Government can do to prevent it; and this will of course provoke retort, and keep up the national fault you so much deplore!'"

"Beautiful (as Ireland is) for situation, the joy of the whole earth," it is not easy to fall in with any faithful description of any part or feature belonging to it, where circumstances calculated to excite regret and sorrow do not mingle. To quote the words of our author in his preface, "her widows and orphans die of want in the midst of abundance: her strong men spend their energies in contests with law and government: the ministers of religion fight for a maintenance, and point the weapons of worldly warfare at their own flocks; pitiable superstitions close the minds of the poor against purer doctrines; while a general sense of the injustice of *a system* steels their hearts against the kindest of individual counsellors."

We shall not be departing from the themes or the cause of privation and immorality, if we quote what is said in the present volume regarding two features in the condition of that large proportion of the people who are immediately connected with the proprietorship and cultivation of the soil. The former part of the extract explains the meaning of a very frequently-uttered phrase, that may not be very well understood by some of our readers, the latter offers a temperate and judicious opinion relative to absenteeism.

"Before I came to Ireland, I had heard continually of what is called the *con-acre* system. I did not understand it, and enquired its meaning particularly—a melancholy meaning it has for the poor Irish. The *con-acre*, or *corn-acre* system then, is this:—a poor man wishes to rear his own crop of potatoes or grain; but without capital he cannot till or manure the ground. He goes, therefore, to a richer neighbour, a farmer or land-agent. This larger proprietor manures, ploughs, and prepares some land to receive a crop, no matter whether he be himself the owner of it or only the original tenant. The poor man then agrees to take a portion of this prepared land, perhaps a half, a quarter, or perhaps only an eighth of an acre for one season only; all then that the subtenant has to provide is the seed that is to be put into the ground. A high rent is generally fixed, such as indeed cannot be paid but in good seasons, perhaps as much as ten or twelve pounds per acre, and higher too. If the crop seems not likely to reward the labourer after he has paid the rent, he throws it up, and the landlord takes what he can out of the crop. Thus the land comes to be subdivided, and the poor racked to the uttermost to pay what is often no more than a bare subsistence.

"In travelling from Dingle to Tralee we fell into company with a farmer from England, settled on one of the estates of an English proprietor, who gave us a very intelligent account of his neighbourhood. My son was curious to hear his opinion of the effect of absenteeism. 'Why, sir,' he replied, 'it is as the landlord is; I should like, no doubt, to see my lord living amongst us; but when we know very well that lords and gentlemen from England cannot be fond of spending their lives here, besides that they

have often their fine places in England. What I think we have a right to ask is, that they choose good agents, and come among us sometimes to see how we go on; but I never will join in the cry against them merely for being absentees, when I see many of these absentees doing more for us than many who live close by us. When they spend thousands of pounds in useful public works, which pounds might have been kept in their own pockets, and will profit them but little for many years to come, it would be very ungrateful to run them down because they are absentees. Besides, sir, I must tell you, to be fair, that it is often no such very great blessing to have a resident English landlord. If a high church Tory comes and settles down here, we know full well that he will lend himself to those who do Ireland mischief; who set the people quarrelling, and by meddling with their priests, inflame all their animosities. Of course I am a Protestant, and should be very glad to see the people here Protestants too, but it is downright nonsense to talk as Englishmen often do of the whole fault being in the Catholic religion. If the people have employment they are neither wretched nor idle; if they have neither they are both.'"

In Protestant Ireland, so to speak, when the tourist comes to Ulster, and in Belfast, for example, the resemblance which the habits and the comforts of the people bear to the Scotch, from whom the greater number are descended, are circumstances that naturally contrast with the aspect of the southern counties. He does not, however, see what this difference has to do with the religion of the people, but attributes it to a diversity of race and transmitted manners. At the same time he finds fault with the tendency which these same industrious and shrewd Scoto-Hibernians display, of being as little like the native Irish as possible. Hence, and from other assignable causes arise, heart burnings, and strifes. We find the following representation occurring in connection with Londonderry:—

"I found here more of the spirit of party than I had yet seen. The guide who showed us about was an Orangeman, who seemed to regard the Catholics of our day exactly as if they were the Jacobites of 1690. He appeared to me rather to wish for an opportunity of bringing them to open warfare with the Protestants. Henry observed that he did not point out the memorials of Protestant success as matters of history, but as tributes to his own Orange vanity and partizanship. Such a person as this it was hardly worth arguing with; but I was really chagrined when a gentlemanly townsman came up, and chimed in with him, echoing and exceeding every illiberal sentiment. 'I have served my country well, and I like rest and quiet; but yet, I do assure you, sir, I should not be sorry to see 'a good sound rebellion,' in Ireland: that is the only thing to bring us to a right state;—the Catholics must lose thousands and millions before there is peace in Ireland: an open rebellion, and an English army to put the rascals down, would do the business at once!' Then he ran into a most furious tirade against the Melbourne ministry. Lo Mulgrave and Lord Morpeth were traitors, infidels,—no name was too bad for them: the Education Board was an atheistical device:—and

Orange-men and Orange-lodges were the only instruments for the regeneration of Ireland."

"I said I had inspected the schools, talked with many of the priests, and with not a few of the clergy of our own church; that in the wildest parts of the south I had found the clergyman, if a man of exemplary character, was respected and attended to; and that I knew of more than one instance in which, when a priest had improperly interfered with the Church of England pastor, the people had expressed themselves decidedly against him. I did not of course deny the excesses of which the Irish had been guilty, nor palliate them; but owned my steady conviction that they had never till within a short period received a fair measure of even justice from the English.

"To all this my acquaintance only replied by anathemas against the Church of Rome, and all who supported her idolatrous and intolerant principles. I pointed out to him the intolerant passages which still disgrace our own canons, and asked him how he would like a stranger to form his opinion of the Church of England from them. Of these he appeared ignorant; and I found him so hopelessly bent on viewing every thing through a party medium alone, that I soon dropped the discourse."

A Mr. Mowbray and an Irish servant perambulate Leinster, this retainer being made the mouth-piece of the humour of the Irish peasantry. We do not think it necessary either as respects the information suggested or the descriptions characteristic of the author's manner and powers, to resort to any scenes or particulars for extract, belonging to this division of the volume. We hope, however, though we are not sure, that the character given to the people of Ireland, even the poorest beggar among them is correct when it is said, that they may be admitted into the finest pleasure grounds, without the proprietor having cause to fear that damage may be done to what is the source of his pride and delight. "There is none of that wanton spirit of destruction (says our tourist), which is so remarkable among the lower English. You will find the poorer Irishman doing mischief, no doubt, at times, when drink has made him irrational or quarrelsome; but the destructive acts of our poor, which are so much the more provoking, because they are often committed in the coolest and most sober manner imaginable, would, I am sure, excite nothing but indignation in Paddy's breast." We say, we hope that all this is true, but we fear, that besides the madness which strong waters stir within the Irish peasant's breast, not to speak of the vagrant poor, there has been oft as much wanton cruelty as well as revengeful destruction of valuable property as ever disgraced a nation, arising, however, no doubt from the madness and malice of party feuds, political animosities, the rancour occasioned by difference of religious creeds, oppression, superstition, or culpable ignorance.

Towards the close of the volume, there is a succinct sketch given of the progress of English sway in Ireland, which is calculated to

engage the mind of the reader in behalf of the Irish nation. Indeed, the whole of the work is so conceived and expressed as to awaken the minds of the young to inquire into the history of that country and to sympathise with its inhabitants; to lament over their sufferings, degradation, and crimes, and to strive for their amelioration and prosperity. We extract the outline historical sketch alluded to.

"A number of English families had at a very early period settled in Ireland, and, having become now naturalized, were Irish in all but descent, and shared the sufferings of the natives. The struggle between the Irish people and the crown, in fact, began in the time of Edward the Sixth. Henry the Eighth, when he brought in his schemes of reformation into England, wished to extend them to Ireland; and he was so far successful by means of conciliation and flattery to the most powerful of the chiefs, that they willingly adopted the king's measures; and some even of the Romish bishops accepted the reformed religion. But unfortunately Edward the Sixth adopted a harsher mode of treatment. Two of the chief families in Ireland having been engaged in a feud, their heads came over to England to prefer their complaint to the king, being farther encouraged to do so by his Lord Deputy Bellingham; but, instead of being kindly received, they were imprisoned, and their lands divided among Englishmen. This unhappy transaction became the model of many others; from this time it may be said that Irish dissensions were the meat and drink of needy Englishmen. It is but too certain that the colonists in this unhappy country laboured to foment divisions among the inhabitants, that they might divide the spoils. Governed by the same rapacious spirit, they also too often made use of the sacred name of religion as a plea for oppression and confiscation. Little by little the English obtained lands and authority in the sister kingdom; but much more rapid was their progress in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The vigorous attempts of that queen to impose the Protestant religion on her Irish subjects, particularly an act obliging people of all persuasions to attend the service of the Church of England under severe penalties, alienated numbers; and the powerful Irish chieftains, who saw the predicament in which they stood, gathered up their strength, and kept watch for every opportunity of resisting the encroachments of their governors, till about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, when they broke out into a rebellion which it cost a vast amount of blood and treasure to quell. At length, however, the Irish were subdued, and the flying chieftains left their paternal lands to the mercy of the conquerors, who divided or sold many of them among the English and Scotch. From this time the whole island was brought under the dominion of British laws, and the Irish lords who were inclined to a peaceable settlement were invited to surrender their *chiefries*, and take grants for their lands by patents from the crown. But it was in the provinces lately occupied by the *insurgent* chiefs that the materials for future strife were accumulating. The province of Ulster belonged in great part to two of these refugees, O'Neil and O'Donnel; and 500,000 acres of land were, by their flight, placed at the disposal of the crown. King James the First, finding himself thus endowed, eagerly seized the opportunity of making a Protestant plantation in Ulster, and accordingly contracted with the city of London for the sale and bestowment of these

lands, endeavouring, as far as possible, to exclude the original Irish tenants. In order to accomplish this end, innumerable tenants of the forfeited lands were forcibly driven from their occupations. A large proportion of these farmers were totally innocent of the offences of their chiefs; and the cruelty with which they were forced from their dwellings, and driven up into the mountains at the point of the pike, though it does not excuse their bloody revenge, renders their motive more natural and comprehensible. In the winter of 1641 their terrible rage had vent. They poured from their mountain holds, swept the new plantations from the face of the land, and obtained their lands again. The slaughter was great on both sides: it was begun under the command of Sir Phelim O'Neil; but he was soon superseded by Owen O'Neil, who repressed to the utmost of his power the violence of his followers; but no genius nor humanity can prevent the disastrous calamities of a civil war once entered into. Many excellent men on the English side were either compelled to leave a land they were labouring to civilize and improve, or died martyrs to the spirit of rapacity and dissension. Among the first were Archbishop Usher and Robert Boyle; among the last the excellent Bishop Bedell.

"The disorders were of longer continuance because of the unsettled state of England at this period. Charles the First was busied in his parliamentary wars, and both parties alternately appealed to the Irish, who alternately favoured one or other; but the Parliament having achieved the victory in England, Cromwell was sent over to finish the work in Ireland. Never was an enemy's land dealt with more summarily. His first march was upon Drogheda, a place of considerable strength and importance, which had been taken with considerable difficulty by the rebels. Hugh O'Neil had garrisoned it with care; and its governor, Sir Arthur Acton, a Catholic, was a man of undaunted courage and great judgment. The siege was sustained with great vigour, and Cromwell spared no pains to make himself master of the place. The garrison meantime fought for their lives, and held out till all except a remnant were destroyed: these submitted upon terms. But Cromwell, exasperated at their long defence, ordered them all to be put to the sword, except about thirty, who were sent to Barbadoes, and there sold as slaves, a fate worse than death, and one which Cromwell seemed to have a particular taste for bestowing on his captives. He then proceeded to Wexford, the garrison of which place shared the same cruel fate."

We think that enough has now been done by us to recommend this little volume to readers, both juvenile and of more advanced years. We might have quoted many descriptive sketches of scenery, antiquities, and local curiosities, all of which are delivered with the same ease and plainness that characterise the dialogues and narratives cited. The volume, in short, will form a very accurate and pleasant guide to the most interesting spots in the Emerald Isle, and be found extensively suggestive with regard to the engrossing subjects connected with the social, the moral, and the political condition of its numerous population.

ART. VI.—*Remarks on Military Law and the Punishment of Flogging.* By Major-General CHARLES J. NAPIER, C. B., Author of "Colonization in Australia." London: T. and W. Boone. 1837.

GENERAL NAPIER is a bold and trenchant writer. He strikes right and left whatever be the point he wishes to advance or defend. He is so discursive in the use of illustration, that no one can predict whither he may wander, or whom he may assail; and the consequence has been, that even when treating of a branch of law which might be presumed dry and full of technicalities, and of a practice that is revolting to humanity, he alternately instructs and amuses. His experience as a soldier, and the grasp of his mind have, indeed, enabled him to throw a great deal of light on the important subjects handled in the present volume; and, if we are not much mistaken, he will carry with him the convictions of many, as regards the subject of flogging, who have hitherto thought erroneously or loosely on it. This is the subject in the work to which we are about especially to direct the attention of our readers, although the chapters which the gallant author has devoted to Military Law as a general system, in reference to the British army are equally valuable, and, as respects doctrine, to no small extent novel. To this portion of the performance, we, therefore, first of all make some reference.

In his reasonings and opinions on Military Law, General Napier distinguishes it, both as regards its objects and its principles from all the other heads under which law is classed, such as National, Ecclesiastic, Civil, &c., which he embraces under the general designation of Social Law. Now, the object of all social law he holds to be the punishment of crime in its literal and moral sense; whereas, that of military law is to produce prompt and entire obedience. Obedience, no doubt, is demanded of the citizen, but it seldom calls for present exertion, and is indeed of a negative nature, so as rather to withhold men from doing that which is wrong, than to force them to perform the will of a superior, and when that will may be capricious or wrong. The objects being different, the principles, it may be presumed between these two classes of laws will also be at variance or independent of one another. Accordingly, while success in war depends upon two great principles; viz., to be in the *right place*, and at the *right time*, which requires, before such prompt and precise ends can be attained, that both body and mind should be disciplined to certain habits, many of which may seem trifling and useless in themselves, as if man was an automaton ready to obey whatever another orders to be performed,—in social life the habit of doing right in matters of importance is sufficient, of which, men who are their own masters, are competent to judge. Soldiers accustomed to obey in trifles, seldom disobey in matters of import-

ance. To regularity of habits they are trained, all the authority to regulate these terminating in the King. A gradual amelioration of moral habits, working generation after generation, is what all social laws should contemplate, and nothing but that which offers violence to the welfare of the community is cognizable by these laws. If then social and military laws be so distinct in point of object and the principles on which they are founded, is it right that in their administration they should be mixed up together. Is it right, for instance, that when a soldier has obeyed the command of his superior, he should be made subject to the social law, and be punished under its enactments, when, had he not obeyed his superior, he must have been punished according to martial law? And yet the statutes of parliament, while they have instituted courts martial upon the pretext that social courts are unfit to decide upon military cases, sanction an appeal to the latter from the former—to the incompetent from the competent tribunals. We quote a case as recorded by the author to show the hardship that may arise from this blending of incongruous laws.

"A corporal of the fiftieth regiment was, in 1806, escorting a deserter of desperate character. The prisoner, choosing his opportunity, slipped his hands out of the handcuffs and ran off. The corporal, unable to gain upon the fugitive, called out that he would fire. The deserter, confident in his swiftness of foot, defied his pursuer, who fired, and shot the runaway dead. The corporal was thrown into jail, where he remained a long time. He was finally tried for murder, and if my memory be correct, found guilty of manslaughter. At all events he suffered imprisonment and great anxiety of mind for doing that, which if he had not done, he would have been tried by military law, degraded, and possibly flogged! Had this soldier shot any *non-military* person, his being arrested and tried for murder by the social law, would have been just; because he commanded the guard and was responsible to the laws of the country for his conduct, under the protection of which laws the slain man considered himself to be placed. But when the corporal shot *a soldier*, a man of our own society, by the laws of which both the corporal and the slain man were bound to act, and which laws are given to us by the same authority that enacts the social laws, it was surely inconsistent and unjust, that his life should depend upon the opinion of twelve jurors; men ignorant of our military laws and customs: and although his conduct had, in the opinion of the jury, been so correct as to save his life, be nevertheless received severe punishment. And for what? for decided and meritorious conduct!"

In the case of riots the soldier's situation is particularly delicate and embarrassing: but to distinguish and clear up what are the duties of both civil and military authorities in such exigencies, the author suggests that they should not act together, on account of their different functions—that the civil magistrate should act with his constables under his own code, till he can act no longer—that

then the military magistrate should act with *his* force and under *his* code—but that the whole responsibility of calling in the aid of troops should rest with the former authority, whose duty and office it is to consider well before he resorts to this step; whereas, it is the duty and office of the military commander to act, the moment that he is called on, boldly and promptly; when the time of remonstrance, admonition, and entreaty is gone, the hour for martial action has arrived, and if the commanding officer and soldiery transgress their defined duties, make them amenable to the king and to parliament, but not to civil courts.

These are some of the ideas and points which General Napier suggests and enforces at length, and with remarkable effect. He also maintains that military law should differ in peace and in war. In peace obedience is required, but only to orders for regulating the ordinary current of a soldier's life; whereas, in war, extraordinary exertions of an energetic character have to be produced and sustained. A British soldier's life and duties may either have a peaceful state at home, or a peaceful state in the colonies for their sphere. In all of these diversified conditions, appropriate objects have to be gained; and since those in a time of peace are of a gentler nature, than those demanded in time of war, approximating to those sought for by social law, is it not reasonable that the rigour of law should be abated, which in war is necessary to attain the more urgent objects of obedience and sanguinary results? This question naturally and conveniently conducts us to that part of the present work, which treats of the influence which punishments and rewards have upon men's minds, and of the punishments and rewards that ought to be appointed for the regulation and preservation of the British soldiery according to the highest standard of excellence, both as men and as warriors.

It appears to be a pithy remark of which our author makes use, when he says that the necessity of punishments in the British military service, is very much increased by the neglect of rewards; and that our statesmen seem to rush forward with ardour towards the use of the former, while they refuse the latter, even when admitted to have been justly earned. The punishments which are appointed in the army, are death, flogging, imprisonment, &c. On the first of these we need not say more in reference to the General's views than that he is decidedly of opinion, along with most military authorities, that neither in peace nor in war could the army be held in subordination without it, but especially in war. The principle, that "it is better twelve guilty men should escape than one innocent man suffer," is forcibly shown to be unsound, and this upon the score of mercy to the many, as regards an army; because may not occasions arise in war in which it is better to risk the life of an innocent man, than delay the making of an example? We must let

the author put a case where he says such a result might happen and be necessary.

"The innocent man must sometimes be exposed to danger; this is very horrible, but it would be more horrible to see a country ravaged by undisciplined troops, which, without these summary executions, would be the case. As I am not writing for experienced military men, I will give an example, which perhaps will show the truth of what I advance. Suppose an army to be in retreat and in distress from hunger; suppose it in a friendly country, and that its safety depends on the good-will of the peasants. An army in retreat is more liable to panic, to confusion, and to total defeat, if unexpectedly attacked, than under other circumstances. In this critical state, let us suppose that a large drove of pigs is seen by the men who are in the centre of a long column; the country is wooded, some insubordinate men first slink away from their ranks; they kill the pig drivers, and begin shooting the pigs; more men follow these murderers and pillagers; the whole army hears the firing; the cause of which is concealed by the wood, and other accidents of the ground. The alarm becomes general; an enemy is supposed to have appeared on the flank by those who only hear the noise, without knowing the cause. This is wholly unexpected; the commander begins to imagine that his information, as to the position and movement of the enemy, may not be correct; he gallops to the spot, and quickly discovers the true cause of the firing. Now, if an instant of time be lost, the whole army may be thrown into confusion and disorganised; some men by the fears of unknown danger, others by the love of plunder, others by curiosity, and the chief knows the enemy is close at hand to take any advantage that may offer. Even in his presence more men run out of the ranks to shoot the pigs; in ten minutes the whole column may be in disorder, and perhaps the peasantry may in one unlucky moment be converted from friends into enemies! What can the commander do in such an emergency? He orders the provost marshal to hang half a dozen of the first men he can catch out of the ranks, and thus strike terror into all: every man tries to regain his rank undetected, and obedience is restored in a few moments: while staff officers gallop to every part of the column to tell the cause of the alarm, and reassure the troops.

"In the circumstances I have just supposed, a well-meaning but undecided man, would fear to hang an innocent person; the instantaneous execution would not take place; the general and his staff would be employed in riding about scolding the men, and saving the pigs, like knights errant protecting distressed damsels from audacious giants. But the pigs, not the criminals, would be caught; the joke and the pork would be excellent; and those at a distance who could enjoy neither, might, especially if young troops, be thrown into confusion: in which state a sharp attack from the enemy would possibly bring the whole to a conclusion by a total defeat. Military history tells us that such things have happened. Now let us examine the case of the six men hanged by order of the chief.

"In advocating the necessity of inflicting the punishment of death in many and many cases, I must call the reader's attention to the fact, that in war, the members of that society to which the military laws apply, are *armed*: their daily life is replete not only with *temptations*, but also with the greatest *opportunities* for doing evil; that the members of this fearful

society are not only armed, but full of courage; and that courage kept bright and whetted by daily events; and that these armed men are in the midst of *unarmed* and suffering inhabitants, who endure all the misfortunes which a campaign pours upon their heads with sweeping destruction, as if Hell itself had burst forth upon them. Such is generally the fate of the wretched land where hostile armies contend. These things show that every crime committed by the soldier is far more heinous, because of its immediate consequences, than the same crime in social life. Therefore, in justice to the miserable inhabitants of the seat of war, must crime be held in check by an iron hand; and the more so, as these sufferers have no way to detect marauders, who are all dressed alike, and generally speak a foreign tongue, two difficulties in the way of detection, nearly unconquerable; so that unless the villagers can secure the armed robbers on the spot, those robbers must escape; for they can rarely be detected afterwards. Secured on the spot! an old marauder would laugh at the idea. Not once in a hundred times *dare* the villagers arrest marauders in the vicinity of an army during war.

Well may the General afterwards declare, that dreadful is the calling of a soldier, and dreadful must be the means by which that calling is fulfilled and sustained. The rules and maxims of social life cannot be applied to the artificial state of the soldier's life. The protection of the population inhabiting the seat of war—the safety and honour of the army itself—the very existence of the state by which that army is employed, may all depend upon *immediate* punishment or acquittal, with such an examination of the guilt of the accused as time permits; and this punishment, on service, frequently must be that of death. But in peace, the author argues that a mollification of the military code is urgently demanded on the following accounts. First, by the feeling of the army. Secondly, by the feeling of the country. Thirdly, by there being no necessity for immediate results as in war. Fourthly, by the greater number of well-educated men, that enter the ranks in time of peace: and fifthly, by the lesser number of villains, who in war enter the army to pillage: that, in short, it is better to say, that "men shall be shot for desertion in war, and shall not be shot for desertion in peace," than merely to say, "men shall be shot for desertion."

But to come to the subject of flogging, General Napier, radical reformer though he be, is unlike many of our political agitators and brawlers, who see no difficulty attending its abolition, and if incautiously done, no danger. His doctrine is, however, that it may be entirely abolished in time of peace, without injury to the discipline of the army, and that it must be done gradually, especially in the colonies—"going bridle in hand, as through a dangerous ford, so that the government may draw up at any moment," since "the abolition of a strong and long practised punishment in the army, demands great moral courage and

great circumspection"—but that it cannot be abolished in time of war. We must give or glance at some of his details and reasoning on this subject.

"It is to observed that when men are charged with the infliction of any punishment (no matter how revolting it may be in its nature) they generally become desirous of adding to its severity: their minds grow hardened by seeing such punishments inflicted, and they erroneously believe that the bodies of their fellow creatures grow equally indurated. To correct this horrible disposition to cruelty which seems inherent to our nature, reason must interfere, or the heart becomes steeled through the eyes. The story of the old woman, who, when some sentimental gormandizer of eels expressed his horror at seeing them flayed alive, said, 'Lord bless you, they be so used to it they don't mind it,' is a much more bitter satire on human nature than at first appears. If the most delicate woman in London was kept without food till she flayed live eels, she would in time think no more of the operation than of pulling off her glove; though at first the fear of death, the agonies of starvation, and the force of necessity combined, would hardly overcome her disgust. So it is, that those who are accustomed to see and inflict horrible suffering, as the old woman was, lose the power of feeling for their victims, and fancy the infliction not to be sufficiently severe because it has ceased to excite their own sensibility, therefore when one lash does not succeed they say 'let us try two,' and so increase gradually; instead of seeking carefully for the *cause* why one lash does not produce the desired effect. Two punishments existed in the army; the one called 'Flogging,' the other called 'Picketting.' We have left off the last and continued the first, which is the most cruel punishment of the two; for picketting, however bad it may be, is far less horrible than flogging, because it leaves no mark; and because the culprit is well the moment his punishment is over; the pain at the time of infliction is said to be excessive; but there is no danger to life; no injury to the health is sustained; and the effect, I should suppose (for I never saw this torture inflicted) would be very great upon the spectators. This is much less cruel than to cut the flesh to pieces, and leave a man in such a state that he continues for many days in great suffering after the flogging is over; and remains for some weeks confined to the hospital; with the marks of shame indelibly fixed in his back; besides the danger of destroying life during the infliction of the punishment. But all torture is objectionable, and therefore should be avoided, when to avoid it is possible; it savours too strongly of vengeance, which is not the object of law. Torture is worse than death to many who suffer it; to some it is both agonizing and fatal; yet no crime can demand from mortal judges a greater punishment than death; so that he, whose crime at most only merits a moderate share of pain, may suffer a greater punishment than is established for the monster, whose fell deeds seem to merit death in this world, and to court damnation in the next! Besides this, the total ignorance of the quantity of pain given is, as I have elsewhere stated, another objection to torture, which objection cannot be too often repeated when pain is to be inflicted in a concentrated form. In fact, when a judge condemns a culprit to the torture, he may be said to put so many sentences into a bag, and draw out one by chance; for when he orders the

application of torture he knows not what he inflicts: it may be more or less pain, or it may be death.

In this manner of speaking, we find none of that spirit of dogmatism which many newspaper writers have dealt in on the subject of flogging; neither is the author so ignorant of military service or of mankind, as to charge all those officers who defend this punishment, as essential to discipline, with a want of feeling. Nay, as the military code stands, how are they always to avoid the application of the cat-o'-nine-tails? The General discusses the subject in all its bearings, and with exemplary candour, stating his objections seriatim and strongly. He objects to flogging in time of peace, because, first, it is torture; secondly, because it is torture of a very unequal infliction. The striker may be strong or weak; may be willing or unwilling to put forth all his strength:—thirdly, the culprit may have more or less obtuseness of feeling. "Some men are covered with blood from the poll of their necks to their crupper, after twenty lashes, and others will receive three hundred without much blood running below where the lash cuts the skin." Among the evils and inequalities of flogging, the author also notices the different states of health of culprits at the time of its infliction—the difference of climates, and the fact of its severity being greater on young than old offenders.

"The first punishment is the most cruel. A man who has been frequently flogged feels it less every time: his back gets *callous*; therefore, he is less punished in proportion as he deserves it more; and being thus hardened both morally and physically, he sometimes makes a joke of his punishment. I have often heard men, while receiving the lash, set the whole regiment laughing; others blaspheme; others, again, bear their agonies with a fortitude which elicits the admiration of the spectators. All this does harm to the minds of men, and especially of young men. The habit of seeing a man tortured, of seeing his blood spring, his convulsions and writhings of agony, and hearing his horrible shrieks, is, I repeat, mischievous to the human heart and hardens it against the nobler feelings."

Besides all this, the lash brands the sufferer with indelible marks on his body, which the General regards as one of the strongest arguments against it.

But the great question now occurs, viz., is flogging an effectual punishment? does it serve its professed purpose? Our author very clearly shows, from the history of its diminution, both as to frequent recurrence and the decrease in the number of stripes which the law now allows, that it is not, and that it does more harm than good. His argument is, that the present state of discipline in our army has never been surpassed, and that therefore the late limitation put upon the number of lashes in the competence of a court-martial to sentence, was wise and humane; and that, on the same principle, flogging ought to be abolished in time of peace.

Reverting to the days when he was a subaltern, when he says the army was *not* in a high state of discipline, he thus writes—

"I *then* frequently saw six hundred, seven hundred, eight hundred, nine hundred, and a thousand lashes sentenced by *regimental* courts martial; and generally *every lash inflicted.* I have heard of twelve hundred having been inflicted, but never witnessed such an execution. Even a *general* court martial cannot do this *now*. Its sentence cannot exceed two hundred lashes. I, *then*, often saw the unhappy victim of such barbarous work, brought out from the hospital *three* and *four* times to receive the remainder of his punishment, too severe to be borne, without danger of death, at one flogging; and, sometimes, I have witnessed this prolonged torture applied for the avowed purpose of adding to its severity. On these occasions it was terrible to see the new tender skin of the scarcely healed back again laid bare to receive the lash. I declare that accustomed as I was to such scenes, I could not, on these occasions, bear to look at the first blows: the feeling of horror which run through the ranks was evident, and all soldiers know the frequent faintings that take place among recruits, when they first see a soldier flogged. The bringing a man from hospital to receive a second, and third, infliction, cannot *now* take place.

"I have heard, and I have no doubt of the fact, because it was generally talked of and admitted to be so, though I never saw it, that there were commanding officers who distributed the lashes from the poll of the neck to the heel; thus, flaying the shoulders, posteriors, thighs, and calves of the legs, multiplying the torment enormously; but I believe it was done (and legally too) according to the wording of the sentence which ordered or permitted such cruelty. It could not be done *now*. Here we have proof upon proof how much punishment is now ameliorated, both in quantity and mode of infliction, and this has been produced by public feeling."

Who can wonder when he sees that this ferocity of discipline was not only cruel but ineffectual, who reflects on the attributes of human nature, and considers that a dreadful flogging, disproportioned to the crime, and resolutely borne, perhaps, must send more men away with their courage whetted to imitate the culprit, than struck with fear of being placed in the same situation? The law, as our author admirably expresses himself, becomes judged, condemned, and defied, as an enemy; whereas, were the punishment slight, the effect would be powerful, inasmuch as it would have the hearty concurrence of the public, instead of seeing the tortured culprits sustained by the pity of his fellow-men. The parapraph we now quote is remarkable on more accounts, than for the appalling force with which the description is wrought up.

"I have seen many hundreds of men flogged, and have always observed that when the skin is thoroughly cut up, or flayed off, the great pain subsides. Men are frequently convulsed and screaming, during the time they receive from one lash to three hundred lashes, and then they bear the remainder, even to eight hundred, or a thousand lashes, without a groan;

they will often lie as if without life, and the drummers appear to be flogging a lump of dead, raw flesh. Now, I have frequently observed that, in these cases, the faces of the spectators assumed a look of disgust; there was always a low whispering sound, scarcely audible, issuing from the apparently stern and silent ranks; a sound arising from lips that spoke not: but that sound was produced by hearts that felt deeply: and this, too, when the soldiers believed in its justice, and approved of the punishment; when the willing drummers had, up to that moment, laid in the lash with great asperity. This low and scarcely audible sound, spoke aloud to my mind that the punishment had become excessive; that the culprit had disappeared, and the martyr taken his place. These are the moments to extend mercy to the criminal.

But heart-rending descriptions or noisy declamation, even as concerns the system of military flogging, does not exhaust the subject; for it becomes a most important and indispensable branch of it, to inquire whether such punishment can be safely abolished; and if abolished, what is to be substituted? To the first query we shall not advert farther, than to repeat the general result of the General's opinions and statements, that in time of peace it may be safely abolished, provided other simultaneous measures be adopted. He lays great stress on the use on the part of officers of appealing to the nobler feelings and principles of the British soldier, and over and over again repels with scorn the allegation that they are an *inferior class*. He seems also, according to his own frank and manly account, to have very frequently had recourse to these powerful and confiding appeals, and to speak from his own immediate experience of their general success. But we must hasten forwards to his substitutes for flogging, and see what he has to say on some of them—the chief of which are, *death*, *transportation*, *imprisonment*, the *tread-mill*, *forfeiture of pay and of pensions*, and *blistering the back* in the case of drunkenness. As this last-mentioned substitute may be new to our readers, we shall allow the author to be heard in its behalf; for he musters no less than *five* recommendations of it—such as, "that it does not take long to heal, though for a time painful—that it leaves no disgraceful marks—that it does not endanger, but may benefit health, being a very rational cooler for a sot," &c.

"I will now come to the blistering, which succeeded in two cases; the only two I believe in which the experiment was tried. The first case was in the fourteenth regiment. In 1794 I heard Major-General Welbore Ellis Doyle (an excellent man and a distinguished officer in his day) say, that whenever a soldier of his regiment got drunk, he (Doyle) put a blister upon a man's back; he did this to avoid flogging, to which punishment he was strongly opposed. Doyle declared that the blister *completely succeeded in putting a stop to drunkenness in his regiment*; and, consequently, to flogging; for military men acknowledge that nearly all our crimes spring from this terrible vice. So far I speak of what I know from hearsay as to the effects. But I can, also, speak of what I witnessed. A friend of mine,

who heard what General Doyle had done, was appointed to the command of a regiment quartered in Guernsey. On joining his corps, he found six regiments quartered in the island, of which Sir John Doyle (the brother of him just mentioned) was governor. The cheapness of liquor made the soldiers drink hard; the flogging was dreadful, and, as usual, *without effect*. My friend determined to put a stop to this crime of drunkenness on duty, by an appeal to the honourable feelings of the soldiers, and, at the same time, to make drunkenness as unpleasant as possible, but *without the lash*. He therefore bethought himself of the *blisters*, and, with the surgeon's hearty concurrence and help, he applied them. He gave out an order to say he would not flog, but trust to the soldiers' self-respect for keeping sober on duty. Of course a man was drunk next day. The colonel and his surgeon went to the guard-house, felt the drunkard's pulse: he was declared to be in a fever: nothing could be more true: he was therefore put into a blanket, and four soldiers bore him through the barracks, his comrades all laughing at the care taken of him: on reaching the hospital, the patient was put to bed and *blistered* between the shoulders, fed on bread and water for a week, and then turned out '*cured*.' He was then brought on the parade, when his colonel congratulated him on his recovery from the fever and sent him to his company, where he got greatly laughed at. In the first week many others underwent the same treatment: but the joke, though very amusing to the sober soldiers, soon began to be none to the drunkards. There was great pain, some bread, plenty of water, but no pitying comrades! no mercy! The effect was complete; not a man of that regiment was flogged in Guernsey after my friend began the blisters; and after a fortnight there was no such thing as a man drunk for guard or parade. Now *this regiment had been in an infamous state;* it had been in a distant colony: the commanding officer had been just cashiered by a court-martial. The Duke of York appointed a new lieutenant-colonel and a new major. They both joined about the same time. Their ideas of command agreed, and their united exertions to do their best succeeded. The lieutenant-colonel did not *inflict a single lash*, and in three months the general officer who made the half yearly inspection returned the highest report of the state of that corps. After witnessing this, can I believe the lash to be necessary?

The result of much of our author's reasoning on the subject of punishments is thus summed up by himself—

"*First*. That the power of courts-martial to inflict corporal punishment should exist in time of war for all crimes that are now decreed to be liable to corporal punishment.

"*Secondly*. That flogging should cease altogether in Great Britain Ireland, and the Channel Islands, in peace, being therein gradually abolished.

"*Thirdly*. That this punishment should continue to be inflicted in the colonies in time of peace, for mutiny, for drunkenness on duty, and for theft; and cease altogether (in peace) if the experiment of abolition in England be found successful, but not sooner.

"*Fourthly*. That the tread-mill should be at once introduced in all gar-

risons at home and abroad; but that no soldiers should be sent to the tread-mill except by the sentence of a court martial.

"*Fifthly.* That all intoxicated men be placed in hospital, as temporary maniacs, and blistered (under the superintendence of the surgeon) for their more speedy recovery, and the safety of their comrades, whom the voluntary madness of armed men exposes to personal danger, to great trouble, and to increase of duty, sometimes at the expense of health and even of life to such orderly soldiers.

"*Sixthly.* That a system of rewards in shape of commissions, increase of pay for colonial service, pensions, medals, and other honourable distinctions, should be established.

"*Seventhly.* That all punishment should be *promptly* inflicted, and that (relative to trial and punishment) all delays occasioned by general officers or commanders of regiments should be inquired into, and if not proved to have been unvoidable, punished by trial before a general court martial."

We do not think it necessary to follow General Napier much farther in his views as detailed in the pages before us. What we have already presented, if not enough to gain over every one to the same opinions, is undoubtedly sufficient to secure for his work a complete and deliberate perusal; after which, we are confident that impressions will be left that must in no slight degree tend to the amelioration of our military code. One thing is certain, that the mind of the country is so fully awakened, and it may be said excited, on the subject, that no government will be able to resist its annual agitation in parliament. It needs no great inspiration to predict what will be the ultimate issue of a nation's feelings and opinions. Is it not imperative on all in power, and on all who can add to the outward pressure to which that power must yield, to make themselves as much master of the question and its various bearings as possible? And few authorities or instructors can be named more competent than the author of this volume.

The author has a good deal to say on the subject of rewards, which should certainly be established on as regular and firm a footing as punishments, wherever the conduct of the beings to whom they are presented, can be affected by motives. In the army, these rewards our author specifies in the following order and manner:—*medals* or *decorations*, and *badges*,—*arms of honour*,—*pensions*,—*increase of pay*,—*prize-money*,—and *commissions*. We shall now do no more than copy a letter, which was written to the author by Colonel Sir Neil Douglas, as illustrative of the efficacy of certain medals and pieces of parchment in the regiment which he commanded towards the close of the late war between England and France. Let it only be observed, after reading the letter, that the parchment certificates spoken of, were calculated to be of signal service to discharged soldiers, wherever they went to establish themselves.

"'MY DEAR NAPIER, *Caen, June* 15, 1836.

"'As you have expressed a desire to know the particulars, and to learn the result of the working of the Regimental Order of Merit which I established in the 79th regiment of Highlanders, I sit down with pleasure to detail it to you; from memory, it is true, but at the same time with perfect accuracy; and I shall be glad if you find it of use in your forthcoming work upon the subject of corporal punishments in the army.

"'To this mode of punishment I have all my life been a great enemy, having found from long experience that it is hopeless to expect any good results from its infliction, either as a warning to good men to avoid evil courses, or as a punishment to bad ones, for the actual commission of crime. I therefore gave much attention to the subject, and came to the conclusion after mature reflection, that under the existing military law of England, my only chance of abating it, was by stimulating men's minds by holding out to them great advantages for good and regular behaviour; and thus making it their interest to conduct themselves with propriety.

"'In this view, at Blandecques, in France, during the period of the occupation, I proposed first to the officers, and then to the men, to institute in the regiment an Order of Merit, to be governed by the following regulations.

"'The order to be divided into two classes; the first to wear a silver, and the second a bronze medal; to be acquired in the following manner:—

"'Seven years of unimpeachable conduct to give a right to the bronze medal or second class; and five years more, or twelve in all, to give a right to the silver medal or first class.

"'One year as serjeant to reckon as two. Every siege or general action to reckon as one year. Thanks in orders to give a right to medal: and the commanding officer to be empowered to grant medals for all extraordinary acts of gallantry, or devotion to the service, at his own discretion. The commanding officer to have it in his power, for all acts of inebriety, insubordination, or other breach of the articles of war, to degrade any man from the order, by taking his medal from him altogether; or of depriving him of it for a limited period, according to the nature and degree of his offence: and all these circumstances, as well as all promotions and appointments in the order, to be published in regimental orders.

"'In order that the medals might be distributed in a manner as satisfactory to the men themselves as possible, I determined that all recommendations should, in the first place, come through them; for this purpose, on or about the 24th of June in each year, Company Boards were ordered to assemble, to scrutinize the claims of all candidates for admission.

"'These Boards consisted each of a serjeant and six privates, and to them all aspirants sent their claims in writing, stating fully their pretensions; these were minutely investigated, and allowed, or rejected, as the case might be.

"'The proceedings of these Boards were then laid before the captains or officers commanding companies, who, after consulting their defaulter books and making their own observations, transmitted them to the commanding officer.

"'A Board was next assembled, consisting of a field officer and four

captains, who scrutinized the whole proceedings, and reported to the commanding officer, who, after confirming them, directed the names of such men as had been promoted or appointed, to be inserted in orders, and at the following parade delivered them their medals with his own hands. Medals, as before stated, were forfeited for all acts of inebriety, insubordination, or other crime cognizable by the articles of war, either altogether or for a shorter or longer period, at the discretion of the commanding officer; and medals so forfeited were returned to the orderly room, and became the property of the regiment. But soldiers discharged retained their medals; and in cases of death they went to their friends.

"'On a soldier being discharged he received a parchment certificate, as nearly as I can recollect, to the following purport.

"'To a meritorious and deserving soldier.

"'This is to certify that the bearer, A. B, was admitted a member of the Regimental Order of Merit instituted in the 79th regiment of Highlanders, by Col. Sir Neil Douglas, C. B. and K. C. H., as a reward for courage, sobriety, and good conduct; and that he is entitled to wear a silver medal on the left breast, &c. Given under my hand and seal of the regiment, at Blandecques, in France, this —day of ——, &c.

"'NEIL DOUGLAS, Colonel,

"'Commanding 79th Highlanders.'"

ART. VII.—*Memoirs, Correspondence, and Manuscripts of General Lafayette.* Published by his Family. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley. 1837.

UNLIKE many of those spurious publications, which of late years have issued from the Gallic press in the shape of memoirs, biographies, and histories of the eminent men who figured in or since that volcanic and blood-stained revolution, which set at nought all former calculations, and shook violently and to the foundation the institutions of the civilized world, the work before us contains beyond all doubt a genuine and unperverted account of the man, his doings and experiences, which it pretends to give. The persons who publish it, modestly, but reveringly, inscribe it thus—"Respectfully to collect, and scrupulously to arrange, the manuscripts of which an irreparable misfortune has rendered them depositories, have been for the family of General Lafayette the accomplishment of a sacred duty. To publish those manuscripts without any commentary, and place them unaltered in the hands of the friends of liberty, is a pious and solemn homage which his children now offer with confidence to his memory." In this manner and with these motives has the work been ushered into the world, which contains documents illustrative of all the great events that agitated, no tonly Europe, but northern America, for the last sixty years, events more rife with marvellous movements and changes than any similar period can offer to us on the authentic page of history. These volumes show us also a man in all his public

and private relations, that is more intimately identified with these changes than any single individual that can be named on either quarter of the globe. Well, therefore, may this publication be regarded with extraordinary respect and curiosity. Not that it is likely to be much sought after or relished by the multitude. Not even will the refined scholar, or the lover of elegant literature, as food for pastime, be inclined to waste many hours over its pages. The man of business, the practical politician, will find little in it to instruct or interest them. Lafayette was unquestionably a historical character, that is, one whose prominence in an eventful age, renders his name, opinions, and actions, the index of many of the strangest and most imposing moral and social vicissitudes of that age; and the present work communicates, in an unbroken and faithful shape, complete testimonies of all he did, and of all that befel him in his career. It is not, however, a publication that can obtain an analysis such as would entertain our readers, unless it extended to a far greater length, and partook of a far more elaborate style of theorising, than we are in the habit of bestowing on subjects of grave speculation. Following our usual custom of tracing and exhibiting the current of literature, science, and art, it is enough that we point out what are the general features of such a book, and present a few passages that will be most interesting to the majority of our readers. Those specimens, even in these thick and closely printed volumes, are not numerous, while they are widely scattered throughout them. But it is the less necessary to be excessively nice in the endeavour either accurately to arrange them, or closely to detect them, seeing that the public have already, from many sources, and in numerous publications, had ample means of understanding in outline the share which Lafayette has taken in public affairs, and of appreciating the consistency of his purposes, the sincerity as well as ardour of his character, and his untarnished private career, whatever may be thought of his prudence, his providence, or his wisdom.

The extracts about to be presented by us will chiefly go to exhibit and illustrate the purity, intensity, and oneness of Lafayette's affections and principles It may be satisfactory to know beforehand, that his correspondence is classified according to the leading passages of his life, or the more astounding events of which he was a contemporary—each portion being preceded by a short memoir of himself, or sketch of public affairs. Thus we have his several voyages to, and campaigns in America, forming distinct chapters, the assembly of the Notables of France, the French Revolution, the Constituent Assembly, &c. &c.—the whole abounding with dissertations and personal feelings.

Lafayette presents a striking and no doubt a faithful index to his entire history, in the following sketch of his youthful feelings and conduct:—

"I recollect no time of my life anterior to my enthusiasm for anecdotes and glorious deeds, and to my projects of travelling over the world to acquire fame. At eight years of age, my heart beat when I heard of an hyæna that had done some injury, and caused still more alarm, in our neighbourhood, and the hope of meeting it, was the object of all my walks. When I arrived at college, nothing ever interrupted my studies, excepting my ardent wish of studying without restraint. I never deserved to be chastised; but, in spite of my usual gentleness, it would have been dangerous to have attempted to do so; and I recollect with pleasure that, when I was to describe in rhetoric a perfect courser, I sacrificed the hope of obtaining a premium, and described one who, on perceiving the whip, threw down his rider. Republican anecdotes always delighted me, and when my new connexions wished to obtain for me a place at court, I did not hesitate displeasing them to preserve my independence. I was in that frame of mind when I first learnt the troubles in America; they only became thoroughly known in France in 1776, and the memorable declaration of the 4th of July reached France at the close of the same year."

A description of his conduct and situation, during his first campaign in America, will suitably follow.

"After having wearied you with public affairs, you must not expect to escape without being wearied also with my private affairs. It is impossible to be more agreeably situated than I am in a foreign country. I have only feelings of pleasure to express, and I have each day more reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the congress towards me, although my military occupations have allowed me to become personally acquainted with but few of its members. Those I do know have especially loaded me with marks of kindness and attention. The new president, Mr. Laurens, one of the most respectable men of America, is my particular friend. As to the army, I have had the happiness of obtaining the friendship of every individual; not one opportunity is lost of giving me proofs of it. I passed the whole summer without accepting a division, which you know had been my previous intention; I passed all that time at General Washington's house, where I felt as if I were with a friend of twenty years' standing. Since my return from Jersey, he has desired me to choose, amongst several brigades, the division which may please me best; but I have chosen one entirely composed of Virginians. It is weak in point of numbers, just in proportion, however, to the weakness of the whole army, and almost in a state of nakedness; but I am promised cloth, of which I shall make clothes, and recruits, of which soldiers must be made, about the same period; but, unfortunately, the last is the most difficult task even for more skilful men than me. The task I am performing here, if I had acquired sufficient experience to perform it well, would improve exceedingly my future knowledge. The major-general replaces the lieutenant-general, and the field-marshal, in their most important functions, and I should have the power of employing to advantage, both my talents and experience, if Providence and my extreme youth allowed me to boast of possessing either. I read, I study, I examine, I listen, I reflect, and the result of all is the endeavour at forming an opinion, into which I infuse as much common sense as possible. I will not talk much, for fear o

saying foolish things; I will still less risk acting much, for fear of doing foolish things; for I am not disposed to abuse the confidence which the Americans have kindly placed in me. Such is the plan of conduct which I have followed until now, and which I shall continue to follow; but when some ideas occur to me, which I believe may become useful when properly rectified, I hasten to impart them to a great judge, who is good enough to say that he is pleased with them. On the other hand, when my heart tells me that a favourable opportunity offers, I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of participating in the peril, but I do not think that the vanity of success ought to make us risk the safety of an army, or of any portion of it, which may not be formed or calculated for the offensive. If I could make an axiom, with the certainty of not saying a foolish thing, I should venture to add that, whatever may be our force, we must content ourselves with a completely defensive plan, with the exception, however, of the moment when we may be forced to action, because I think I have perceived that the English troops are more astonished by a brisk attack than by a firm resistance."

His persevering and pertinacious patience, his unimaginative and single-hearted devotion, never falter, never are unjust to a sustained magnanimity—displaying that which may be compared to the severe grandeur of the antique in sculpture. But what we have to do is not to spend words of comment or conjecture, but be at the pains to cull a few of those passages, which possess the power of separately and immediately engaging the reader's attention on account of their historical, personal, or their gossiping interest. Having found that from Lafayette's letters to his wife, and his correspondence with Washington, the things that suit us best may be taken, we insert a few of them. To the former the following is addressed :—

" Be perfectly at ease about my wound; all the faculty in America are engaged in my service. I have a friend, who has spoken to them in such a manner that I am certain of being well attended to; that friend is General Washington. This excellent man, whose talents and virtues I admired, and whom I have learnt to revere as I know him better, has now become my intimate friend; his affectionate interest in me instantly won my heart. I am established in his house, and we live together like two attached brothers, with mutual attachment and cordiality. This friendship renders me as happy as I can possibly be in this country. When he sent his best surgeon to me, he told him to take charge of me as if I were his son, because he loved me as if I were his son."

Again—

" All the foreigners who are in the army—for I do not speak only of those who have not been employed, and who, on their return to France, will naturally give an unjust account of America, because the discontented, anxious to revenge their fancied injuries, cannot be impartial—all the foreigners, I say, who have been employed here are dissatisfied, complain, detest others, and are themselves detested; they do not understand why I am the only stranger beloved in America, and I cannot understand why they are so much hated. In the midst of the disputes

and dissensions common to all armies, especially when there are officers of various nations, I, for my part, who am an easy and a good natured man, am so fortunate as to be loved by all parties, both foreigners and Americans: I love them all—I hope I deserve their esteem; and we are perfectly satisfied the one with the other. I am at present in the solitude of Bethlehem, which the Abbé Raynal has described so minutely. This establishment is a very interesting one; the fraternity lead an agreeable and tranquil life: we will talk over all this on my return; and I intend to weary those I love, yourself, of course, in the first place, by the relation of my adventures, for you know I was always a great prattler.

"You must become a prattler also, my love, and say many things for me to Henrietta—my poor little Henrietta! embrace her a thousand times—talk of me to her, but do not tell her all I deserve to suffer; my punishment will be, not to be recognised by her on my arrival; that is the penance Henrietta will impose on me. Has she a brother or a sister?—the choice is quite indifferent to me, provided I have a second time the pleasure of being a father, and that I may soon learn that circumstance. If I should have a son, I will tell him to examine his own heart carefully, and if that heart should be a tender one, if he should have a wife whom he loves as I love you, in that case I shall advise him not to give way to feelings of enthusiasm which would separate him from the object of his selection, for that affection will afterwards give rise to a thousand dreadful fears."

The following is in a more playful, but not less affectionate strain:—

"Camp of Whitmarsh, November 6th. 1777.

"You will perhaps receive this letter, my dearest love, at the expiration of five or six years, for I am writing to you, by an accidental opportunity, in which I do not place great trust. See what a circuit my letter must make. An officer in the army will carry it to Fort Pitt, three hundred miles in the interior of the Continent; it will then embark on the great Ohio river, and traverse regions inhabited only by savages; having reached New Orleans, a small vessel will transport it to the Spanish islands; a ship of that nation—God knows when!—will carry it with her on her return to Europe.—But it will even then be very distant from you; and it is only after having been soiled by the dirty hands of all the Spanish postmasters that it will be allowed to pass the Pyrennees. It may very possibly be unsealed and resealed five or six times before it be finally placed in your hands; but it will prove to you that I neglect no opportunity, not even the most indirect one, of sending you news of myself, and how well I love you. It is, however, for my own satisfaction only that I delight to tell you so at present; I hope that I shall have the pleasure of throwing this letter in the fire when it arrives, for be it understood I shall be there also, and my presence will render this piece of paper very insignificant. The idea is most soothing to my heart, and I indulge it with rapture. How enchanting to think of the moments when we shall be together! but how painful also to recollect my joy is only caused by an illusion, and that I am separated from the reality of my happiness by two thousand leagues, an immense ocean, and villanous English vessels!"

From the correspondence with Washington, we find that nothing more illustrative of the single-heartedness and devoted affection of the subject of these Memoirs could be presented in a small compass than what the above extracts furnish. We, therefore, must content ourselves with only one quotation more, and this shall be from a letter of the great champion of American independence himself, on his resignation of the presidency. What an epoch in one's life it would be to receive such an epistle from such a man!

"Mount Vernon, February 1st, 1784.

"At length, my dear marquis, I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, and under the shadow of my own vine and fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life. I am pleasing myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame; the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all; and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile; can have very little conception. I am not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself. I shall be able to resume the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life with heartfelt satisfaction; envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all, and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers.** I thank you most sincerely, my dear marquis, for your kind invitation to your house, if I should come to Paris; at present, I see but little prospect of such a voyage; the deranged situation of my private affairs during these few years, will not only oblige me to suspend, but perhaps for ever hinder me from gratifying this wish. This not being the case with you, come, with Madame Lafayette, and view me in my domestic walks. I have often told you, and I repeat it again, that no man could receive you in them with more friendship and affection than I should do, in which I am sure Mrs. Washington would cordially join with me. We unite in respectful compliments to your lady, and best wishes to the little flock.

"With every sentiment of esteem, admiration, and love; I am, &c.

In these volumes there are many notices that are novel to us, or are more fully explanatory, even of great public transactions and occurrences than any that have before appeared,—Lafayette's opportunities and unquestioned integrity, as well as candour, rendering every one of his statements worthy of being relied on by the future historians. For reasons already stated, we need not more precisely indicate what these statements are, or to whom they refer. We only add, confirmatory of the unparalleled character of Washington, that in giving an account of General Arnold's treason and of his escape, when his wife was in an agony of terror for his safety, Lafayette writes, that Washington ordered one of his aids-de-camp to tell her, "that he had done everything he could to seize her husband, but that, not having been able to do so, he felt pleasure in informing her that her husband was safe."

ART. VIII.—*The Ninth Bridgewater Treatise. A Fragment.* By CHARLES BABBAGE, Esq. London: Murray. 1837.

THE author correctly states in his preface, that this volume does not in reality form a part of that series of works known by the name of "Bridgewater," but he says—"I have, however, thought, that in furthering the intention of the testator (referring to the Earl of Bridgewater's bequest of 8,000*l.* to be divided among eight authors, for the purpose of advancing arguments in favour of Natural Religion), by publishing some reflections on that subject, I might be permitted to connect with them a title which has now become familiarly associated in the public mind, with the evidences in favour of Natural Religion." Without impugning Mr. Babbage's motives in the selection of a title to his work, we think that its connection with the subjects of these celebrated treatises might have been announced, and sufficiently understood, though their precise titles had not been assumed. But to pass over this matter, and proceed to the performance of our more important functions, it is not immaterial to our readers to know, that the performance is the farthest possible from having any just claim to the title of *Treatise*; for, in truth its chapters are a series of fragments, and not even closely connected in respect of theme. There is, however, one object which the author drives at more particularly than any other, and which has been in a great measure suggested by an opinion expressed in Mr. Whewell's Bridgewater Treatise, which is in these words—"We may thus, with the greatest propriety, deny to the mechanical philosophers and mathematicians of recent times, any authority with regard to their views of the administration of the universe; we have no reason whatever to expect from their speculations any help, when we ascend to the First Cause and Supreme Ruler of the universe. But we might perhaps go farther, and assert that they are in some respects less likely than men employed in other pursuits, to make any clear advance towards such a subject of speculation." Now Mr. Babbage combats the opinion uttered in the former sentence of this statement, and is wroth at the insinuation contained in the latter. He has therefore undertaken to show, by a new class of analogies of a mathematical kind, or rather by his own extraordinary invention, the celebrated calculating machine, that the power and knowledge of the great Creator of matter and of mind are unlimited. But while we do not think that mechanical philosophy and mathematics necessarily incapacitate the mental powers from appreciating moral relations and the grounds of theological faith, although the study of them, from being perhaps engrossingly pursued, has very frequently been followed by the results complained of, yet, we have doubts in reference to Mr. Babbage's present efforts, whether he has

really succeeded by them to bring an accession of evidence in support of the other innumerable proofs of "the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation," which were the objects contemplated by Lord Bridgewater's will. We are perfectly aware that the same argument will produce very different degrees of conviction on different minds; and the views, many of these novelties, which the volume before us holds out, for aught we know, may send to the minds of many most salutary and abiding convictions. After a perusal of the volume, however, the impression left with us has been that of admiration as respects the author's ingenuity, and dexterous use of that knowledge for which he is so renowned, rather than that of having received new and additional strength to our previous belief. But it is not to tell our readers what are our impressions and convictions, so much as to give an account of the arguments and doctrines which are in this "Ninth Treatise" advanced, that we are called upon to explain. Accordingly we proceed to present an outline of its peculiar views, and to let certain specimens speak for themselves.

Mr. Babbage lays down this doctrine, that the display of design, contrivance, power, and wisdom, is greater when, in the course of nature, we see general laws changed, violated, and then rectified again in accordance with some more comprehensive law transcending the limits of analysis; or, in other words, that the display is more godlike when the Creator of a complicated system has communicated to it the means of producing of itself certain pre-ordained changes, than if it required the application of the creative hand to interfere and bring about those changes. To illustrate and enforce this doctrine, the calculating machine is introduced, the revolving wheel of which presents many millions of times a sequence of figures regularly increasing by units, as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 5001, 5002, 5003, &c. But when it reaches *one hundred million and one*, the next succeeding term is one hundred millions *ten thousand* and two, thus departing and for a time following a seemingly irreconcilable and different law, but in truth only fulfilling some more general and comprehensive law in the original principles understood by the contriver. Now, Mr. Babbage compares the seeming irregularity in his machine to geological facts, which present incontrovertible proofs that great changes have occurred in our globe, but which, as explained in the following extract, are evidences of far greater wisdom and power than if no such changes had taken place, or, than if it had required a putting forth of an immediate and new creative power, to produce what was desired and willed:—

"In turning our views from these simple consequences of the juxtaposition of a few wheels, it is impossible not to perceive the parallel reasoning, as applied to the mighty and far more complex phenomena of nature. To call into existence all the variety of vegetable forms, as

they become fitted to exist, by the successive adaptations of their parent earth, is undoubtedly a high exertion of creative power. When a rich vegetation has covered the globe, to create animals adapted to that clothing, which, deriving nourishment from its luxuriance, shall gladden the face of nature, is not only a high but a benevolent exertion of creative power. To change, from time to time, after lengthened periods, the races which exist, as altered physical circumstances may render their abode more or less congenial to their habits, by allowing the natural extinction of some races, and by a new creation of others more fitted to supply the place previously abandoned, is still but the exercise of the same benevolent power. To cause an alteration in those physical circumstances—to add to the comforts of the newly created animals—all these acts imply power of the same order, a perpetual and benevolent superintendence, to take advantage of altered circumstances, for the purpose of producing additional happiness.

"But, to have *foreseen*, at the creation of matter and of mind, that a period would arrive when matter, assuming its prearranged combinations, would become susceptible of the support of vegetable forms; that these should in due time themselves supply the pabulum of animal existence; that successive races of giant forms or of microscopic beings should at appointed periods necessarily rise into existence, and as inevitably yield to decay; and that decay and death—the lot of each individual existence—should also act with equal power on the races which they constitute; that the extinction of every race should be as certain as the death of each individual; and the advent of new genera be as inevitable as the destruction of their predecessors;—to have foreseen all these changes, and to have provided, by one comprehensive law, for all that should ever occur, either to the races themselves, to the individuals of which they are composed, or to the globe which they inhabit, manifests a degree of power and of knowledge of a far higher order

"The vast cycles in the geological changes that have taken place in the earth's surface, of which we have ample evidence, offer another analogy in nature to those mechanical changes of law from which we have endeavoured to extract a *unit* sufficiently large to serve as an imperfect measure for some of the simplest works of the Creator."

We think there is a deficiency as respects the analogy sought to be established between the calculating machine and the universe, as above explained, because the design and the laws which regulate the former may be fully understood, and its whole history and principles beheld and comprehended; whereas in the latter there is much that we cannot understand, and much too of that which we believe concerning it, that has been derived alone from extraordinary testimony. We are afraid, too, there is something of that tendency which is apt to sway the minds of those who are enthusiasts in mechanical philosophy, to assimilate every thing to its principles and standard, and to lead to the belief that the Creator's providence is general, and not particular or immediate. To our minds a grander and more consolatory doctrine is taught, by those who believe that

the Almighty eye and arm is ever directly upon, even the smallest and most evanescent of his creatures, and that the wonderful revolutions which the globe we inhabit has undergone, are the results of creative power, which is never idle. We fear that the term laws, and the habit of connecting human inventions, in the shape of machinery for example, which, when set in motion is capable of working out certain purposes, while the contriver may be a mere looker-on at his ease—with premeditation, future approval or correction—are apt to mislead the mind, and to suggest resemblances, which sound ethics, and a spiritual religion cannot countenance. Nay, although Mr. Babbage contends that his doctrine does not lead to fatalism, we have not been able to arrive at the same conclusion. In the chapter, too, in which this is maintained, we find that mode of speaking of the Divine procedure, which, according to our opinion misdirects on subjects that baffle our understandings, in such sentences as the following:—"The Being who called into existence this creation, of which we are part, must have *chosen* the present form, the present laws, in *preference* to the infinitely infinite variety which he might have *willed* into existence." We have thrown into italics certain terms which cannot surely be applied to Him who "is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," with whom there is no past and no future, in the same sense in which they are used relatively to man. "He must have known and foreseen all, even the remotest consequences, of every one of these laws," which he has instituted, is liable to the same sort of objection, convincing us that the person who so writes and thinks, is not so conversant with theological as with mechanical and mathematical science.

Mr. Babbage devotes two chapters to the account of the creation as given by Moses, which though ingenious, by no means pleases us.

"The revelation of Moses itself rests, and must necessarily rest, on *testimony*. Moses, the author of the oldest of the sacred books, lived about fifteen hundred years before the Christain era, or about three thousand three hundred years ago. The oldest manuscripts of the Pentateuch at present known, appear to have been written about 900 years ago. These were copied from others of older date, and those again might probably, if their history were known, be traced up through a few transcripts to the original author; but no part of this is revelation; it is testimony. Athough the matter which the book contains was revealed to Moses, the fact that what we now receive as revelation is the same with that originally communicated revelation, is entirely dependent on testimony. Admitting, however, the full weight of that evidence, corroborated as it is by the Samaritan version; nay, even supposing that we now possessed the identical autograph of the book of Genesis by the hand of its author, a most important question remains,—What means do we possess of translating it?

"In similar cases we avail ourselves of the works of the immediate predecessors, and of the contemporaries of the writer; but here we are

acquainted with no work of any predecessor—of no writing of any contemporary; and we do not possess the works of any writers in the same language, even during several succeeding centuries, if we except some few of the sacred books. How, then, is it possible to satisfy our minds of the minute shades of meaning of words, perhaps employed popularly; or, if they were employed in a stricter and more philosophical sense, where are the contemporary writings from which their accurate interpretation may be gained?

"The extreme difficulty of such an inquiry will be made apparent by imagining a parallel case. Let us suppose all writings in the English, and indeed in all other languages previous to the time of Shakespeare, to have been destroyed;—let us imagine one manuscript of his plays to remain, but not a vestige of the works of any of his contemporaries; and further, suppose the whole of the succeeding works of English literature to be annihilated nearly up to the present time. Under such circumstances, what would be our knowledge of Shakespeare? We should undoubtedly understand the general tenor and the plots of his plays. We should *read* the language of all his characters; and viewing it generally, we might even be said to understand it. But how many words connected with the customs, habits, and manners of the time must, under such circumstances, necessarily remain unknown to us! Still further, if any question arose, requiring for its solution a knowledge of the minute shades of meaning of words now long obsolete, or of terms supposed to be used in a strict or philosophical sense, how completely unsatisfactory must our conclusions remain! Such I conceive to be the view which common sense bids us take of the interpretation of the book of Genesis. The language of the Hebrews, in times long subsequent to the date of that book, may not have so far changed as to prevent us from rightly understanding generally the history it narrates; but there appears to be no reasonable ground for venturing to pronounce with confidence on the minute shades of meaning of allied words, and on such foundations to support an argument opposed to the evidence of our senses."

This is a *curt* method of deciding the matter, and, if just, throws loose all belief in the Old Testament. We suspect that by the same process of reasoning the Christian code must be damaged also, as laid down in the New Testament. It is more than probable, however, that all theorising and conjecturing which professes to illustrate and enforce the doctrines of Natural Religion at the expense of that which is revealed, will not abide the test of satisfactory argument.

There is a chapter on "the Desire of Immortality," which is so broken by large gaps, that its force has not been apparent to us. It is, however, more satisfactory, and better entitled to a heading than Chapter XIV., which is called "Thoughts on the Origin of Evil," the whole of which we extract. Thus it stands,—"I had intended to have put into writing the substance of an interesting discussion I once had with a distinguished philosopher, now no more, but other demands on my time have prevented the completion of this intention." Something more will be gathered from another chapter

though it be short, the whole of which we also quote. It is on "Time."

"Time and change are great, only with reference to the faculties of the beings which note them. The insect of an hour, which flutters, during its transient existence, in an atmosphere of perfume, would attribute unchanging duration to the beautiful flowers of the cistus, whose petals cover the dewy grass but a few hours after it has received the lifeless body of the gnat. These flowers, could they reflect, might contrast their transitory lives with the prolonged existence of their greener neighbours. The leaves themselves, counting their brief span by the lapse of a few moons, might regard as almost indefinitely extended the duration of the common parent of both leaf and flower. The lives of individual trees are lost in the continued destruction and renovation which take place in forest masses. Forests themselves, starved by the exhaustion of the soil, or consumed by fire, succeed each other in slow graduation. A forest of oaks waves its luxuriant branches over a spot which has been fertilized by the ashes of a forest of pines. These periods again emerge into other and still longer cycles, during which the latest of a thousand forests sinks beneath the waves, from the gradual subsidence of its parent earth; or in which extensive inundations, by accumulating the silt of centuries, gradually convert the living trunks into their stony resemblances. Stratum upon stratum subsides in comminuted particles; and is accumulated in the depths of the ocean, whence they again arise, consolidated by pressure or by fire, to form the continents and mountains of a new creation.

"Such, in endless succession, is the history of the changes of the globe we dwell upon; and human observation, aided by human reason, has as yet discovered few signs of a beginning—no symptom of an end. Yet, in that more extended view which recognises our planet as one amongst the attendants of a central luminary; that sun itself the soul, as it were, of vegetable and animal existence, but an insignificant individual among its congenors of the milky way:—when we remember that that cloud of light, gleaming with its myriad systems, is but an isolated nebula amongst a countless host of rivals, which the starry firmament surrounding us on all sides, presents to us in every varied form;—some as uncondensed masses of attenuated light;—some as having, in obedience to attractive forces, assumed a spherical figure; others, as if farther advanced in the history of their fate having a denser central nucleus surrounded by a more diluted light, spreading into such vast spaces, that the whole of our own nebula would be lost in it:—others there are, in which the apparently unformed and irregular mass of nebulous light is just curdling, as it were, into separate systems; whilst many present a congeries of distinct points of light, each, perhaps, the separate luminary of a creation more glorious than our own;—when the birth, the progress, and the history of sidereal systems are considered, we require some other unit of time than even that comprehensive one which astronomy has unfolded to our view. Minute and almost infinitesimal as is the time which comprises the history of our race compared with that which records the history of our system, the space even of this latter period forms too limited a standard wherewith to measure the footmarks of eternity."

This is eloquent and impressive writing. The chapter which contains "Thoughts on the Nature of Future Punishments" is equally solemn and weighty, although the whole is rhapsodical and unconnected with any apparent prevailing purpose on the author's part.

"Who has not felt the painful memory of departed folly? who has not at times found crowding on his recollection, thoughts, feelings, scenes, by all perhaps but him forgotten, which force themselves involuntarily on his attention? Who has not reproached himself with the bitterest regret at the follies he has thought, or said, or acted? Time brings no alleviation to these periods of morbid memory: the weaknesses of our youthful days, as well as those of later life, come equally unbidden and unarranged, to mock our attention and claim their condemnation from our severer judgment.

"It is remarkable that those whom the world least accuses, accuse themselves the most; and that a foolish speech, which at the time of its utterance was unobserved as such by all who heard it, shall yet remain fixed in the memory of him who pronounced it, with a tenacity which he vainly seeks to communicate to more agreeable subjects of reflection. It is also remarkable that whilst our own foibles, or our imagined exposure of them to others, furnish the most frequent subject of almost nightly regret, yet we rarely recall to recollection our acts of consideration for the feelings of others, or those of kindness and benevolence. These are not the familiar friends of our memory, ready at all times to enter the domicile of mind its unbidden but welcomed guests. When they appear, they are usually summoned at the command of reason, from some unexpected ingratitude, or when the mind retires within its council chamber to nerve itself for the endurance or the resistance of injustice.

"If such be the pain, the penalty of thoughtless folly, who shall describe the punishment of real guilt?"

"Whether, then, we regard our future prospects as connected with a far higher acuteness of our present senses—or, as purified by more exalted moral feelings—or, as guided by intellectual power, surpassing all we contemplate on earth, we equally arrive at the conclusion, that the mere employment of such enlarged faculties, in surveying our past existence, will be an ample punishment for all our errors; whilst, on the other hand, if that Being who assigned to us those faculties, should turn their application from the survey of the past, to the inquiry into the present and to the search into the future, the most enduring happiness will arise from the most inexhaustible source."

There is a striking sentence in the same chapter, that concentrates much of all that precedes and follows it. It is this—"On whichsoever side we look at the question, knowledge *alone* is advantageous to virtue; and if additional knowledge *alone* were given in a future life, it would cause the best of us to regret the errors of the present." A pithier remark is elsewhere used; "Make," says our author, "but the offender better, and he is already severely punished."

Several of the chapters latterly alluded to by us, have little or no

connection with Natural Religion, or the proofs of "the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the creation." Neither can the three chapters on Miracles be properly introduced into a work which professes to be devoted to the evidences in behalf of Natural Religion. They seem to have been composed, however, to afford an opportunity for the author to show how his calculating machine might even be employed to illustrate such departures from the ordinary phenomena of nature. We shall not trace the reasoning or ingenious illustration employed on this subject, but merely state, that according to Mr. Babbage, "A miracle may be only the exact fulfilment of a general law of nature, under such singular circumstances that to those imperfectly acquainted with that law it appears to be in direct opposition to it." Our readers will perceive that this is returning to the precisely same idea and hypothesis advanced with regard to the changes which have taken place in our globe. But how the supposition, which seems nothing better than a gratuitous conjecture, can be reconciled with the writers whose testimony fills the sacred volume, is more than we can perceive. The mathematical and numeral effort which the author makes to prove that the strength of a few witnesses, viz., seven, would be enough to establish to ingenuous, enlightened, and well-regulated minds, the fact that a man had risen from the dead, tends to confirm the opinion of Mr. Whewell, when he says, "that we have no reason whatever to expect from the speculations of mathematicians and mechanical philosophers any help, when we ascend to the First Cause and Supreme Ruler of the Universe." One of Mr. Babbage's conclusions, nevertheless, is, that "it is more probable that any law, at the knowledge of which we have arrived by observation, shall be subject to one of those violations, which, according to Hume's definition, constitutes a miracle, than that it should not be so subjected,"—a conclusion which none, we think, will find to be consistent with the dictates of common sense or rational deduction; and none, unless those who from habit and pursuit have become wondrously alive to the properties of mathematical quantities and relations, and to the results arising from calculations and proportions of infinite variety, will credit. Our last extract shall be from what some will call, a fanciful chapter on "the Permanent Impression of our Words and Actions on the Globe we inhabit."

"The pulsations of the air, once set in motion by the human voice, cease not to exist with the sounds to which they gave rise. Strong and audible as they may be in the immediate neighbourhood of the speaker, and at the immediate moment of utterance, their quickly attenuated force soon becomes inaudible to human ears. The motions they have impressed on the particles of one portion of our atmosphere, are communicated to constantly increasing numbers, but the quantity of motion measured in the same direction receives no addition. Each atom loses as much as it

gives, and regains again from others, portions of those motions which they in turn give up.

"The waves of air thus raised, perambulate the earth and ocean's surface, and in less than twenty hours every atom of its atmosphere takes up the altered movement due to that infinitesimal portion of the primitive motion which has been conveyed to it through countless channels, and which must continue to influence its path throughout its future existence.

"Thus considered, what a strange chaos is this wide atmosphere we breathe! Every atom impressed with good and with ill, retains at once the motions which philosophers and sages have imparted to it, mixed and combined in ten thousand ways with all that is worthless and base. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever said or even whispered. There, in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest, as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stand for ever recorded, vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle, the testimony of man's changeful will.

"But if the air we breathe is the never-failing historian of the sentiments we have uttered, earth, air, and ocean, are in like manner the eternal witnesses of the acts we have done. The same principle of the equality of action and reaction applies to them: whatever motion is communicated to any of their particles, is transmitted to all around it, the share of each being diminished by their number, and depending jointly on the number and position of those acted upon by the original source of disturbance.

"No motion impressed by natural causes, or by human agency, is ever obliterated. The ripple on the ocean's surface caused by a gentle breeze, or the still water which marks the more immediate track of a ponderous vessel gliding with circle expanded sails over its bosom, are equally indelible. The momentary waves raised by the passing gale, apparently born but to die on the spot which saw their birth, leave behind them an endless progeny, which, reviving with diminished energy in other seas, and visiting a thousand shores, reflected from each and perhaps again partially concentrated, pursue their ceaseless course till ocean be itself annihilated.

"The track of every canoe, of every vessel, which has yet disturbed the surface of the ocean, whether impelled by manual force or elemental power, remains for ever registered in the future movement of all succeeding particles which may occupy its place. The furrow which it left is, indeed, instantly filled up by the closing waters; but they draw after them other and larger portions of the surrounding element, and these again once moved, communicate motion to others in endless succession.

"The solid substance of the globe itself, whether we regard the minute movement of the soft clay which receives its impression from the foot of animals, or the consussion produced from falling mountains rent by earthquakes, equally retains and communicates, through all its countless atoms, their apportioned shares of the motions so impressed.

"Whilst the atmosphere we breathe is the everliving witness of the sentiments we have uttered, the waters, and the more solid materials of the globe, bear equally enduring testimony of the acts we have committed.

"If the Almighty stamped on the brow of the earliest murderer—the indelible and visible mark of his guilt—he has also established laws by which every succeeding criminal is not less irrevocably chained to the testimony of his crime; for every atom of his mortal frame, through whatever changes its several particles may migrate, will still retain, adhering to it through every combination, some movement derived from that very muscular effort, by which the crime itself was perpetrated."

We now take leave of the volume, which in some parts displays originality, while in others it is curious, and, in not a few, eloquent both in thought and expression. We have no idea, however, that it will be popular, or particularly instructive, and could have wished to have seen a more satisfactory production by such an eminent man, as the author confessedly is.

ART. IX.—*A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands; with Remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands, origin, languages, traditions, and usages of the Inhabitants.* By JOHN WILLIAMS, of the London Missionary Society. London: J. Snow, 1837.

BY every one that feels a deep interest in the Christian missions that have emanated from the people of England, which is as much as to say by all who are truly religious in the British empire, and in Christendom, the volume before us will be welcomed with no ordinary degree of satisfaction and delight. In the history of modern missions, there have been none whose triumphs are more glorious than those, which, owing their existence and support to the people of this country, have planted the standard of the cross in many of the South Sea Islands; while of the heralds of the gospel in these regions, none have been more eminent and successful than Mr. John Williams, of the London Missionary Society, the author of the present work. Indeed, whether the period at which he commenced his labours in the South Seas, or their duration, or the magnitude and variety of the undertakings and conquests of which he was the primary and most active instrument, be taken into account, his name must be for ever identified with the conversion of the savage islanders in question; nor, do we believe that we overstep the sober propriety of language, when we add, that he ought to be called the great Apostle to the South Seas.

It is not alone as a Missionary that Mr. Williams figures in this volume. This, to be sure, ought to be, and is the principal capacity in which he here appears. But, we think that he has set an example, which, it would be good for the cause he has so ardently espoused and constantly supported, were it uniformly observed and followed by his brother labourers in the same field, whether as respects their daily ministrations among the heathen, or the publica-

tion of what they have done and witnessed. We allude not merely to the lively sketches of scenery and manners which he evidently takes pleasure to observe, even when not immediately connected with the great concerns of his mission, but the taste, the knowledge, and the earnestness which he displays as a geographer, a philologist, a naturalist, an adventurer, a merchant, and a mechanic. In all of these capacities he is no mean proficient; regarding each of them he presents to his readers valuable information and hints; but, above all, he shows how efficacious these branches may be rendered towards the conversion of the heathen—the exaltation and refinement of their mental and moral natures. We shall have no difficulty, even when confining ourselves to a comparatively small portion of this thick octavo, in letting its author be seen to advantage in all of these departments, and of persuading our readers that the work is one of uncommon merits in a variety of views.

One thing we could have wished, for the sake of a more extensive circulation of the work—it is this, that Mr. Williams had employed much more seldom, those exclamations and reflections which very many devout and cultivated minds, we are persuaded, will look upon as bearing the stamp of cant, and of such a habitual use of the most peculiar and solemn portions of scriptural phraseology, as savour of easy utterance and a sort of conventional idiom. When a common place occurrence has to be explained, or a common-place idea has to be expressed, surely it tends to weaken the effect of the most impressive passages in the Bible, to have them for ever trippingly on the tongue, thus bringing them down from the lofty and sacred judgment seat of eternal justice and mercy. It is perfectly true that the author's career has been one that constantly led him to mark the dealings of Providence towards him with more than ordinary closeness and wonder; but it is not less true, that he who orally describes his hair-breadth escapes and marvellous experiences—much more he who commits his emotions to a book, where their ardour and intensity of gratitude cannot be witnessed excepting through the medium of literary truth and skill, should be wary lest he spoil the effect of the whole by a neglect of proportions and occasions—by wasting the whole vocabulary of his ecstasies on comparatively unimpressive passages of every-day life, and leaving himself destitute of more exalted images and appeals for great and strange vicissitudes, where they would shine and glow like apples of gold in a net-work of silver. To our minds, at least, the effect of many of our author's paragraphs or sentences of the sort spoken of, has been that of weakening the force or pathos of the preceding plain narrative of facts. Far be it from us to insinuate that he is not sincere in every such instance, or that he has not thousands of times felt that no human language, not even that of revelation, could do justice to his thoughts. Many years of his life would give the

lie to any such uncharitable construction. But we must at the same time tell him, that he has allowed himself to deal so often in what many would call the cant of Calvinistic sectarianism, as to operate considerably to the disparagement of his volume, especially among those very persons in the higher walks of life, whose countenance and patronage in behalf of the Missionary cause he is so anxious to enlist and secure. Still we are not of the number that will allow a sectarian peculiarity of manner or style to blind us to the many apparent and eminent grounds for praise, and of congratulation to the Missionary cause, which the volume holds out, and now proceed to the pleasing part of our duty.

Mr. Williams informs us that he has travelled a *hundred thousand miles*, and spent *eighteen years* in endeavouring to promote the spread of the gospel—that he has gathered a mass of materials from which he could have composed many volumes, and that indeed his chief difficulty has been to select, compress, and arrange them, so as to give a continuous narrative where fidelity and brevity should unite. It is but fair that he should be heard for himself on this point, and but just that we add, that he has succeeded in doing justice to his endeavours regarding it.

"It would have been comparatively easy to have filled the volume with general statements, instead of descending to minute particulars; but mere outlines and sketches could convey a very inadequate impression of the state of Society, and the progress of Christianity among the people for whose welfare he has laboured. He has therefore endeavoured, as exactly as possible, to describe the scenes hs has witnessed as they appeared to himself, and to give upon the pages of his narrative 'a cast' of the images and impressions which exist in his mind. With this view, he has preserved the dialogues in which much of his knowledge was obtained, and has not spoken for the natives, but allowed them to speak for themselves. In doing this, he has carefully avoided the use of terms and phrases which are current among nations more advanced in the scale of intelligence and civilization, and the employment of which might lead the reader to form a higher estimate of the state of society in the South Sea Islands than facts would warrant; and he has been equally careful to convey native ideas in the phraseology and under the figurative garb in which they were expressed. This he has been enabled to do, not only from an intimate knowledge of the habits of thought and modes of communication with which they are familiar, but more especially from the circumstance of his having kept a minute record of most interviews and events which the following pages describe. In a word, the Author has endeavoured to take his reader with him to each of the islands he has visited; to make him familiar with their chiefs and people; to show him what a Missionary life is, and to awaken in his mind emotions similar to those which successively filled his own."

It was in 1817 that Mr. Williams joined the mission in which he has been such an excellent labourer, at the Island of Raiatea, the largest and most central of the Society Islands, which is about 100

miles from Tahiti, being the immediate scene of his exertions. The groups which are the principal subjects of the volume before us, are the Hervey and the Samoa, or Navigator's Islands, about which very little was known till visited by the author, and some of which never before was beheld by an European. It is only, however, respecting one of the former group, by name Rarotonga, that we present any considerable variety of the information which is before us, selecting that island because it is the most important of the Hervey group, and because it is associated with, or the scene of a sufficient variety of the author's enterprises and successes, to show him to the best advantage.

Rarotonga escaped the untiring researches of Captain Cook, and was discovered by Mr. Williams in 1823. It is described by the latter as being situated lat. 21 degrees 20 minutes S., 16 degrees W. long. It is fertile in soil, splendid as to scenery—its circuit is about thirty miles, and its population 6,000 or 7,000. Like many of the South Sea Islands, it is surrounded by a coral reef, but has several good boat harbours. It will soon be seen by our readers that this island is one which is calculated to interest the mind in an unusual degree, whether considered in its savage, its transition state towards civilization, or its future prospects. But previously to proceeding with our author to Rarotonga, or any of those accounts or discussions belonging to the immediate and most important objects of his mission, we must let him be heard in part upon two subjects just now referred to.

First, when speaking of the Samoa group of islands, which was discovered by the French circumnavigator, Bougainville, in 1678, Mr. Williams declares, that the names given by him, are so confused and incorrrect, that it is utterly impossible to know the islands which he intended to designate. The same he affirms of the account given by the unfortunate La Perouse, who visited them in 1788; whereas, he adds, that in this respect as well as in every other, Cook's superiority is displayed; for that you may follow the directions of this prince of navigators with as much confidence as you travel the high roads of England. Mr. Williams seems to entertain a just sense of Captain's Cook's contributions, not only to science, but intimates that though not appointed directly to pave the way to the spread of the Gospel in the Pacific, that yet his voyages have operated essentially and eminently towards this glorious triumph of light and religion. On the other hand, of Kotzebue, he asserts that he has failed to correct one error, or to supply a single deficiency of his French predecessors, and that his "New Voyage round the World," so far as it relates to Tahiti, "is one tissue of falsehoods, containing accounts of persons who never existed, and lengthened histories of events which never occurred." Kotzebue, like very many other travelled gentlemen, was no friend to the Mis-

sionaries; and every one may readily conceive how easy it is to give a misrepresentation of the most earnest and pious labours of the best of these self-denying philanthropists. The day, indeed, is not long gone by, when men of *taste, knowledge,* and *erudition,* would have been ashamed to utter even a negative approval of the most apostolical modern teachers of the Gospel among the heathen; and even as it is, the errors, the ignorance, the misguided zeal, or the incompetence of some who, it cannot be denied (neither could it rationally have been expected,) have disgraced the ranks of those most illustrious champions, to which Mr. William belongs, are to many who call themselves Christians, far more acceptable themes of remark, than the blameless, the effective, and chivalric deeds of the heroes of the Cross. But in spite of the hostile and the lukewarm, the thing disliked has come to pass—it is now in full vigour, its promise threatens to put to shame impugners and sticklers; and what was a few years ago asseverated loudly, has now to be uttered in whispers, probably more frequently with the wish than the expectation that the prognostication stand the test of time and experience.

The other point to which we have alluded, concerns the formation of the islands in the Paficic, of which our author must be allowed to have had extraordinary opportunities of forming an opinion. In some of them, he says, there are strong evidences of volcanic eruptions; others present but slight symptoms of such phenomena, "the rocks being crystallized carbonate of lime, very much in appearance like the arogonite of the Giant's Causeway," which are supposed to have been coral; while a third class is the low coralline islands, which, in most cases, rise but a few feet above the sea. After noticing the theories which have been put forth respecting the formation of what are called coral islands, he proceeds to test these theories by certain facts to which he can speak, concluding with this opinion, that coral growth is extremely slow, and declaring that in all his travels and investigations he has perceived *no* animal agency at work adequate to the formation of a reef or island of any extent, within a period of many thousand years. He also states that it is an error to suppose, that all coral insects work until they reach the surface of the water.

Again, as to the substance of which coral is composed, which some say is the exuviæ of insects—others that it is a secretion from them—and others again, among whom is Dr. Buckland, that it is the gelatinous bodies of polypes which are furnished with the power of secreting carbonate of lime, with which they form a basis of attachment and cell of retreat: Mr. Williams is of opinion—

"That as there is carbonate of lime in salt water; that as corals are carbonate of lime; and that they are found to exist principally in warm climates, where, by the process of evaporation, there is an abundance of material supplied for these insects to build with; instead of secreting the

substance, or producing it in any other way, they are merely the wonderful architects which nature employs to mould and fashion this material into the various and beauteous forms which the God of nature has designed it should assume.

"This opinion appeared to me to receive considerable confirmation on my late visit to the Museum at Liverpool; for in looking over the extensive collection of corals there, I perceived a branching piece rather different to any with which I was acquainted, and on reading the label, I found it to be 'a calcareous crystal formed in the evaporating house of the salt-works of the King of Prussia.'

"I would venture also to suggest, whether the same theory might not be applicable to the formation of shells; and instead of saying that the animals secrete the calcareous coverings which they inhabit, that they emit or secrete a gluten, to which the calcareous particles adhere, and thus the shells are formed.

"While I believe in the agency of insects in the formation of the branching, the brain, and other corals, and also in that of roundish masses of various size, which, when broken, have much the appearance of coarse lump sugar, and may be the work of the saxigenous polypes, yet for two or three apparently conclusive reasons, I think the rock of which the reefs and islands are composed, is not the production of insects."

Having given his reasons for this opinion, (for which we must refer the scientific reader to the volume itself), he adds, "After all, however, that I have seen and thought and read upon the subject, my impression is, that the islands remain much in the same state as when the deluge left them; and that every subsequent alteration has been partial in its character, and exceedingly limited in its extent."

After some vain attempts in searching for Rarotonga, and encountering certain obstacles to landing on the island, even when it had been discovered, a few teachers who had embraced Christianity in other islands were sent on shore, who, in a marvellously short time succeeded in making a few converts, and astonishing the inhabitants in general, with accounts of the white men, and what they had done in other parts of the same group. A circumstance which appears to have contributed to this sudden and delightful result, is thus described by the author, and may be received as a wonderful instance where small and unlikely means are followed by vast fruits.

"A heathen woman had, by some means or other, been conveyed from the island of Tahiti to Rarotonga, and on her arrival she informed the Rarotongans of all the wonders she had seen; stating that they were not the only people in the world; that there were others entirely white, whom they called Cookees; that Captain Cook had been to her island, and that, subsequently to his visit, the servants of Jehovah and Jesus Christ, the white man's God, had come and were still residing there; that at her island they had ceased to use stone axes for hewing their trees, for those servants of Jehovah, and others, had brought sharp things, which the

called *ohpai*, with which they could cut them down with the greatest facility; that they had also ceased to use human bones as tools for making canoes and building houses, for the same people had brought them sharp hard things, with which they could effect their work with far greater ease; that their children did not now cry and scream while they had their hair cut, as they formerly did, when it was performed with sharks' teeth, for the Cookees had brought them bright things, which were so sharp that the operation afforded pleasure rather than pain; and that they had no need now to go down to the water to look at themselves, because these wonderful people had brought them small shining things, which they could carry about with them, and in which they could see themselves as plainly as they could see each other. These, with a variety of other 'mea tu ke,' or very strange things, which this heathen female told the astonished inhabitants of this secluded garden of the ocean, excited so much interest, that the king, Makea, called one of his children '*Tehovah*' (Jehovah,) and another Jesus Christ. An uncle of the king, whom we hope is at this time a truly good man, erected an altar to Jehovah and Jesus Christ, and to it persons afflicted with all manner of diseases were brought to be healed; and so great was the reputation which this marae obtained, that the power of Jehovah and Jesus Christ became great in the estimation of the people."

It was some time in the year 1827, that the author and his wife, accompanied by a Mr. and Mrs. Pitman, Missionaries, who meant to fix their station in Rarotonga, revisited the island, and, it is to his sojourn and labours on this occasion, which continued for no less than twelve months, that we resort for specimens of his enterprizes. Their landing, he says, took place amidst the greatest concourse of people he had seen since leaving England. Here is the description of the manner in which they were received by the once savage natives, from which it may be imagined that the teachers previously left had not been idle or unheeded.

"We found the teachers and people just about to abandon the old settlement, a new one having been formed on the eastern side of the island. As the Thursday after our arrival was the day appointed for the removal, we determined not to interfere with this or any other arrangement, until, by a more accurate acqaintance with the affairs of the station, we should be enabled to take the management of the Mission into our own hands. On Wednesday afternoon we attended service, when one of the teachers addressed the assembly; after which, the multitude gave us a welcome by a hearty shake of the hand. As there were between two and three thousand of them, and they considering that the sincerity of their affection was to be expressed by the severity of the squeeze and the violence of the shake, we were not sorry when the ceremony was over, for our arms ached severely for hours after. Early the following morning, with nearly the whole of the inhabitants of the island, we proceeded to the new station, to which we found but little difficulty in getting our things conveyed, as every person was desirous of

carrying some part of our property. One took the tea-kettle, another the frying-pan; some obtained a box, others a bed-post; even the chief himself felt honoured in rendering assistance, and during the journey he ceased not to manifest his admiration of the devices printed upon the articles of earthenware with which he was intrusted, and to exhibit them to the crowd that surrounded him."

The teachers had erected for themselves very comfortable houses, and also a temporary building for worship. One of the houses was given up to the newly-arrived Missionaries. A day or two afterwards the teachers requested their whiter brethren to seat themselves outside the door of the house, which seems to have been for an occasion devised for the purpose of hastening the good work in which they were engaged; for, on being seated as desired, the author says—

"We observed a large concourse of people coming towards us, bearing heavy burdens. They walked in procession, and dropped at our feet fourteen immense idols, the smallest of which was about five yards in length. Each of these was composed of a piece of aito, or iron wood, about four inches in diameter, carved with rude imitations of the human head at one end, and with an obscene figure at the other, wrapped round with native cloth, until it became two or three yards in circumference. Near the wood were red feathers, and a string of small pieces of polished pearl shells, which were said to be the manava, or soul of the god. Some of these idols were torn to pieces before our eyes; others were reserved to decorate the rafters of the chapel we proposed to erect; and one was kept to be sent to England, which is now in the Missionary Museum. It is not, however, so respectable in apearance as when in its own country; for his Britannic Majesty's officers, fearing lest the god should be made a vehicle for defrauding the King, very unceremoniously took it to pieces; and not being so well skilled in making gods as in protecting the revenue, they have not made it so handsome as when it was an object of veneration to the deluded Rarotongans. An idol, of which the figure on the oposite side is a correct representation, was placed upon the fore part of evey fishing canoe; and when the natives were going on a fishing excursion, prior to setting off, they invariably presented offerings to the god, and invoked him to grant them success. Surely professing Christians may learn a lesson from this practice. Here we see pagans of the lowest order imploring the blessing of their gods upon their ordinary occupations. Christian, go and do likewise."

We cannot follow Mr. Williams in all, nor indeed in any considerable number of his details, even when confining ourselves to his labours in this single island. Many of them are extremely interesting and wonderful. As to the progress and constancy of the Rarotongans in their new religion, it is proper to mention that a place of worship was soon erected, of suitable dimensions; for the natives worked so heartily with the materials which the island afforded, that it was finished in two months. There is a short pas-

sage quoted by the author, from an account which a Mr. Bourne gives of these people, that may be taken as containing the triumph of Christianity among them, and which we transfer to our pages.

"'Much has been said in Europe, &c., concerning the success of the Gospel in Tahiti and the Society Islands, but it is not to be compared with its progress in Rarotonga. In Tahiti, European Missionaries laboured for fifteen long years before the least fruit appeared. But two years ago Rarotonaga was hardly known to exist, was not marked in any of the charts, and we spent much time in traversing the ocean in search of it. Two years ago the Rarotongans did not know that there was such good news as the Gospel. And now I scruple not to say, that their attention to the means of grace, their regard to family and private prayer, equal whatever has been witnessed at Tahiti and the neighbouring islands. And when we look at the means, it becomes more astonishing. Two native teachers, not particularly distinguished among their own countrymen for intelligence, have been the instruments of effecting this wonderful change, and that before a single Missionary had set his foot upon the island. I could not help earnestly desiring the presence of my brother Williams, that as we shared in the disappointments experienced in our last voyage, we might share the joy which the change that has since taken place is calculated to produce."

The simplicity and ingenuousness of the Rarotongans may be in part understood from the following little story:—Mr. Williams having come to the work of the chapel one morning without his square, he took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal, wrote upon it a request addressed to his wife that she would send it to him. The person whom he called to carry this sort of note was a chief, who was superintending a certain portion of the building, "a singular-looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a great warrior." On being addressed thus,—"Friend, take this, go to our house, and give it to Mrs. Williams," he answered—

"'Take that! she will call me a fool and scold me, if I carry a chip to her.' 'No,' I replied, 'she will not, take it, and go immediately; I am in haste.' Perceiving me to be in earnest, he took it, and asked, 'What must I say?' I replied, 'You have nothing to say, the chip will say all I wish.' With a look of astonishment and contempt, he held up the piece of wood, and said, 'How can this speak? has this a mouth?' I desired him to take it immediately, and not spend so much time in talking about it. On arriving at the house, he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool-chest; whither the chief, resolving to see the result of this mysterious proceeding, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said, 'Stay, daughter, how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams, wants?' 'Why,' she replied, 'did you not bring me a chip just now?' 'Yes,' said the astonished warrior, 'but I did not hear it say any thing.' 'If you did not, I did,' was the reply, 'for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible.' With this the chief leaped out of the house; and catching up the mysterious piece

of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms would reach and shouting as he went, 'See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk, they can make chips talk!' On giving me the square, he wished to know how it was possible thus to converse with persons at a distance. I gave all the explanation in my power; but it was a circumstance involved in so much mystery, that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck, and wore it for some time. During several following days, we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with intense interest while he narrated the wonders which this chip had performed."

Every one of our readers must be aware that the wives of the Missionaries are perhaps not less efficient instruments in converting a heathen and savage community to the gentle and affectionate religion of the Bible than the rougher sex. Indeed the enterprise and zeal of the former will bear a comparison with the most heroic deeds of the human race in ancient and modern times. The ordinary current of their labours consists in the tuition of their own sex, old and young, not only in moral and religious truths, social and domestic duties, as wives, mothers, or daughters, but in the various branches of industry suited to the feminine character; so that while raised from that degraded state in which Paganism has almost universally held woman, they not only become the suitable companions of man, but shed over his rougher nature the softening yet elevating influence of their special sphere. Connected with the subject we are now upon, the following paragraph may be cited.

"The Rarotongans improved much in every respect during our residence among them. The females were completely transformed in their appearance; for, although the teachers were both single men, they had taught them to make bonnets; but, I must add, that their taste, in forming the shape, did not admit of equal commendation with their desire to raise the character and promote the comfort of the female sex. These deficiencies, however, were supplied by Mrs. Pitman and Mrs. Williams, who made some hundreds of bonnets, and rendered many of the natives proficients in the art. They made also, for the chiefs' wives, European garments, and instructed them to use the needle, with which they were much delighted. Besides this, they met, almost daily, the different classes of females, to impart to them religious and other instruction. By myself, the men were taught various useful arts, such as to work at the forge, to erect better houses, and to make articles of furniture, in which they have since far excelled their neighbours. At Mr. Pitman's station, I constructed a turning lathe, and the first thing I turned was the leg of a sofa, with which the chief to whom it belonged was so much delighted that he strung it round his neck, and walked up and down the settlement, exhibiting it to the admiration of the astonished inhabitants, many of whom exclaimed, that if they had possessed it prior to the renunciation of idolatory, it would certainly have been an object of worship, and have

taken the precedence of all their other idols. We made a sugar mill for them, and taught them to boil sugar."

Mr. Williams adds in a note, that he had constructed seven sugar mills at the period alluded to, having placed one in several of the native Missionary stations, from which it may be guessed he is no mean mechanic. But fuller testimony shall be adduced in his behalf on this point from his volume before closing it.

There is perhaps nothing in this volume which is more strikingly illustrative of its author's zeal, judgment, and experience, than his views concerning the extent a Missionary should interfere in the civil affairs of the people among whom he labours, and the code of laws which he framed for the observance of the people of Rarotonga—laws, which, while they ought to be in accordance with the pure religion inculcated, must not unnecessarily violate the customs and prejudices with which the subverted superstitions were interwoven. Certainly we have never met in the books descriptive of missionary labours, such a full sight of the arduousness of their undertakings, and of the variety of their duties. In Rarotonga, for instance, the customs of the natives in the administration of justice, were sanguinary, revengeful, and revolting in the extreme. In what might be called their civil code, there were many of those anomalies and wrongs, where "might gives right." In their social and domestic relations there were gross immoralities, which it was most difficult to eradicate, even after the people began to profess themselves Christians. We may mention polygamy among the many heathen usages in their manners, which it was necessary to suppress, but concerning which, though a most delicate and difficult matter to deal with, we must applaud the conduct of Mr. Williams and his coadjutor, Mr. Pitman, on account of its decisive, yet affectionate spirit.

"This was a matter of much deliberation between my esteemed colleague and myself before we decided how to act. Prior to the introduction of Christianity, polygamy existed to a very considerable extent; and when a person having a plurality of wives offered himself as a candidate for baptism, the teachers had required that the individual should make a selection of one of them, and also provide for the support of those whom he put away. The measure succeeded beyond what might have been reasonably anticipated; and of the number who had complied with this condition, only about twenty or twenty-five persons occasioned any trouble, among whom, however, was the king, which increased our difficulty exceedingly. With these we conversed on the subject. Some said that they had returned to each other, because they had not been left at liberty in their choice; others alleged that they supposed the separation would be only temporary, and that, had they known it was to be permanent, they should not have made the selection they did. Acting upon this information, Mr. Pitman and myself thought the best, and, indeed, the only way to overcome the difficulty entirely, would be to convince the

people, recommend that those who were dissatisfied should be allowed to select publicly either of their wives, and then be united to her in marriage in the presence of the whole assembly. The maintenance of the rejected wife or wives and children was also a very serious consideration; for it is not at Rarotonga as at Tahiti and the Society Islands, where provisions are abundant, a matter of slight importance; but a female depends almost entirely on her husband. Knowing that the king's course would form a precedent, we commenced by requesting him to name publicly the individual he intended to make his companion for life, and of his three wives he selected the youngest, who had borne him one child, in preference to his own sister by whom he had had three children, and his principal wife who was the mother of nine or ten. He was then married to her in the presence of his people.

"On the following morning Pivai, the principal wife, took a mat to sleep upon, the mallets with which to make cloth for the husband who had abandoned her, and the beloved children she had borne him, and left the king's house to take up her residence in the solitude of widowhood. Scarcely a person in the settlement could refrain from tears, at seeing so worthy and amiable a woman, the mother of so large and fine a family, in those painful circumstances; and very considerable indignation was evinced on the occasion. We ourselves deeply sympathized with her; for she was a woman universally esteemed, and, from all that we knew of her, she was worthy of that esteem. A few days before leaving, she came to our house, and while conversing with Mrs. Williams upon the subject, said that, although her affection for her husband was very great, and she was truly distressed at the prospect of being separated from him, she had made up her mind to the painful event, convinced that it was preferable; for as his affections were set upon his youngest wife, if she remained she should become the occasion of his living in sin; and rather than this she would endure the separation, distressing as it might prove. This we regarded as a pleasing evidence of the power of Christian principles upon her mind. She took the opportunity of leaving the house while her husband was at school; and on his return to it, he was much affected at finding his faithful companion gone, for, although his affections were placed on the youngest wife, he had a great esteem for Pivai, who had borne him so large a family, and had been so faithful and industrious a wife for so many years. The king behaved honourably to her, by giving her the produce of about twenty farms, the tenants of which were to obey her orders and do her work. This devoted and affectionate woman spent the whole period of her widowhood, which continued for three or four years, in making native garments of the very best quality for her late husband and children; always taking the utmost pains, and displaying the greatest skill in that which was for the former, thus testifying her unabated affection. After about four years, the wife of Tinomana, the chief of a neighbouring settlement, died, and Pivai was united to him in marriage, by which she was again raised to the dignity she enjoyed prior to her painful separation from her former husband. We have reason to believe that Tinomana is a truly good man, and that they are remarkably happy in each other."

Who will not say that a Missionary, who risks his life among

savages and heathens, but who is determined to do his utmost for their temporal and eternal good, has not appalling dangers and heart-rending woes to encounter and behold? Of the former of these evils there are abundant instances in the present volume, although we have not cited them; of the latter, the last extract affords a deeply pathetic description. Mr. Williams' general conception of the duties which a Missionary has to perform, even of a civil nature, when he plants himself in the midst of an idolatrous people, are worthy of the particular attention of all who mean to pursue a career similar to his.

"The Missionary goes among them, and, by the blessing of God upon his labours, they are delivered from the dominion of the idolatrous system which had governed them for ages, and in its stead embrace Christianity. Subsequently they become acquainted with new principles; are taught to read the portions of the word of God, which are translated and put into their hands; and soon perceive that these ancient usages are incompatible with Christian precepts, and that such a superstructure cannot stand on a Christian foundation. To whom, then, can they apply for advice in this dilemma, but to the persons from whom their knowledge has been derived; and what less can the Missionary do, than give it freely and fully? I would not, however, be supposed to advocate the assumption of political authority by the Missionary, but, on the contrary, that he should interfere as little as possible; and, whether it be in civil, legal, or political affairs, that he should do so solely by his advice and influence. There are circumstances, however, especially in newly-formed Missions, where he must step out of his ordinary course, and appear more prominent than he would wish; for, frequently, a word from the Missionary, rightly-timed, will do more towards settling a dispute, healing a breach, burying an animosity, or carrying a useful plan into execution, than a whole year's cavilling of the natives themselves would have effected. And here, in answer to the charge that the Missionaries in the South Seas have assumed even regal authority, I may observe, that no Missionary in the Pacific ever possessed any such authority; that his influence is entirely of a moral character; and I may add, that there are no instances on record where men have used their influence less for their own aggrandizement, or more for the welfare of the people."

We must now let the author be seen, for a few seconds, in the character of a Robinson Crusoe. For a considerable time before his twelvemonth's residence in Rarotonga, he had cherished the idea of visiting the Samoa group, and when in that island, he resolved on carrying this purpose into execution. But the group to be visited was between 1800 and 2000 miles distant, and how was he to proceed, not having a ship at his command? He was not, however, to be daunted by this *trifling* circumstance, for could he not build one? This he earnestly set about doing, though he knew little of ship carpentry, and had scarcely any tools to work with, or suitable materials to work upon. The chapter in which his inge-

nuity and progress are described is worthy of being copied or read by every one, even by the compilers and framers of encyclopædias.

"My first step was to make a pair of smith's bellows; for it is well known that little can be done towards the building a ship without a forge. We had but four goats on the island, and one of these was giving a little milk, which was too valuable to be dispensed with, so that three only were killed; and with their skins, as a substitute for leather, I succeeded, after three or four day's labour, in making a pair of smith's bellows. These, however, did not answer very well; indeed, I found bellows-making to be more difficult task than I had imagined, for I could not get the upper box to fill properly; in addition to which my bellows drew in the fire. I examined publications upon mechanic arts, Dictionaries and Encyclopædias, but not one book in our possession gave directions sufficiently explicit for the construction of so common an article; and it appears to me a general deficiency in all the works I have seen on the useful arts, that instructions and explanations sufficiently simple are not supplied, by which an important and useful object may be accomplished by means less complex than the machinery of civilized countries. When, for example, we were anxious to make sugar, and, for this purpose, carefully read the article on sugar boiling, in the most popular Encyclopædia in our possession, not having the apparatus therein described, we derived no practical benefit from it. If, in addition to a thorough and scientific description, plain and simple directions were appended for manufacturing the article without the expensive machinery in common use, it would certainly be of immense service to persons situated as we, and emigrants to new colonies, have been. These remarks are applicable to soap-boiling, salt-making, paper-manufacturing, and a variety of other processes of a similar nature.

"Missionaries, and others leaving the country, when in search of information upon various important subjects, fail in their object, by seeking it where every thing is effected by complex machinery, and all the improvements of the present age are found in perfection. It was so with us. We were taken to places of the above description; we gazed, we wondered, and were delighted, but obtained no practical information: for few imagine that there is any other way of effecting an object than that which they see. All persons going to uncivilized countries, especially Missionaries, should seek that knowledge which may be easily applied, as they have to do every thing themselves, and in situations where they cannot obtain the means in general use elsewhere. It may, by some, be thought unwise to go back a hundred years, and employ the tedious processes then in use, rather than embrace the facilities which the experience of succeeding ages has afforded. Such observations are specious, but unsound. Let the circumstances of the Missionary, and the state of the people to whom he goes, be taken into the account, and it must be at once obvious, that the simplicity of the means used two or three hundred years ago would better suit both his condition and theirs than the improvement of modern times."

Mr. Williams afterwards took an old pair of English bellows to pieces, not to look for the wind, but to ascertain why his did not

blow. He soon discovered the cause, and stood astonished at his former ignorance; "for, instead of making the pipe communicate with the upper chamber, I had inserted it into the under as well, by which the wind escaped, and the flame was drawn in." Several mishaps befell the bellows, even after the mode in which they "raised the wind," was discovered; one of these was occasioned by the rats eating in one night every particle of the only goats'-skins which the island could furnish. Still the missionary's zeal was not damped, nor his ingenuity exhausted; for, on reflecting that a pump threw water, he imagined a machine might be constructed upon the same principle which would throw wind, and succeeded in framing such an artificial power, eight or ten men being required to work it.

"But labour was cheap, and the natives were delighted with the employment. With this contrivance we did all our iron work, using a perforated stone for a fire-iron, an anvil of the same material, and a pair of carpenter's pincers for our tongs. As a substitute for coals, we made charcoal from the cocoa-nut, tamani, and other trees. The first iron the natives saw worked excited their astonishment exceedingly, especially the welding of two pieces together. Old and young, men and women, chieftain and peasant, hastened to behold the wonder; and when they saw the ease with which heated iron could be wrought, they exclaimed, 'Why did not we think of heating the hard stuff also, instead of beating it with stones? What a reign of dark hearts Satan's is!' Nothing, however, excited more interest than the pumps; even the king was so much delighted, that he frequently had his favourite stool carried on board the ship, and entertained himself for hours by pumping out the bilge water. Being without a saw we split the trees in half with wedges; and then the natives adzed them down with small hatchets, which they tied to a crooked piece of wood as a handle, and used as a substitute for the adze. When we wanted a bent or twisted plank, having no apparatus for steaming it, we bent a piece of bamboo to the shape required, sent into the woods for a crooked tree, and by splitting this in half we obtained two planks suited to our purpose. Having but little iron, we bored large auger holes through the timbers, and also the outer and inner plank of the vessel, and drove in wooden pins, termed trenails, by which the whole fabric was held firmly together. As a substitute for oakum, we used what little cocoa-nut husk we could obtain, and supplied the deficiency with dried banana stumps, native cloth, or other substances which would answer the purpose. For ropes we obtained the bark of the hibiscus, constructed a rope machine, and prepared excellent cordage from that article. For sails we used the mats on which the natives sleep, and quilted them that they might be strong enough to resist the wind. After making a turning-lathe, we found that the aito, or iron-wood, answered remarkably well for the sheaves of blocks. By these means the whole was completed in fifteen weeks; when we launched a vessel, about sixty feet in length, and eighteen feet in breadth, and called her 'The Messenger of Peace,' which she has proved to be on many occasions. The hanging of the rudder occasioned me some difficulty; for having no iron sufficiently large for pintles, we made them from a piece of a pickaxe, a

cooper's adze, and a large hoe. They answered exceedingly well; but being doubtful of this, I prepared a substitute for a rudder, in case any part of it should give way."

With this vessel the author informs his readers that he performed several voyages, that to the Samoa Islands among the rest.

Our readers will be pleased with a letter written to the author by one of his deacons in the island of Raiatea, who was a native of Tahiti, and who had been one of the two lads "who first began to call upon the name of the Lord Jesus" in that land. Mr. Williams at the time when this beautiful and eloquent letter was written was absent from his station.

"*Raiatea, November 11th*, 1827.

OH DEAR FRIEND,

"May blessing attend you and your family, through Jesus Christ our Lord. I have written this letter on the day that my body is completely destroyed with sickness. I am convinced of the near approach of death, for I perceive that my illness is very great. The 11th of November is the day on which I write: I write with great difficulty, for my eyes are now dim in death. My compassion for my family is very great; I therefore write in death to you, my dear friend, about my family. We do not belong to Raiatea, neither myself nor my wife; we both belong to Tahiti; but from love to the word of God, and attachment to you, our teacher, we have forsaken our lands, and now I am about to die. It is death that terminates our close connexion. This is what I have to say to you, my dear friend, about my family; do not let them remain at Raiatea, take them to Tahiti in your own large boat; convey them there yourself; let no one else. They belong to Papeete: there are their parents and their land. My perplexity is very great, occasioned by my dear family crying and grieving around me. They say, 'Who will convey us back to our lands?' I refer them to you; replying, Mr. Williams is our friend. We miss you very much in my illness, and grieve greatly at your absence. Now, my dear friend, let me entreat you not to forget my dying request. Do not follow the custom of my countrymen, and say, when I am gone, 'Oh, it is only the command of a corpse.' This is what they say, and then seize his little property. I have been endeavouring to lengthen out my breath to see you again, but I cannot; my hour is come, when God will take me to himself, and I cannot resist his will. Perhaps this is the time the Lord has appointed for me. And now, my dear friend, the great kindness you have shown me is at an end; your face will not see my face again in the flesh—you and I are separated. Dear friend, I am going *now* to the place we all so ardently desire.

"May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you and your family.

"TUAHINE.

"P. S.—Take care of my family."

We might greatly extend our present paper by following the author in his dissertations and descriptions concerning a variety of extremely interesting subjects, not immediately connected with Missionary labours—such as those which relate to geographical

facts in almost unheard of islands, mineralogy, botany, and other branches of natural history—the origin of the Polynesian races, observations on their mental qualities, their languages, their religions, &c.—on all of which points he evinces much knowledge and the fruits of guarded reflection. We must afford space, however, for a sketch of the intellectual capacities of the Polynesian negroes.

"It is a remarkable fact, that almost every race thinks itself the wisest. While, in the pride of mental superiority, civilized nations look upon barbarous tribes as almost destitute of intellect, these cherish the same sentiments towards them; and even Britons have not been exempted from degrading representations. So far back as the time of Cicero, we find evidence of the low estimate in which *we* have been held. In one of his epistles to his friend Atticus, the Roman orator recommends him not to obtain his slaves from Britain, because 'they are so stupid, and utterly incapable of being taught, that they are unfit to form a part of the household of Atticus.' At the present day, the Chinese do not form a much higher opinion of our capacities; and even with the South Sea islanders, it is common to say, when they see a person exceedingly awkward, 'How stupid you are; perhaps you are an Englishman.'*

"It will depend, upon the standard by which we measure intellectual capacity, whether we pronounce the South Sea islanders inferior to other races. If depth of thought, and profundity of research be the only satisfactory evidences of superior minds, I shall yield the point at once. But if wit, ingenuity, quickness of perception, a tenacious memory, a thirst for knowledge when its value is perceived, a clear discernment and high appreciation of the useful; readiness in acquiring new and valuable arts; great precision and force in the expression of their thoughts, and occasional bursts of eloquence of a high order, be evidence of intellect, I hesitate not to affirm, that, in these, the South Sea islander does not rank below the European; and that many of them would, if they possessed equal advantages, rise to the same eminence as the literary and scientific men of our own land. An illustration or two of their mental capacity may not be inappropriate.

"The following incident will furnish an example of their *wit* and *humour*. A few years ago, a venerable and esteemed brother Missionary came to England, and, being rather bald, some kind friends provided him with a wig. Upon his return to the islands, the chiefs and others went on board to welcome him; and, after the usual salutations, one of them said to the Missionary, 'You were bald when you left, and now you have a beautiful head of hair; what amazing people the English are; how did they make your hair grow again?' You simple people,' replied the Missionary, 'how does every thing grow? is it not by sowing seed?' They immediately shouted, 'Oh, these English people! they sow seed upon a bald man's

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"* They give us full credit for our superiority in some respects; but they laugh at the awkwardness of Englishmen in doing those things at which they are so expert, such as climbing, swimming, producing fire by rubbing two sticks together, &c.

head to make the hair grow!' One shrewd fellow inquired whether he had brought any of the seed with him? The good Missionary carried on the joke for a short time, and then raised his wig. The revelation of his 'original head' of course drew forth a roar of laughter, which was greatly increased, when one of the natives shouted to some of his countrymen who were near, 'Here, see Mr.——, he has come from England with his head thatched; he has come from England with his head thatched!' "

Though Mr. Williams has returned to his native country, after many years spent in unremitting and anxious labours among the South Sea islanders, it appears from the preface to this volume that he is eager to go back to them again, that he hopes to be the instrument of effecting more extensive good than he has yet done, and to explore scenes on which the eyes of a Christian Missionary has never yet rested. We are glad to hear also, that it is his determination, should he be enabled to prosecute the object of his chief ardour, to gather a complete *hortus siccus*, and also to make a variety of experiments upon corals and coral formations, for the purpose of ascertaining the mode of their construction, and the rapidity of their growth. In all of these undertakings and purposes we heartily wish him success, health to complete them, length of days to contemplate in his native land the fruits of his exertions, and the leisure necessary to write and publish a work that may be entitled to take its place by the side of the volume which we now with reluctance dismiss.

ART. X.—*Visit to the Great Oasis of the Libyan Desert; with an Account, Ancient, and Modern, of the Oasis of Amun, and the other Oases now under the dominion of the Pasha of Egypt.* By G. A. HOSKINS, Esq., Author of "Travels in Ethiopia." With a Map, and Twenty Plates Illustrating the Temples, Scenery, etc., from Drawings finished on the Spot by the Author. London: Longman and Co. 1837.

IT will be found that Mr. Hoskins has, to a very considerable extent, contributed to the knowledge which is now so eagerly sought for concerning Egyptian objects and antiquities, by carrying the reader to regions that have very seldom been traversed and examined by Europeans, and by bringing to the investigation of the ancient edifices in the same parts, acquirements and taste admirably calculated to do justice to his subjects. He is a perfect enthusiast about the monumental remains of the land he trod and described in the present volume, and his pen and pencil are equally communicative and skilful; so that his "Visit" will doubtless hereafter be named familiarly along with the already-established authority of those works which have done much to render the ruins of

Egypt as illustrative of her ancient history as those which abound in Greece and Italy. In one respect the author has special claims on the attention of those who desire to obtain a minute and instructive account of how a traveller in the valley of the Nile, or in his progress to and from the Oases, those

"Tufted isles that verdant rise amid the Libyan waste,"

ought to regulate his time and conduct, by explaining what he has to encounter, and what is within his power to enjoy. The anecdotes, interspersed throughout the volume, very much tend also to enliven the narrative and agreeably to engage the reader's mind.

Mr. Hoskins, who is an experienced traveller in other countries besides Egypt, before commencing the description of his journey to the Oasis Magna, gives us some particulars of his habits and circumstances while residing at Thebes, and living among the antiquities and tombs of that once magnificent city. It sounds odd, when one hears of people dwelling regularly day and night, and for months together, in the habitations of death, or the mummy pits, which are, in that place far more numerous than burrows in a rabbit warren. Nevertheless, these subterranean habitations are declared to be far more comfortable to reside in than the dirty Arab villages that are open to day. The sepulchre of Rameses V., was one of our author's abodes, a cool and refreshing place during the summer months, where he spent his evenings in reading and writing, or with a friend, after having been busy sketching and drawing from sunrise to sunset; for, he declares, that a man might serve an apprenticeship at Thebes of seven years endurance, and never want employment in the study of archæology. What an amazing scene of stupendous grandeur, must that section of the valley of the Nile be, where that city once proudly rose! and to the antiquarian eye, how full and minute is the volume of its historical records! Let us upon the page of Mr. Hoskins' book have a glimpse of the scene that is open to day.

He is describing a view of the plain of Thebes.

"I could see the pylons forming the entrance of the splendid temple of Karnak, villages and groves of date trees, the low eastern range of mountains, and the towering propylon, lofty obelisks, and columns of the temple of Luxor; and, winding around the latter, the broad and glorious Nile, animated occasionally by the appearance of the diabeas, or more light and elegant cangias, with their full-set sails mastering its current.

"The great plain of the western bank was spread out like an immense lawn before me. The brilliancy of the verdure, the golden tints of the mellow corn, the freshness and richness of the various hues, surpassed in brilliancy even the green luxuriance of our northern climes. The parching effect of the heated atmosphere, and often withering winds, were subdued by the regular irrigation of the land; art creating there what nature cannot—an almost perpetual spring.

"The southern portion of the western plain of Thebes is nearly denuded

of trees, as if nature was unwilling to screen from our view the magnificent remains of the wondrous city. The splendid temple of Rameses II., called the Memnonium, and the vast extent of ruins at Medenet Abou, were visible from my window; and also the two celebrated colossal statues, fifty-three feet high, proudly situated in the centre of the plain, without a single bush, or any inhabited building, or even the slightest inequality of ground immediately around them, to detract in the smallest degree from their imposing appearance.

"It was a still more striking sight to see that vast portion of the plain of Thebes covered with the periodical inundation, and the waters of the Nile insulating these noble monuments of art. The northern part of the western plain of Thebes is even more luxuriant. The cultivation there is richer, and the abundance of acacia trees produces a pleasingly rural effect."

Again,

"The view from the propylon was, in truth, magnificent. Numerous pylons towering even above the lofty palm trees, forests of columns of prodigious size, spiring obelisks, colossal statues, sphinxes, granite sanctuaries, and endless piles of wonderful and curious ruins covered with sculptures of battles and mythological subjects, were immediately before me. But I must refrain from descanting on this extraordinary scene, though it is impossible for me even to allude to my residence at Thebes, without expressing how glorious a sight it is for an antiquarian to have ever before his eyes such wonderful remains of ancient art, to enjoy them in solitude, to ramble for hours among their mazes, and not to meet a living thing except occasionally a solitary fox or jackall.

"In addition to the antiquities, the country itself at Karnak is beautiful. The palm tree grows more luxuriantly there than on the western side. The picturesque groups of this graceful tree, the bright and rich verdure in the plain, and in the distance the river and the great western mountain of Thebes, with its bright yellow, red, and white tints, added greatly to the pictorial effect of the dilapidated temples."

Mr. Hoskins suggests for the information of those of his readers, who may visit the burning shores of Africa, and who, by-the-bye are in all probability, ere long, to become very numerous from the proposed extension of our steam-navigation eastward, that they should pay great attention to their diet, regulating it very much by the state of the pulse. Generally great abstemiousness is necessary, if the traveller wishes to preserve himself from the injurious effects of constant exposure to the excessive heat. Milk and eggs should be used with caution, but rice and Italian maccaroni are well adapted to the climate. He himself lived almost entirely on fowls, using for his beverage nothing scarcely but water, excepting, now and then, a little light French wine. The water of the Nile, he eulogizes highly, saying that it agrees with every person, and that however hot the day may be, it is better to drink it cold and pure than when mixed with brandy. He also strongly recommends that the traveller in the regions referred to, should not only provide himself with a medicine chest, but with as much knowledge

as is sufficient to inspire confidence in himself, in the use of its contents. A knowledge of medicine not only becomes thus a great protector to the traveller and his retinue, but commands favour and regard from the people among whom he adventures.

If water be in ordinary cases so essential an article in Africa, what must it be in the estimation of those who traverse those deserts, where, but for the Oases, which are few and far between, there is nothing to gladden the eye, nothing to slake the burning unquenchable thirst—nothing but interminable wastes of glaring, drifting, or drifted sand? There is something grand, says Mr. Hoskins in the sight of such a wilderness. Yet such a waterless, barren, trackless, and dreary sweep must deaden the feelings, and rob even existence, for the time, of its hopes. What a picture of solitary misery must that Arab have presented, whom the author and his companions beheld in their progress to the Great Oasis, who wended his way along the scorching sands upon foot, without a living thing to greet his eye, or a green tuft to gratify the sense of freshness! The chief guide, indeed, in many of the routes through the sandy deserts, is furnished by that which, by its contrasted associations, must form a climax to exhaustion of spirit and of joy—viz., the white bleached bones of the dead camels, which have on former journeys perished on the way, and which often clearly delineate, like milestones and finger-posts the road that is to be pursued. The Arab, of whom the author speaks, had been attacked by fever, and left behind the caravan to which he belonged; and now, with a "girbah of water hanging on his arm, and some dates and bread in his melayah, which served as his provision bag in day-time and his blanket by night," he was returning to his home on the banks of the Nile. The following lines of Wordsworth are here aptly quoted:—

> "Thee hath some awful spirit impelled to leave,
> Utterly to desert the haunts of men,
> Though simple thy companions were and few;
> And through this wilderness a passage cleave,
> Attended but by thy own voice, save when
> The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue."
>
> *River Duddon.*

Mr. Hoskins calculates that the Great Oasis is distant from Risigat, which lies in the valley of the Nile, about 125 miles. This space the caravan travelled at the rate of two-and-a-half miles per hour. In giving a description of the appearance of this "Island of the Blessed," which must be so cheering to the parched traveller, to the exhausted spirit, and which the very camels and dromedaries approach with alacrity and conscious enjoyment, the author is exceedingly guarded. His opinion amounts to this, that although the Great Oasis indubitably possesses considerable attractions,

taking it upon its abstract merits, yet that the fame which attaches to its name is chiefly the effect of contrast—the contrast of a man's feelings, who, after wandering for days through an almost leafless and bladeless waste, rejoices extremely to behold vegetation, trees, and symptoms of fresh life. The surprise of finding in such fearful regions any verdure, any habitable spot, has caused the exhilarated travellers of all times, to confer a character upon the scene that is in a great measure fictitious. Such is the manner of speaking which Mr. Hoskins adopts; for sadly must the Oasis have diminished in beauty, he declares, if it ever merited the praise which Herodotus bestowed upon it, when he called it "the Island of the Blessed." At the same time, it is admitted, that there are appearances to warrant the conjecture of its once having been more cultivated than at present. We quote a sketch of the general aspect of the Oasis, and of its metropolis.

"The valley of the Oasis is bounded on the east by the low horizontal range of hills, which we descended yesterday, called Hagel Bel Badah. Their direction is north and south, with a little inclination towards the east. Parallel to this range, but about twelve miles distant from its base, is the track of a stream of water, which has its source at Genah, a village north-west of the point: it may be traced for many miles, but at last is lost in the sands. On the banks of the stream are doums and acacias, and occasionally it passes through small groves of date trees. Except a little long grass which grows close to the edge of the brook, no verdure is apparent. The opposite side of the valley is partly bounded by a low range of horizontal mountains, Gibel el Rharb, or the western mountain. North of the range of hills called El Gern, and isolated in the centre of the valley, is El Khargeh, the metropolis of the Oasis, surrounded by a forest of palm trees.

"The view of El Khargeh at a distance is very prepossessing. Its greatest attraction consists in a magnificent thick forest of date trees, which extends probably a mile towards the north and south, and is surrounded by a brick inclosure, like the wall of a park. One or two houses are built in this inclosure, forming, as it were, the gates of the city. The flat roofs of many habitations are visible among the trees; and the domes of two mosques, with their galleries, from which they cry the hour of prayer, are conspicuous, towering even above the lofty palms. At the north extremity of the city, without the walls, is a cemetery of the sheakhs. The domes over each tomb add very much to the picturesque appearance of the place. At the southern extremity of the city is a similar cemetery. The architecture of all the sepulchres is generally the same—a dome, sometimes with an ornament at the top, resting on plain cemented mud walls, and surrounded by a square enclosure, occasionally embellished at the angles with buttresses. The domes, as will be remarked in the view, are often perforated with holes, to admit the air, but not the sun, and are thus rendered cool and pleasant. They are agreeable places to sleep in during the heat of the day; and it is not now more unusual for dervishes in the East to use such buildings for that purpose, than it was in the days of Caliph Haroun el Rashid.

"These cemeteries possess an additional interest when we consider that they are not the tombs of sheakhs, who were merely chiefs of villages; but of persons who properly bore that title, and who were in reality independent princes, rulers of little commonwealths, uncivilised, indeed, but free; which occasionally, perhaps, paid a slight tribute to the rulers of Egypt; but were often exempt from that tax, and always entirely uncontrolled as to their internal government. One family dynasty among them succeeded another without anarchy or confusion, the book of the Prophet being their only guide; and, when the Koran was not sufficient, custom or common sense supplied the deficiency."

The streets are narrow, tortuous, and being entirely covered overhead, are very dark; the houses like those in Egypt, are mud hovels with flat roofs. The complexion of the inhabitants is lighter than that of the peasants of Egypt, and their features less strongly marked than the Arab of the Nile. Many of the merchants are rich, much of their traffic consisting in the dates which they grow, and which are greatly celebrated; for, in spite of the uninteresting ocean that divides them from Darfour, this produce of their forests are twice annually conveyed thither—wheat, and sundry articles of food, general usefulness, or ornament, being brought back in return. The inhabitants of el Khargeh are computed to be 3000, and of the whole Oasis, 4,300. As a race, they are but very little advanced in cultivation, although the elegance of their basket-work, and the texture of their mats, show that they are by no means devoid of natural taste.

The temple of el Khargeh, situated about six miles to the north of the metropolis, agreeably surprised the author by its magnificence and the incontestible proofs of a superior state of civilization, not merely in as far as its architecture may be considered, but on account of the interesting sculptures and the hieroglyphical inscriptions which distinguish and adorn it. Its picturesque and lovely situation is also warmly spoken of.

"The temples of the valley of the Nile, though more magnificent and more interesting as works of art, are rarely so beautifully situated. No dirty Arab village or cottages detract from the appearance of this ancient fane, or break that spell which the solitude of a ruin naturally excites. It is shaded by graceful palms, a fine fig sycamore, and still more picturesque doum trees; in addition, a little stream gurgles close to the ruins; and the effect of this pleasing situation is rendered still more striking by the contrast of the yellow expanse, the surrounding waterless ocean, which had now become so wearisome to me. It is just such a place as the Oriental, who cared not either for ancient or modern art, would nevertheless select to repose in, as it supplies the great necessaries and enjoyments in these climes, shade, water, and pasture. It may be conceived, then, what pleasure we experienced at finding a temple, in every respect so interesting, situated in a spot so lavishly adorned by nature. I remained a fortnight among these ruins, not only working from the rising of the sun until twilight, but often also engaged at night, in copying the hieroglyphical

inscriptions along the dark recesses of the temple, where indeed lights, even by day, were necessary. During which time, we were frequently visited by the sheakh of el Khargeh, and had also opportunities of seeing many of the peasants, who gave us information not only concerning this but also the other Oases. According to their description, el Dakkel, three days' journey to the west, is richer and more populous than the valley of el Wah; but, as it does not contain many antiquities, we shall not go thither."

Mr. Hoskins gives a full description of this edifice as it now appears, the total length of which he states to be 500 feet. This description goes minutely into the external and internal features of the temple. Some of the sculptures are described, among which is one that represents King Darius making offerings to Osiris and Isis. Some most extraordinary sculptures were discovered, after considerable delay, and great toil in clearing away the heaps of sand that choked certain sanctuaries belonging to the temple in question. Of these the author made paper casts, and has published facsimile specimens, which, should ever the mists that obscure hieroglyphical research be dispelled, will doubtless lay open most important stores of remote history. The concluding observations relative to this temple, we can conveniently cite.

"I must observe, that it is far more worthy of admiration for its highly picturesque and curious situation, shaded by palm trees, and with the inhospitable desert, 'the image of immensity,' around it, than as a work of art. The architecture cannot be called good. In the number of small propylons, and in the great distance between them, forming a chain so far exceeding in length the body of the temple, and also in the small avenues of sphinxes, we may trace a miniature imitation of the grand temples at Thebes.

"As I have before observed, the columns are almost all unfinished, and the sculpture is not good; but when we consider the epoch when this edifice was constructed, the imperfection of the style is not surprising. Darius, chiefly on account of his respect for the popular superstitions, his piety, and his encouragement of the arts, was beloved by the people, and was the only one of the Persian dynasty, whose name was allowed to remain on their edifices. But we may reasonably conceive, that during the previous violent reign of Cambyses, the arts, long before on the decline, must have received so deep a wound, that centuries of fostering care and protection would be necessary before it could in any degree be healed. It is, therefore, not surprising to find architecture and sculpture of so early a date as the reign of Darius, and particularly in such a situation as the Oasis, less beautiful than that of some the Ptolemaic temples; and especially as the latter were constructed at a period justly termed the second era of the arts in Egypt.

"Nevertheless, when we consider the situation of this temple, and reflect on the fearful deserts that surround it; when we see with all its imperfections so imposing a monument of art in a country, which I could never have imagined that artists would have chosen for their residence, for

there is little to study, as nature has here few attractions; we feel confident, that the cultivated land must in former times have been much more considerable than it is at the present day. For even supposing that the temple was erected at the expense of the king or government of Egypt, still a population, that required not only this but so many other sacred and splendid edifices, of which the Oasis now contains the remains, must have possessed great resources, and have attained to a degree of opulence and luxury far exceeding the present state of its comparatively wretched and barbarous inhabitants."

There are other objects of absorbing interest belonging to the Great Oasis than the temple of el Khargeh; among these may be mentioned the Necropolis, which is situated on a hill. The tombs are built on the brow and summit of the hill; indeed, there are no less than 150 sepulchres, forming streets and squares. In a series of views given by the author, he conveys a distinct and clear idea of their architecture, for, in consequence of the dryness of the climate they are in a good state of preservation.

"They are built of crude unbaked bricks, and consist invariably of one room, the average size of which is about 20 ft. by 15 ft. The interior of these rooms is generally ornamented with arches, forming recesses; and between, or rather supporting the arches of the exterior of the tombs, are pilasters or columns, also of brick, and built in the wall, with a vile style of Doric or Corinthian capital. Some of the sepulchres are ornamented with domes: but the generality of them have flat roofs. In each tomb is a mummy-pit, from two to four feet square. All the pits appear to have been ransacked, perhaps by the Arabs, in the hope of plunder. The chambers are strewed with the linen folds of the mummies, consisting of that coarse description of cloth, which was generally used in Egypt for embalming persons of inferior rank: but we found some, in the best constructed tombs, which was of superior texture, and which had also a purple border."

The custom of embalming the dead, even by Christians, seems to be established by this Necropolis; for it is more than probable, from the appearance of the cross, which characterizes the tombs, that they were Christian edifices, or as the author guards his description, that they were built in an age when Christianity was much spread among the Romans. There is even a vile daub over one of the tombs, which represents St. George and other saints. There are also the remnants of an edifice at the same place, which the author is satisfied must have been a Christian church. Many other architectural objects of antiquity are described minutely as having been visited and examined by him in the Oasis and its vicinity, which are generally more remarkable for their situation than the beauty of their architecture. We must refer the reader, who is curious or versed in such lore, to Mr. Hoskins' entire work, assuring him, that he will find it a rich treat. One thing he has made manifest, namely, that in the island of the Libyan desert described,

there are treasures for the antiquarian, which previous travellers never dreamt of, and that many more may remain, besides those which are noticed by him. When about to return to the valley of the Nile, he says,—

"I have now described the most southerly temple in the Oasis I colud have wished that this was but the beginning of my journey, and that we were now on my way to Darfour. Browne found no temples, either here or in the latter kingdom. As he passed then so many in this Oasis, it is very possible that some may exist even in the kingdom of Darfour; particularly when we consider that he saw a very small portion of the country, and had rarely an opportunity of obtaining correct information.

"A journey to Darfour is however not at present practicable; for, even if the European traveller had an opportunity of going thither, the king is so jealous and fearful of the pasha of Egypt, that he would assuredly treat him as a spy; particularly as he may be aware that there are several Franks in the employ of the Pasha. A stranger therefore would have now less chance of obtaining correct information, of being able to examine the country, and of finally escaping from the king's power, than even our unfortunate countryman, Browne, had; who may be considered as the victim of those religious prejudices, which are as yet unabated, and of those petty intrigues and that unprincipled villainy which too often accompany despotic sway, when lodged in the hands of individuals, uneducated and licentious, unrestrained by any fear of loss of character, and not guided by a correct sense of right principles."

The other Oases in the desert must also be well worth a fatiguing journey to visit; but the author's design and prospect of returning to Ethiopia, subdued his regret at being denied this pleasure. He concludes the account of the journey from which we have been culling some specimens, with a few remarks on the condition of the inhabitants of the singular islands amid the oceans of sand alluded to; and certainly they afford a theme for interesting and curious reflection. How strange would it be to a native of a green and fertile country, possessing an unlimited variety of scenic features and beauty, and surrounded with no impediments to travelling, but such as those buoyant things "of life" that plough the watery main, and the advantages which the improved method of travelling from city to city easily overcome, were he transplanted to such a prison-house as the Great Oasis. But every situation and condition on earth have their alleviations as well as distresses and sacrifices. The inhabitants of the spot described particularly by Mr. Hoskins, are listless and indolent, therefore not keenly alive to privations, the contrasted blessings never having been experienced by them. Besides, they are almost placed beyond even the exactions or the oppression of a tyrant, such as the Pasha of Egypt is found to be to all those of his subjects whom his arm can readily reach. The nature and extent of this tyranny may in part be understood from what our author

relates of some Arabs whom he once saw in the neighbourhood of Thebes; and who, it was given out, were systematic robbers.

"These men are driven to this desperate course of living, in order to escape from the soldiers of the Pasha, who hunt, as if they were pursuing wild beasts, the young and able-bodied peasants to recruit the army, and the old men to force them to return to their villages, from which they have fled to avoid extortions.

"Those who, from their age, are considered unable to endure the fatigues of a campaign, but who are not too old to work, are compelled to submit to a rate of taxes, which absorbes every para that their land produces. Some who have personal property, the representatives of families once rich, are able to exist by annually sacrificing a portion of it; but when this, generally a scanty stock, fails them, they have no other resource except to flee into the mountains, or to obtain by treachery and deceit those necessaries which their mere industry does not enable them to procure. Several of these bands are assembled in the deserts, near different villages on the banks of the Nile, not always with the intent to plunder, but sometimes rather for the sake of protecting themselves against the attacks of the soldiery, while their kinsmen or families in the villages furnish them at night-time with provisions. Many of the Gournah peasants, when pursued, plunge into the tombs. It is very rarely that Turks have the courage to follow them into those dark recesses. Some of them had taken refuge during the time of my residence, amongst the brick ruins and ancient temples at Medenet Abou."

Although our author had not an opportunity of visiting any of the other Oases, besides the one which goes by the designation of the Great, he yet from the latest and best authorities has derived a number of valuable notices regarding some of them, and thrown around and between those notices such illustrations, as his peculiar studies and advantages have enabled him to collect. To the Oases of Siwah, Bahnasa, and Dakkel, he has accordingly closely addressed himself; the first mentioned of these, in consequence of the visit of Alexander, the unsuccessful expedition of Cambyses, and the great celebrity of the oracle of Amun, being the most interesting to the literary world of any of the "Islands" which pass under the same anomalous character. But as this portion of the volume does not contain the result of the author's personal observations and adventures, although exceedingly clear and able in itself, and calculated to awaken enterprise in others, while it seems to intimate a prospective effort on Mr. Hoskins' part, we shall merely recommend it to the student of slighty explored regions, as filling up, even in its present shape, an important page of history. Our readers have had some fair specimens of the author's taste and acquirements, in so far as the pen is concerned; we can assure them that his pencil sketches possess the ease, and the other characteristics, which the hand of none but one well practised in the art of drawing could exhibit. The motives which induced Mr. Hoskins and his com-

panion to endure so much fatigue as those drawings cost him, it is but just to give, as explained in these pages, before closing this volume.

"The night before we left el Khargeh, I was there until three in the morning, and Mr. Hay remained in the place until breakfast. It is necessary to have experienced how great is the toil of drawing all under a tropical sun, to estimate duly what it cost us, to undergo the additional fatigue of drawing by night also; and it is necessary to be an antiquarian, and feel a keen interest in the subject, to excuse our risking health and life in this deleterious climate by such exertions. We were not, however, I can say confidently, actuated by a mere selfish desire of possessing drawings, but by an earnest anxiety to convey to our country, what seemed to us an inestimable addition to the very many curious tablets, which the temples and tombs of Egypt have contributed towards our better knowledge of the manners and arts of the ancients."

ART. XI.—*Temples, Ancient and Modern; or, Notes on Church Architecture.* By WILLIAM BARDWELL, Architect. London: Fraser. 1837.

AMONG the causes that may be assigned for the inferiority of our modern buildings, as compared with those of the Classic Ages, the practice of copying, without regard to unity of design or harmony of parts, the fragmentary beauties of Grecian art, and making a patchwork of them, is the most to be lamented and is the most contemptible. To quote the words of a late writer on the subject—"Every master mason, every plasterer, every carpenter who knows how to work a Grecian Doric column and entablature, piques himself on his knowledge of Grecian architecture." "Every dwelling-house and shop-front must have its tiny-fluted, baseless, Pestum columns. Every public building, be it a church or meeting-house, a palace or hospital, a college or club-house, a theatre or gaol, has its Grecian, Doric, or Ionic portico." "If the order of the column be copied—though on ever so pitiful a scale—from some of the remains of Greece, then the whole building is pompously announced to be *after* such a structure at Athens." Following out the same sort of preposterous imitations, some of the classic orders are degraded to the most common and plebeian purposes—to petty porches, door-cases, and chimney-pieces; and it may be stated as not an unlikely occurrence that our candlesticks, bed-posts, and other pieces of domestic furniture, may ere long, obtain the same decoration. But were our public buildings even to rival those of ancient Greece in every particular, and be perfect facsimilies of them, would this be sufficient to command that admiration which is justly bestowed upon the exquisitely beautiful originals? Is there to be no regard paid to the situation, the intention of such edifices, the purposes for which they have been erected? And will a violation of the dictate of commons

reason—not to speak of delicacy of tact, and a total neglect of appropriate features,—not be sufficient to bring ridicule upon that which in itself and in certain circumstances may be faultless? Mr. Bardwell has clearly shown that the Grecian temple, for instance, never was intended for social worship, and was, in truth, seldom more than the frame-work of the statue of the god—a shrine upon which decorations were to be displayed. "The Grecian architect, therefore, distinguished every moulding by strongly contrasted colours, inlaid the bases and capitals of his columns with glittering gems, and set off the snowy whtieness of his Parian marble with glowing layers of gold, azure, and vermillion." But are the same purposes to be served by our modern temples, and are we to join with those, who in their immoderate and misplaced admiration of the pure Grecian, inveigh and sneer at the Roman and Italian modifications? Are our architects and the public prepared to relinquish the cupola, the vault, and the arch, because the ancients found them unsuited to the ideas which they wished to embody? With them "the long, unvaried, horizontal line of entablature rests in stable tranquillity upon the even-ranging capitals below, setting off to peculiar advantage the alternating effect of the series of columns, repeated in unbroken symmetry." But while our author thus happily states the character and purposes of these ancient temples, he with equal force and truth establishes that in our churches the congregations that crowd them, the worship in which these join—the uses contemplated, as well as the emotions to be excited, can seldom dispense with certain Roman or Italian features superadded to Grecian models.

Let it not be imagined that Mr. Bardwell does not entertain a reverential admiration for the Athenian edifices. His objections and strictures point alone to our modern adapters. Listen to what he says on the study of antiquity, and the uses to which it may be turned.

"To give character to a building, it is necessary that the artist should have not only a general knowledge of the excellencies, and modes of composition, by which character is shown, but should feel the force and power of those different excellencies and modes: form and proportion will, at least, produce five definite characters, neatness, prettiness, handsomeness, strength, and solidity; but the character of boldness will arise principally from well contrasted proportions; each character is, however, produced in perfection by the strong and eclectic powers alone of some peculiar principle; and the architect may as well attempt to fly, as to expect to produce character, while he grovels on in the mean-spirited system of copying from antiquity. Let him study antiquity; and learn to appreciate its beauties; endeavour to understand the principles upon which those brilliant examples were formed for pleasing, and strive, amid the grateful labour of composition, to think like the ancients; to cast his mind into the classic mould, and to unite, as they did, the rich vein of native genius with the results of study. 'The ancients,' says the admirable critic, whose words are quoted at the

head of this chapter, 'so made ideal beauty their principal study, as to have *determined* its relations and proportions;—from these, however, when they saw reason, they suffered themselves to deviate, and freely yielded to the guidance of their genius:' and he defines his beau ideal with his usual accuracy, thus: "Dalla scelta delle più belle parti e dalla loro armonica unione in una figura nasce il bello ideale; nè è già questa un' idea metafisica, poichè ideali non sono tutte le parti dell' figura separatamènte prese; ma solo deve *ideale* chiamarsi la figura intera.'

"Indeed, we can hardly over-rate the advantages of an intimate acquaintance with the *chef d'œuvres* of antiquity. *Archæology* shows the nice gradations and the scientific principles by which successive changes in architecture take place; and by showing the periods in which such or such a style prevailed, it not only proves that our ancestors were not barbarians, but it also warns the present depositaries of these precious remains, not to turn barbarians themselves. It prevents, also, the mere feelings of admiration from being mistaken for taste, alteration for improvement, and whim for spirit, originality, and skill. Both happiness and wisdom may be derived from this delightful study; for it not only preserves the memory of what man has done, and shows what man can do, but it leads him to, and sustains him in his exhibition of the superior animal character—civilization."

But not only does our author expose the inferiority and contemptible character of our modern temples, when compared with those of ancient Greece, but the scales are lamentably in our disfavour when we are weighed against the Middle Ages. For this he has various causes to assign, one of which is the utilitarian spirit which has grown up amongst us, and which, since the days of Queen Anne, has scarcely added to the British metropolis one respectable church. The great fault to be here found as stated by Mr. Bardwell, is "the tyranny of custom and the caprice of fashion, which while they compel the modern architect to copy *in little* and with meaner materials, the sublime works of revered antiquity, indulge a laugh at his expense, because his reproduction fails to excite those sensations of pleasure and admiration which are inseparable from the contemplation of the original." Even when the design is after an admirable model, he treats the employment of brick in the stead of stone, especially when the architect is induced to adopt the pointed style, as a radical objection, arguing, that in like manner as the royal robes of a monarch, which when made of "purple and fine linen" are dignified and grand, but become paltry if imitated in paper and tinsel, so our ecclesiastical edifices ought not to be copied in a material which is altogether unworthy to embody them, whether duration, massiveness, or imposing associations be regarded. In short, this beautiful and numerously illustrated volume, the literary portion of which the author modestly names by no higher a title than Notes, is intended by him, in the course of a history of ancient and modern temples, "to excite among architects a spirit of inquiry such as cannot fail to prevent

a repetition of those improprieties, the existence of which, in our public edifices, has so long afforded subject "for complaint and matter for criticism." He justly identifies religion with architecture as a fine art; and while its styles, symbols, and devices, are at first appropriated to produce a religious abstraction or recollection in the spectator, the effect must be heightened by antiquity, and the mystery that thus gathers over and around it. Styles of architecture therefore become hieroglyphs upon a large scale, "exhibiting to the heedful eye forms of worship, widely differing from each other, and proving that in almost every religion, with which we are acquainted, the form of the temple is the *hierogram* of its god, or of the peculiar opinions of his votaries." Mr. Bardwell cites in confirmation of his high and enthusiastic sense of architectural symbols the words of Professor Green, as delivered before the Royal Academy, last session, which are these—"Say what is the idea which is at work in your mind, in contemplating one of our venerable cathedrals, the ornaments of Christendom, the beautiful products of Christian architecture? What is the thought which you are trying to bring into distinct consciousness as the exponent of the artist's aim, whilst you look into the far distance along the ever receding aisles, or turn your eye upwards to the exceeding loftiness, and endeavour to bring before your mind as a whole, that which seems ever to escape you in the multitudinous parts? It is surely the *symbol* of the *universe*—of that whole which exists in the idea as an infinity of parts—of that idea, which language only permits us to express by a contradiction, as of a sphere, whose centre is every where, whose circumference no where—it is, in short, the *architectural word* for the *omnipresence of God!*"

We are not, however, going to follow our author in the progress of his Notes on the history of ancient and modern temples, much less to go with him into some of his views concerning the ecclesiastical establishment of England; not that we are prepared to object to any of these views, or that we regard his digressions as very foreign to the main purpose of his work, but because our limits are too narrow even to do justice to his opinions and criticisms, although confining ourselves strictly to architectural points. But we must at the same time allow that he possesses a fine, a poetic taste, in reference not only to the picturesque beauties but the sacred and solemn influences which are inseparable from our national churches. Let us quote a passage or two as specimens of his manner in treating his subject under these feelings.

"The fane in which we are devoted to the service of God, and enrolled at once in the registers of earth and heaven, is inexpressibly dear to the memory in after times and in distant lands; the personal ceremonies of confirmation, and perhaps of marriage within our own consciousness, and the attendance at the celebration of similar events in our own fami-

lies and among our friends and neighbours, are ties to the parish church, which are not the less strong because unrecognized until occasion compel us to regard and acknowledge them. Where the church is remarkable as an edifice it resembles still more strongly a sacred banner, lifting the eyes and thoughts together above the ordinary level, and attracting towards itself a common sympathy and veneration. When it becomes the tomb of the good and great, when its spire rises heavenward from the earth beneath which lie the bones of our fathers, our regard becomes a holy and exalted feeling;—and of the pure spirit to which these associations tend, the Temple should be worthy."

"The village church attracts immediate attention by its modest and unadorned exterior, often perfectly devoid of architectural display, and only aspiring to the rank of those edifices which stand as memorials of past ages, to remind us that our forefathers adapted their places of worship to the occasion upon which they were raised. Their own simplicity of character appears to have been the guide of their works; and the little village church will always furnish us with reflections of the most interesting nature on the feelings and the manners of ancient times. The surrounding gravestones, 'adorned with rude sculpture,' and worn and discoloured by the hand of time, battered by the storms of winter, and here and there spotted with moss—the green mark of antiquity—are peculiarly calculated to aid the effect of the scene upon a mind that indulges in contemplation on the transient nature of all earthly things. These humble tributes of regard give a pleasing idea of the tenderness that existed among families who derived all their refinement from the pure instruction of nature, and were perfectly unacquainted with the pride of later times."

Mr. Bardwell is a strong advocate for the erection of additional churches, and the division of large parishes, instead of multiplying chapels of ease. In London, the richest capital of the world, what a deficiency is there in noble specimens of sacred temples! With the exception of the city, the metropolis can boast of few piles which can impress a stranger with the belief that we care about religion. In the parish of Mary-le-bone, for example, which equals in population and extent, and far exceeds in riches, any one of our old provincial cities, there is nothing in the shape of a temple, besides some poor apology for a steeple, that can relieve the excursive eye from the long-continued lines of unmeaning bricks.

"Is this wise? Is it just? Our forefathers made enormous personal sacrifices to raise those piles which are the glory of our land. William of Malmesbury says, the custom of expressing religious fervour by building a church or monastery prevailed to such a degree, that a rich man would have thought he had lived in vain if he had not left such a monument of his piety and munificence. Hence it is that our old cities are recognised from afar by the tall spires or lofty towers of their churches, hallowing all the landscape, and impressing us with a conviction that *there* God is worshipped, and the effects of piety are evident. How strong the contrast between such a scene and that presented to the eye at the approach to one of our modern towns. Of course the superstition of the

former is not commendable, nor the industry and science of the latter to be spoken of without respect; but was it superstition alone that induced men to devote such sums of money to purposes of piety and charity? Count up the endowments of the church before she was despoiled; imagine the cost of the Minster of York, or Durham, or Ely, or Lincoln, or of our colleges and schools; the expences of their erection, endowment, and daily support, and if indeed the sacrifice of worldly wealth to the building of palaces for learning, temples for religion, and homes for poverty, be superstition, it is an abused word, and represents a virtue. Superstition! we blush for those who will not only not imitate the good deeds of their ancestors, but want hearts to understand even the frame of mind, the heroic piety, which prompted their exertions.

"To the want of such erections may be attributed much of the disgraceful ignorance and consequent cruelty of the lower orders, and the utter want of taste and veneration in the class immediately above them. Whence the indifference to the church, whence the objection to the rates. The buildings are such as men cannot be proud of: and, within, the apportionment of the pews prevents the church from supplying sufficient accommodation to the rich, while to the poor only a few seats in the aisle are appropriated. The very beasts given to man for his use, feel, in the *living death* to which in this metropolis their cruel masters condemn them, the effects of that ignorance, and heathenism, and indifference to Christian feeling, which may be traced to the want of the means of instruction. There can be no more efficient system of reforming the poorer classes, than the restoration of that noble plan of our ancestors—placing the means of religious knowledge and the practice of devotion within the reach of the poorest. 'The Bible would soon cease to be read if it ceased to be preached; and how is it to be preached without churches? The sums appropriated in more auspicious times to the erection of new churches have brought into the fold 400,000 Christians, and repaid every citizen his share of the outlay by the improved habits of the persons who were degraded by that destitution of which we now urge the supply.'"

"What is more grateful to the eye of the man of sentiment, philanthropy and religion, than a church? Travel over the country, every tower that rises between the trees is a hieroglyphic of the word 'GOD!' Humble as may be the temple, it is in harmony with the unpolished manners of the peasantry;—it is venerable: it *is a church;* not an unmeaning public room, with pews and a pulpit. REMEMBER GOD, and REMEMBER DEATH, is the awful impression which every man ought to feel on his entrance into a church."

There is far more value couched under these happily expressed opinions and sentiments than can be measured by pounds, shillings, and pence; nor do we despair of Mr. Bardwell being the instrument, by his own distinct and able suggestions, of exciting the public mind to a consideration of the subject, and of stirring up other competent authorities to follow out and carry farther similar efforts.

It would lead us far beyond our limits, were we to touch on the means by which the vast improvements suggested in the pages

before us are proposed to be made. Neither can we notice the various reasons that have within the few last generations operated disparagingly to our architectural eminence. One vexatious reason, which might easily be dispensed with, may be named, and this is, "that system of exclusion so rigorously practised for some years past," as the chartered Institute of British Architects expresses it, "by which the great body of the profession has been entirely shut out from all chance of obtaining any portion of the public works." It is generally admitted by competent judges, that never in the history of England were there so many excellent architects as at the present time, were scope and freedom allowed to their talents. Is it not then grievous and monstrous in the extreme, that the taste, the feelings, the money of the community should be sacrificed to favouritism, and to the disgrace of the age in the estimation of posterity? We are not without hope that this reign of humbug and wrong is drawing near a close, and, indeed, confidently believe that the present volume will lend a fatal blow to such a preposterous state of things.

Mr. Bardwell's modest but apposite strictures on our lately-erected churches are conceived, as he himself expresses it, in the spirit of "Arts' peaceful war against the selfishness of man," and will be found eminently instructive to the artist and amateur. We pass over all such details, however, as also his sketch of the progress of architecture from its infancy to the present times, in this and other parts of the world. In every branch of his work he shows himself a master of the subject, both as respects study, experience, and delicacy of taste—expressing himself with an ease and felicity which no one that has not reflected much and well, and often placed his thoughts upon paper, could possibly accomplish. But we must conclude, and this we do, after quoting a few separate passages of striking import, quite satisfied that these and the foregoing extracts will be sufficient to secure among many of our accomplished readers, an eagerness to be possessed of the elegant volume from which they are taken.

"It is the true artist only who should be suffered to adorn his own conceptions. He alone knows how to subdue the ornament to the purpose and character of his building. Mere decoration, though it may most strike the vulgar eye, as it is the last, is really the meanest branch of architecture; a handsome, well-proportioned peasant or servant girl, are beheld with pleasure, while their deformed or ill-favoured superior, though ornamented with everything brilliant and beautiful, only excites aversion. Oneness, and the character of unity, are rarely appreciated by the ill-tutored eye. BURKE, with a just perception of this, observes that, 'when an inordinate thirst for variety prevails, it is sure to leave very little true taste.' Fashion, too, often takes the part of ignorant pretence, and encourages incongruity, to deform our mansions: hence the urn decorates our house-tops, and the sarcophagus finds a place beneath our sideboards.

"The excellence of a building, whether Grecian or Gothic, depends, then, on the justness of its proportions, the sparing but not parsimonious use of ornaments, and the correctness of their execution: using such only as tend to show its destination, and assist in determining its character. The same devices cannot be equally adapted to the temple—the place of high and solemn meditation, and to that of festive amusement; to the Fortress of War and the House of Peace; to the Court of Justice and the Theatre; to the Arch of Triumph and the Arbour of Flowers; to the Library and the Stable. Who can contemplate the Egyptian temples; the temples of Minerva and of Peace; the majestic church of St. Peter at Rome, or that of St. Paul at London; the Thermæ of Dioclesian, or the Pantheon; without a consciousness of those mingled motions, which are the genuine result of true sublimity?"

"It is quite a mistake to suppose, that because we are men of business, we are unequal to the possession of elegant aspirations. There are not more elegantly minded men in the world, than many British statesmen, and many British merchants. The greatest patrons of art ever known, were the MEDICI family, whose vast fortune was acquired by the trade they carried on in spices and alum. The illustrious names of TOWNLEY, HOPE, and ANGERSTEIN, sufficiently prove that the British merchant may be as eminent for his taste, as he is for his enterprise and integrity."

"Churches in towns, should always have an exterior and interior facing of stone, or marble, or exteriorly of flints with stone dressings: all walls to be at least three feet in thickness; churches should be distinguished as much as possible, both in form and materials, from secular structures."

"AUGUSTUS is said to have found a city of brick, and left one of marble. I see no reason to doubt that a similar change may be realized under the reign of the present Heiress apparent; the most beautiful marbles, white, black, verd-antique, &c. are found in abundance in Ireland, only awaiting the fostering hand of British enterprise to draw them from their dark abode, and make them sources of wealth and happiness to our sister country, and superb ornaments to our own, at one-third the price we are now paying for similar foreign productions. Now it must be obvious to every one who will give himself the trouble to think, that if the Legislature were to resolve upon the erection of fifty new churches in London, to be built of Irish marble, such edifices would cost the country nothing. If an individual builds a church, he is so much the poorer by its cost, because that would be a transfer of property from himself to other individuals; but in public works, it is only a transmutation of money, and I believe all history will bear me out in this assertion, indeed, were it otherwise, how could this country have supported that immense expenditure of money upon public buildings, which took place in those ages which the 'March of intellect men,' forsooth, call dark?"

"But if we must still go on in the lamentable practice of trying for how small a sum the House of God may be built, let us leave off caricaturing Catholic architecture, and make designs in the Italian style, or the style of WREN'S churches, but let it be a *sine quâ non*, that they have an exterior and interior facing of stone, with which addition, churches in the Italian style may be built in a more substantial manner, at little if any more expense than the pseudo-Gothic of the last twenty years; the Italian, although

pleasing when executed with a Quaker-like plainness, is nevertheless susceptible of the utmost enrichment; as witness the exuberance of ornament displayed in the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, and the simplicity, without baldness, as exhibited in that of St. Paul, Covent-Garden.

"It happens, unfortunately, however, that freestone seems to be regarded in London, as a precious foreign article, which is to be sparingly used. Sculpture, too, is thought so costly, as to be a luxury quite above the means of the British nation. So that in one half of those otherwise superb buildings the new club-houses, we see neither stone nor sculpture, but a pitiful covering of plaster, which requires a perpetual outlay to keep in decent order.

"I believe it will admit of proof, that our English quarries contain more freestone than would build ten such cities as London: that when arrived in the metropolis, this material is not much dearer for facing than good brick; also, that, after correct drawings of decorations are prepared, hundreds of workmen, inferior of course to regular sculptors, may be found, who will execute designs to the perfect satisfaction of the architect, both with facility and cheapness."

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*Strafford: an Historical Tragedy.* By ROBERT BROWNING, Author of "Paracelsus.' London: Longman. 1837.

THERE is one objection to this tragedy, which must go a great way to prevent it from ever becoming popular either in the closet or upon the stage, viz, its obscurity—obscurity both of plot and dialogue. As to the story which we think, in every dramatic piece should be intelligible upon its own showing, even to one who is previously altogether ignorant of the part of history from which it is borrowed, no person that is not particularly acquainted with the times of Charles the First, can possibly follow it—follow that of Strafford as here set down, clearly or fully. At the same time, it is our opinion that the author has formed a very correct estimate of most of the characters he has introduced, and that his portraits are faithful. To be sure, the King cuts a sorry figure, and is much more imbecile, variable and deceptive than it is usual for his greatest impugners to represent him; Strafford, however, is forcibly depicted, and many are the noble bursts of sentiment which he utters. As for the other characters, little can be said for them in a dramatic point of view; for though just in so far as they act, there is nothing very prominent in their doings, only serving in what they say and occasion, as reliefs to the hero of the piece. Mr Browning states that the play is "one of action in character rather than character in action." The distinction is not very plain or obvious. We should say, however, that it is what is done rather than what is told, that sustains whatever interest attaches to the piece; and yet what is done does not appear to us to be sufficiently progressive, or to be in point of effect or interest sufficiently accumulative. In short, while Mr. Browning's Strafford is entitled to very considerable commendation, yet it is rather for giving promise of much better performances, than on account of

its own merits, that we hope to meet on some future occasion, its author in the same high walk of literature.

The specimen which we quote is from the last scene in the last act.

(*As* Strafford *opens the door,* (in the Tower) Pym *is discovered with* Hampden, Vane, &c. Strafford *falls back to the front of the stage:* Pym *follows slowly and confronts him.*)

Pym.

"Have I done well? Speak, England! Whose great sake
I still have laboured for, with disregard
To my own heart,—for whom my youth was made
Barren, my future, dark, to offer up
Her sacrifice—this man, this Wentworth here—
That walked in youth with me—loved me it may be,
And whom, for his forsaking England's cause,
I hunted by all means (trusting that she
Would sanctify all means) even to the grave
That yawns for him. And saying this, I feel
No bitter pang than first I felt, the hour
I swore that Wentworth might leave us,—but I
Would never leave him: I do leave him now!
I render up my charge (be witness, God!)
To England who imposed it! I have done
Her bidding—poorly, wrongly,—it may be
With ill effect—for I am but a man—
Still I have done my best, my very best,
Not flattering for a moment! I have done!
(*after a pause*)
And that said, I will say—yes, I will say
I never loved but this man— David not
More Jonathan! Even thus, I love him now:
And look for my chief portion in that world
Where great hearts led astray are turned again,
(Soon it may be—and—yes—it will be soon:
My mission over I shall not live long!)
—Aye here I know I talk—and I will talk
Of England—and her great reward—as all
I look for there; but in my inmost heart,
Believe I think of stealing quite away
To walk once more with Wentworth—with my friend
Purged from all error, gloriously renewed,
And Eliot shall not blame us! Then indeed—
(This is no meeting, Wentworth! Tears rise up
Too hot—a thin mist— is it blood?—enwraps
The face I loved so!) Then, shall the meeting be!
Then—then—then I may kiss that hand, I know!

Strafford.

(*walks calmly up to* Pym *and offers his hand.*)
I have loved England too—we'll meet then Pym!

As well to die! youth is the time—our youth,
To think and to decide on a great course;
Age with its action follows; but 'tis dreary
To have to alter one's whole life in age—
The time past, the strength gone! as well to die now.
When we meet, Pym, I'd be set right—not now!
I'd die as I have lived—too late to change!
Best die. Then if there's any fault, it will
Be smothered up: much best! You'll be too busy
With your hereafter, you will have achieved
Too many triumphs to be always dwelling
Upon my downfall, Pym? Poor little Laud
May dream his dream out of a perfect Church
In some blind corner? And there's no one left—
(*he glances on the King.*)
I trust the King now wholly to you Pym!
And yet—I know not! What if, with his weakness—
And I shall not be there—And he'll betray
His friends—if he has any—And he's false—
And loves the Queen, and—
Oh, my fate is nothing—
Nothing! But not that awful head—not that!
Pym, save the King! Pym, save him! stay—you shall—
For you love England! I, that am dying, think
What I must see—'tis here—all here! My God!
Let me but gasp out, in one word of fire,
How thou wilt plague him, satiating Hell!
What? England that you love—our land—become
A green and putrifying charnel left
Our children—some of us have children, Pym—
Some who, without that, still must ever wear
A darkened brow, an over-serious look,
And never properly be young—
No word!
You will not say a word—to me—to Him!
(*Turning to* Charles.)
Speak to Him—as you spoke to me—that day!
Nay, I will let you pray to him, my King
Pray to him! He will kiss your feet, I know!
What if I curse you?—Send a strong curse forth,
Clothed from my heart, lapped round with horror, till
She's fit, with her white face, to walk the world
Scaring kind natures from your cause and you—
Then to sit down with you, at the board-head,
The gathering for prayer.—"

ART. XIII.—*Remains of Alexander Knox, Esq. Vols. III. and IV.* London: Duncan. 1837.

THE Remains of a man of whom Dr. Adam Clarke said—after that great divine had been upwards of forty years a preacher—"Many times it has

been my wish to be in the place of your valet, that I might hear and treasure up sayings, judgments, and opinions, which I have ever regretted should be lost to the world," must be valuable indeed. When these judgments and opinions have assumed the deliberate shape in which the contents of the present volumes appear, we may rest assured that their preciousness has been much enhanced. It is quite true that the editor, Mr. Hornby, from the circumstances attendant on the papers here published, has been obliged to publish many repetitions, because the author of them had not made that selection, or had time to produce that condensation, of which they were susceptible. But since such was the case, what right had any one else but their author to alter or distort, either by invention, or supposed superior arrangement, these writings? In one view the repetitions are desirable; inasmuch as they show his many soundings in the vast ocean of truth, as he believed it to be spread out in God's revealed word, which, to that class by whom alone his writings will be eagerly sought after (a large class out of the most enlightened of the religious community) and who long not so much for the excitements of fancy, or the gratification of mere literary taste, as for the accelerated march of mankind towards the highest moral and religious attainments, will ever be the grand desideratum.

These Remains consist of dissertations in the form of letters, as they were addressed to a number of persons eminent for their intellectual and religious acquirements—of letters, properly so called, of fragments, of portions of a diary, &c. &c. Religious and ecclesiastical doctrines form the great staple of every part of the work. There is little of biography in them, properly so called, for Mr. Knox's history consisted not of prominent public acts, or striking personal incidents. It is his intellectual character, the progress of his mind in the knowledge of the heart and of divine truth, and his rapid advancement to immortal perfection, which these and his former admirable relics disclose, and in which a treasury of much that is most graceful, noble, and enduring in humanity steadfastly beams.

The titles of a few of the papers to be found in these volumes, we quote, as a sample of the principal topics discussed in them, and which will show to our readers, that we cannot, consistently with the character of our Journal, do much more than thus briefly refer to them. For example, in the third volume there is a "Fragment on the Leading Points insisted on in the New Testament;" besides, among others, we have a "Letter to the Rev. Dr. Woodward, on the Church of England;" there is another to "Mrs. Hannah More, showing the Theology of the New Testament not to be Calvinistic;" another, "On the Fathers of the Christian Church, and on Catholic Tradition;" another, "On the Impossibility of Union between the Churches of England and of Rome;" another, "On the Future State of Glory," &c. In the fourth volume the letters are much shorter and more familiar, furnishing many points which enable the reader to fill up the writer's memoir. This portion of the work presents also a good many specimens from the pens of Mr. Knox's correspondents, among whom we may mention John Wesley. One of these we extract. It is written in the healthy, honest, and earnest manner of an apostolic man.

"My dear Alleck, "London, Nov. 18, 1780.

"My mind is exactly the same towards you as it has been for several years: with this only difference (which is very natural), that the

longer I know you the more I love you. I am not soon tired of my friends. My brother laughs at me, and says, 'Nay, it signifies nothing to tell you anything; for whomever you once love, you will love on through thick and thin.'

"As I have frequently observed to you, I am still persuaded it is chiefly your body which presses down your soul; and, if it please God to heal your body, I doubt not your mind will be far easier. I do not at all despair of seeing you a happy man, full of joy and peace in believing. Look up; and expect him that is mighty to save.

"I am, dear Alleck, yours most affectionately.

"J. Wesley."

The only letters in these volumes, which, from the topics they handle, could properly come under our critical notice, are those to Hannah More, "On Mr. Southey's Life of John Wesley;"—and to Joseph Cowper Walker, Esq. "on the Poetry of William Cowper." But even the subjects of both of these are treated with a reference to theological points, which claim the attention chiefly of other, than a periodical devoted merely to literary matters. Both of them we consider excellent. In that on the poetry of Cowper, there are some dicta and opinions that may be set down as axioms—such as "It is, perhaps, not sufficiently considered that picturesque description, and even the grandest and most beautiful imagery constitute but the body of poetry, of which moral sentiment alone is the soul." In a comparison of Cowper with Milton, the writer traces the pure and awful virtue which sustains the majestic verse of the latter, with the milder and more familiar Gospel features that distinguish the former—contending, however, that the superior advantages of both as poets consisted in that "they conceived the influences of the Divine Spirit in illuminating, strengthening, and comforting the minds of good men, to be superior to any thing which mere ratiocination could effect, or external circumstances produce, as to satisfy those who have such feelings, of the divinity of the agency:" and that whether the persuasion was just or the reverse, hence sprung their supposed enthusiasm. With these few observations and references we must leave off, after having given it as our most confident opinion, that these additional and thick volumes of the Remains of Alexander Knox, cannot fail of securing the admiration which has so extensively followed those of his writings which have formerly been published, and like them, of effecting mighty steps in the progress of theological enlightenment.

Art. XIV—*The Dispatches, Minutes and Correspondence of the Marquess Wellesley, K. G., during his Administration in India.* Edited by Montgomery Martin. Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 682. London: 1837. Allen & Co.

With the exception of a promised supplement, the volume before us completes the celebrated publication to which it belongs,—a publication which is destined to continue a standard contribution to English history, in that most wonderful department of the empire's relations, which has Hindostan for its theatre. The volume comprises the period of 1804 and 1805, when, of course, those formidable contests which took place with Scindia, the Rajah of Berar, Holkar, and the Rajah of Bhurtpore, fall to be described and accounted for.

ART. XV.—*Additional Remarks on the Use of English Mineral Springs, especially those of Bath, Cheltenham, and Leamington. With the most recent Analysis.* By EDWIN LEE, Esq. London: Churchill. 1837.

MR. LEE is well known as the author of "An Account of the Watering Places and Mineral Springs on the Continent," and of other valuable works. In the present pamphlet he has brought his knowledge and experience to bear on the similar sources of medicinal treatment, and recreation, that exist in our own country, and in a manner plain and convincing, shows that hitherto their efficacy and benefits have been much neglected; whereas were they judiciously used, the excessive employment of active medicines which obtains in England, such as that of mercury, might in a great measure be superseded. The author also throws out suggestions respecting the way in which our most effective mineral waters might be rendered accessible and available to the poorer classes of the community, their use being at present restricted to the upper and middle classes of society. To medical, as well as to non-medical readers, this slight *brochure* will be found to contain a great deal of practical information, which no one who has not enjoyed similar opportunities of observation in foreign countries with Mr. Lee, can be supposed capable of furnishing.

ART. XVI.—*Two Lectures on Lithotrity, and the Bi-Lateral Operation, delivered in London, Birmingham, Bath, and Bristol.* By EDWIN LEE, Esq. (From the London Medical Gazette.) London: Churchill. 1837.

THERE is not a town in the empire in which these Lectures, if publicly delivered, would not be of signal service in the cause of humanity. The subjects they treat of are so important, the malady they refer to so prevalent, that were it for nothing else than creating a confidence in the breast of patients with respect to the operations described, and inducing them not to delay an application to medical practitioners in the incipient state of an excruciating disease, they ought to be recommended to general attention. But to the generality of professors of the healing art, the condensed and perspicuous manner in which they explain the several operations of Lithotrity and Lithotomy, and the comparative merits in given cases of each, must be exceedingly instructive. Few medical practitioners in this country, we believe, are particularly conversant with the merits of Lithotrity, or with the manipulation required in the operation. To such we recommend these lectures. They are not only plain and sensible, but remarkable for the moderation of their views.

ART. XVII.—*The Popular Cyclopædia, &c.* Vol. V. part I. Glasgow: Blackie & Son. 1837.

THIS part goes from "Missolonghi to Peculium," and maintains the same degree of spirit, accuracy, and discrimination, that has distinguished the preceding volumes. Its cheapness and the talent it displays should render it the most popular publication of its class, that the present age of *cheap* and *popular* publications has yet produced.

ART. XVIII.—*Investigator; or, Travels in the Boudoir.* By CAROLINE A. HALSTEAD. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1837.

THE design of this elegant volume is ingenious, and the execution excellent It has reason and truth for its support, and is deeply engaging in its details. A little girl, who by-the-bye, is wiser than most persons of her years, when looking over the map of France, very naturally regrets that she had not been allowed to accompany the elder branches of the family on a late Continental tour, when, she is sure "she should have been so pleased and have improved so greatly." The mother is of the same mind as to the pleasure, but is not satisfied that the improvement would have been commensurate; and then seizes the opportunity to impress upon her young and sanguine auditor, how requisite it is for travellers to be well-informed before they set out on such journeys, as well as to convince her that more may be learned at home, than many know after having been long abroad. To illustrate her dictum, she proposes that the young and eager inquirer shall make a tour round the apartment in which they are seated, which, according to the little one's romantic turn, seems a very frivolous and ridiculous proposal. However she obeys, and soon discovers that the carpet and its manufacture, and an old fire-screen, which is the text for an account of tapestry, may be made the source of a vast deal of interesting information. Other articles suggest other questions respecting equally curious parts of foreign history. A cabinet of ornamental feathers introduces the birds of Paradise, &c. for subjects of description. Old china ware, small oriental idols, and an ancient Bible, conduct the parties to still more serious discussions; and in short before the room is half circumnavigated, the handsome little volume is filled to overflowing with excellent matter—such also as is sure to attract the young mind. The work is, indeed, one of the best we have ever seen for exciting the curiosity of the persons for whom it has been composed, and this excitement, will meet with precious knowledge.

Art. XIX.—*The Poet's Daughter.* 3 vols. London: Macrone. 1837.

WE augur, from the sensibility and the enthusiasm displayed in these volumes, that "The Poet's Daughter" will, after longer experience in the world and more matured reflection, rank high among the female writers of the age. She has already the command of fluent elegance of style—she is endowed with great liveliness, yea gracefulness of fancy, and evidently feels an uncommon degree of earnestness towards her subject. We were at once gained over by her preface, which is tastefully playful, yet sensible and sentimental. She informs us that she really felt on every part of her subject just as she has expressed herself, which is the surest method, she knows, to reach the heart of her readers. But she is not of a puling disposition, neither does she cherish a morbid sensibility; for she declares that "although it is the fashion to talk much of the heartlessness and the coldness of the world, I do believe, I know that there is far more thoughtlessness than absence of heart in this same world, and that deep feeling, genuine kindness, and noble generosity, are much more common than misanthropists allow." May she ever find it thus, and that it shall be ever found so, will

depend chiefly upon herself; for, in so far as our experience goes, the exercise of ordinary prudence in the choice of associates, and a soul charged with the tendernesses of human nature, together with the jewels, generosity and purity, will ever attract to themselves kindred, but repulse hostile, qualities.

Still, the chief defect in these volumes arises from the author's inexperience of the restless, reckless world—the chief blemish is owing to her not having had real and characteristic persons or scenes strongly individualized before her mind's eye. The story, although it might have been more forcibly cast, is not amiss, but the filling up is often unreal, incapable of absorbing the reader's attention; and, in as far as particular passages are concerned, many of them, though built upon a natural enough, and an agreeable idea, become cold, and elaborately common-place, from the mere use of generalities of expression and vagueness of idea, even when the language is flowing and beautiful. Take, for an example, love, as a theme for rhapsody—"Oh, love—true virtuous love, thou sweetener of life's ills—thou staff of the fainting pilgrim—thou shower in the desert—thou shelter in the tempest—how should our hearts adore the Giver of all Good for thee his most precious gift! Without thee how intolerable would seem the stern duties of life!" &c. Now there is nothing but truth comtemplated in all of these exclamations; but then, it is truth that has been so often uttered and in so many more effective and descriptive terms, that the cold sweetness of the "Poet's Daughter's" ecstasies are rather sickening. We repeat, however, that there is much promise in her volumes; and that deeper reflection, more acquaintance with reality, will equip her for a much better performance.

ART. XX.—*Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles, Gent.* 2 vols. 12mo. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1837.

THE veritable Edward Lascelles must be at least second cousin to Capt. Marryat, or some other of our maritime romancers, for he is quite entitled to take his station along with such worthies upon their proper element. He lets us understand that in consequence of being prevented by bad weather for three long weeks from taking his accustomed recreations, he betook himself to transcribing some, and for the first time recording others, of those scenes which he had witnessed or experienced in early life; and having been, while yet a stripling, appointed a midshipman on board H. M. S. the Hesperus, a great number of his sketches and adventures belong to the naval service, where he conducted himself as most of the sprightly *mids* do. He is several times desperately in love, and like all love-sick lads, solaces himself with keeping a sort of diary of his heart, which is sailor enough like. His records of these tender, though fitful and evanescent passages in his history, together with his portraits of shipmates and seamen, are remarkable for the spirit and truth which pervade them. The author possesses, indeed, the power and the art of making his readers instantly acquainted with the characters he describes, and of enabling them to behold the scenes he delineates so vividly, as though these were fresh before them; and this is as high praise as sketches of the kind can possibly receive. We should add that there is a fine open and manly tone in his sentiments that gains the reader's favour, because it irresistibly conveys

the impression that it flows from a generous soul. We give a specimen, taken from the sketch of an original character, of the name of Wolfe, who is desperately addicted to strong waters, but who is equally adherent to the truth on all occasions. Wolfe is a seaman who has joined the ship at the Cape of Good Hope.

"One morning he came to Strangways, who happened to be in command during the absence of the first-lieutenant, and asked for leave to go on shore. 'No, Wolfe,' said Strangways; I cannot allow you to go on shore. You know the last time you got leave, you came on board drunk, and such conduct cannot be permitted.' 'I promise you, Sir,' said Wolfe, 'I won't get drunk.' 'What do you want to do on shore?' inquired Strangways. 'I want to fight, Sir!' 'To fight!' repeated Strangways, 'a pretty errand truly! And with whom, pray, do you mean to fight?' 'With Black Sambo, the prize-fighter, Sir. He challenged me to a match before I joined the ship; and he has been taunting me ever since, insinuating that I am afraid to stand to my bargain. This is the morning on which we were to meet, Sir, and if I do not attend they will call me coward!' 'It was extremely foolish in you to enter into any such engagement, Sir,' replied Strangways; 'but what you say is true; if you do not attend, those Cape Town bullies may impute it to cowardice. You promise me you won't get drunk?' 'I promise, Sir.' 'Then you may go.'

"Wolfe accordingly went on shore; and after an absence of about an hour and a half, he returned without having tasted a drop of liquor. As soon as he got on deck, he went to Strangways and reported himself. 'I am come on board, Sir, sober!' 'Well,' replied Strangways, 'I am glad you have kept your word. Did you fight the match?' 'I did, Sir.' 'Was it a long one?' 'Fifty minutes, Sir, by the watch.' 'Who conquered?' 'I did, Sir.' 'Did you punish your opponent severely?' 'Why, Sir, I beat him, and that's just saying enough.' 'Right, you may retire, Sir.' 'I hope, Sir, you will have no objection to let me go ashore again,' said Wolfe, still lingering in the neighbourhood of the lieutenant. 'What! at present?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Why, what do you want to do ashore now?' 'Get drunk, sir,' replied Wolfe with the gravest possible expression of countenance, while Strangways burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. 'May I go, sir!' continued Wolfe, when he thought the lieutenant had sufficient time to indulge his merriment. 'It is contrary to all rule, sir,' said Strangways, 'but since you have kept your promise so faithfully, I will permit you for this once to go.' 'Thank you, sir,' said Wolfe, with the same unmoveable gravity of countenance; and in a few minutes he was seen putting off in one of the Malay boats that attended the ship with fruit. He kept his word as faithfully on this as on the former occasion, and towards evening, he was carried on board in a state of the 'most blissful oblivion.'"

We shall be well content to find that Mr. Edward Lascelles is kept within doors by bad weather for three weeks every year he lives, if so be that he employs himself so ably and pleasantly for our instruction and amusement during that comparatively brief space in the current of twelve months.

ART. XXI.—*Eureka; A Prophecy of the Future.* By the Author of "Mephistopheles in England." 3 vols. London: Longman. 1837.

THERE is something not far distant from tautology in saying, a "Prophecy of the Future." But to pass over this verbal nicety, we must state that "Eureka" is one of those extravagant species of tales that has nothing like probability to sustain the reader's interest in it, while the imaginative and satirical talent which it must have required in its composition might have produced several excellent novels. The story is not of much importance, nor does the author seem to have had any sustained aim in its progress. We may just mention that it purports to be told by a German student, and goes forward to an era a thousand years hence, when England is to be an uninhabited wilderness, and its metropolis a desolate Babylon, whereas Columbia, Australia, &c., are to resemble the present condition of our then worn-out empire in wealth, population, and enterprise.

The hero of the tale is the son of a merchant of Columbia, who, in the course of his voyages, visits our island, and at last becomes "Emperor of the Columbians." His attendant during his adventures is Eureka, in the character of a page, who at last shares his prosperity and glory. The adventures, the scenes, the speculations which the history of the hero suggests, afford ample scope for the author's powers of description and fancy—ludicrous, sarcastic, and serious. One feature attaches, however, to all his efforts—though the time and the scenes belong to such a distant period in futurity, his thoughts, images, and forms of expression all smack of the present. At the same time, it would be very easy to fill a number of our pages with striking specimens of the comic, and the declamatory. One specimen of the latter sort is all we can find room for. It is to be found so early in the work, as the introductory chapter, and is on "imagination."

"'The imagination can conquer any difficulty;' exclaimed my companion. 'There is no power beneath heaven like imagination. It can dive into the uttermost corners of the ocean, or ascend through the trackless fields of air. It can fly where the eagle dare not move its wing, and amid Alpine obstacles outclimb the chamois. It can pass the great desert at a bound, and bear the four corners of the world in the hollow of its eye. It seeth all things that nature showeth; and after diclosing these, can show many things that nature never beheld. It pierces into the most hidden things. It flingeth a shining light into the most utter darkness. Locks, bolts, and bars, cannot keep it out—laws, walls, and chains, cannot keep it in; it is the only thing belonging to human life that is perfectly free. There is nothing imagination cannot do; no matter whether it be good or evil, reasonable or absurd—to it all things are alike easy. And as for wealth, or power, or dignity, or aught of which the world thinks highly, where is the greatness, and where are the riches, that exceed those of the imagination. * * * * * And more than this, it can make the dead live and the living die; it can raise the earthquake and the pestilence; it can fight battles and win king-

doms; it can float upon the whirlwind like a leaf upon the breeze, and pass through a consuming fire, unscathed by a single flame.

"'These are the powers of the imagination; and what are its pleasures? Let the most luxurious seeker after enjoyment take all the delights reality will give him. Let him wrap himself up in roses; lie in baths of milk; taste all that is delicious to the appetite; be loved by the most lovely and loving of women; and pass not a minute in which his soul is not lapped in ecstacy: and his enjoyments will bear no comparison with those of imagination. Imagination can concentrate in a single moment the pleasures of a thousand years; it possesses all the delights the world may produce, in addition to raptures more exquisite of worlds of its own: it can create forms clothed with a beauty far excelling the rarest of those who have glorified the earth with their presence; its sunshine palls the light of heaven; its flowers alone can bloom with a perpetual fragrance.'"

ART. XXII.—*The Teeth a Test of Age, considered with reference to the Factory Children.* Addressed to Members of both Houses of Parliament. By EDWIN SAUNDERS. London: Renshaw. 1837.

OUR readers may remember, from our review some few months ago, of "Wing's Evils of the Factory System," that Mr. Horner had introduced, when authentic registers were wanting, height as the test of age, in the case of the young and tender victims of the Factories. In the publication before us the author, after great research and almost innumerable trials in public schools and otherwise, shows that the teeth in respect of the periods in life when the scrutiny is to take place concerning the young factory labourers, is almost an unerring standard to judge by. Independent of the services which his investigation and knowledge have here contributed to the interests of humanity, the work is calculated to engage the attention of the ordinary reader—while few belonging to the medical profession, or who make a study of medical jurisprudence, will rise from its perusal without benefit.

ART. XXIII.—*The Antiquities of Athens, and other Monuments of Greece, as measured and delineated by* JAMES STUART and NICHOLAS REVETT. Seventy Plates. London: Tilt. 1837.

A BEAUTIFUL little quarto, in which the peerless monuments of Grecian art are accurately figured and concisely explained, forming a comprehensive manual that will be found extremely interesting to amateurs, and no less useful to students and professors. It lays claim to the honour of supplying a real deficiency, and amply fulfils its promise.

ART. XXIV.—*Hours at Naples, and other Poems.* By the Lady E. STUART WORTLEY. London: Saunders and Otley. 1837.

WE have often, because the Lady has often given us an opportunity, bestowed upon her productions that praise which is due to amiability of sentiment, ease and felicity of expression, fecundity of conception, and

eloquent fervour. At the same time, we have noted haste or carelessness in the composition, and regretted to find that a person so capable of illustrating feelings and character, nay naturally endowed with the high requisites of a poetic temperament, should in the multiplicity and multifariousness of her powers, have hardly done justice to herself, if all that she knows and feels were properly concentrated, and coyly treated. But, notwithstanding these previous opinions and presumptions, we are bound to say, that in the present fruits of Lady E. S. Wortley's efforts, there is a great deal more vigour of mind, and energy of utterance, joined to a richer flow of poetic imaginings, than we remember to have previously met in our intercourse with her writings. We do not affect to be nice in choosing, or laborious in searching for excellencies. But it cannot be unfair to resort to the opening verses of the volume, and to any random effusion or expression that may afterwards follow, as subjects of admiration or animadversion. Accordingly there is now to be quoted part of "The Lines written at Naples," beginning with the beginning —and some that occur many pages afterwards—all corroborative of our opinion.

"Ye clear waves, with your murmuring, murmuring flow,
Whence do you come—and whither do you go?
You seem in gentle haste, as though to escape
Some fast pursuer, which my thoughts can shape
Fantastically and grotesquely now
Into some Sea God, with his furrowed brow—
Into some rough old Sea-God's rugged form,
Chief of the tides, and ruler of the storm—
Lord of the depths, and master of the wave,
Liege of the rock, and monarch of the cave!
Who, shaking back the deep locks from his face,
Drives the light dancing waves with idle grace;
Or, we might dream you onwards, onwards come
To seek the shore as Exiles would their home—
But like a keen fond hope, whose darling aim
Is ever missed—ye, vainly, wander tame
Like shepherdless flocks, although in sooth ye reach
That which appears your goal—the shell-strewn beach;
But when ye reach it—still do ye recoil
And but repeat your task—renew your toil,
As though by disappointment faintly crossed,
And while your end was gained, yourselves were lost.
So in confusion sweet, ye seem to track
Your own light watery footsteps softly back."

"To encourage and to foster in the breast
The impassioned Anguish, and the sick Unrest;
To enthrone even as an idol of the Soul
That Grief to which we dedicate the Whole;
And to enshrine for ever in the heart
The Pain from which we thus refuse to part!
This is not Resignation!—'tis a tide
Of impious Passion and impetuous Pride—

'Tis our Humanity's presumption still
That must assert a choice and have a will!
Our fiery Stubbornness—through weal or woe—
That will not *thus far and no farther go.*
Our mortal Nature's weak and helpless ire,
That leads us thus to heap our funeral pyre,
And sacrifice ourselves to our distress
In luxury of delirious recklessness."

ART. XXV.—*Sonnets.* By EDWARD MOXON. 2nd Edition. London: Moxon. 1837.

A BEAUTIFUL impression of Mr. Moxon's beautiful Sonnets, of which we took an opportunity to speak most favourably on their first appearance. They are very superior specimens of that elegant and chaste species of poetry, and will be remembered by refined minds long after vastly more ambitious efforts in verse shall be forgotten.

ART. XXVI.—*A Dream of Life; or Augustine and Geraldine, a Poem in Five Parts.* By the Rev. W. GURDEN MOORE, M.A. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1837.

THE Dream of Life, though called a poem, has not much of that in it which can lay claim to lofty poetry. We cannot bestow upon it more than faint praise. The sentiments, however, are uniformly pure, and the versification, which is varied in the different parts, is generally easy, though not very musical. As we cannot afford space for so much of the principal poem in the volume, as would be a fair specimen, we copy one of the short miscellaneous pieces; it is addressed to Beauty, a theme that should waken the muse to sing in sweet, lovely, and joyous strains.

"Why, fleeting Beauty, boast thy power,
To fascinate mankind?
For thus does every fading flower,
Waved by the summer wind.
But when their summer bloom is o'er,
They hang their drooping head,
They then delight the eye no more,
Their fragrance too is fled.
Oh! woman then, by nobler aid,
Act thou a nobler part,
And by such charms as ne'er can fade
Attempt to win the heart."

ART. XXVII.—*National Education.* By O. DE BEAUVOIR PRIAULX. Lond.: Saunders and Otley. 1837.

THERE is much in this volume which savours of idealism, and those dreams of future perfection at which the human species is supposed by some to be destined to arrive, even in this life. The whole of the performance,

however, is full of those noble and philanthropic aspirations, which are alike creditable to the head and the heart of M. Priaulx. Far be it from us to say that his speculations are never likely to be realized, or that his suggestions may not furnish the very lights which philosophers and legislators shall take for their guides in coming generations. Far be it from us to assert that these very speculations and aspirations may not prove the most successful and influential of the efforts that have yet been employed in this or any other country, to bring to pass the author's desires and expectations. One thing appears to us certain, viz, that no ingenuous or cultivated mind can reflect on the reasonings and views set forth, without imbibing a large portion of them, without longing to see them fulfilled, or without being eager to lend a helping hand to their furtherance. We quote two paragrahs.

"Blame.—The object of blame is to shame the child to exertion. But you are to shame him by appealing to his reason, not to his fear of ridicule, by showing him the contempt he throws upon himself, and not by dwelling upon the contempt with which others regard him. The words of reproach must be kind, affectionate, impressive; they must be a friend's private remonstrance with a friend, but a friend, who, though age and authority give him the power of punishing, forgoes that power; and whose words, therefore, pierce the more, for that they are barbed and winged with an 'awful love.'

"Rewards.—Reward is the due of merit, and more especially of that merit which has not already met its reward in success. To do well, when he may do well easily, is every man's virtue. The Christ looked carelessly on, while the rich pharisees threw of their wealth into the treasury of the temple; but the widow's mite drew forth his cry of admiration. Similarly the boy's merit must be measured by his powers and his efforts. The prize is to the swift and the victory to the strong, but the reward is to him who labours, and labours in vain, to him who struggles and is overcome. One defeat, what matters it! a thousand! accustom man to struggle, to war, and success, rest assured, will at length range on his side. The habit of labouring to realize his resolves, of attempting until he perform what he has once determined, is above all things to be instilled into the boy. Reward, therefore, *all* effort. For the unsuccessful let the reward be honorary, distinguishing, and let it at once stir them to new hope, and at the same time cancel the annoy of failure."

ART. XXVIII.—*Gilbart's History of Banking in America.* London: Longman. 1837.

THIS is a well-timed publication, considering the panic and pressure which have of late existed, and do exist in the money market in this country as well as in the United States; and when it is remembered that Mr Gilbart is the manager of one of the most respectable Joint Stock Banks in England, his opinions must be regarded as of the highest value on the subject of which he here treats. There are many differences in the constitution and the regulations of the banking systems of the two countries, which cannot be rendered clear by any short notice in our pages. It may be generally stated, however, that the author recommends that in certain

points we should borrow from our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. Their system of returns from every bank in the country obtains his particular favour, for the purpose, among others, of illustrating the state of what he denominates the *active* and *dead* circulation, which the returns from the Bank of England never and cannot afford. The manner in which he explains on this particular, we quote.

"There is another piece of information which it is desirable to possess relative to the circulation of the Bank of England, and it is one which the Bank cannot supply. It is desirable to know the difference in the amount of the active circulation and the dead circulation, so as to be able to trace their respective fluctuations. That portion of the notes of the Bank of England which is passing from hand to hand, may be called the active circulation. That portion which is hoarded, or kept in reserve to meet possible demands, may be called the dead circulation. Now it is quite certain that the dead circulation, while it remains in that state, has no effect upon the prices of commodities, the spirit of speculation, or the foreign exchanges. These are effected only by the active circulation. In seasons of pressure, the dead circulation is increased at the expense of the active circulation, because people hoard their money to meet contingencies. Hence we find the pressure is often more severe than the reduction of the Bank circulation would seem to warrant. But the fact is, that the pressure is in proportion to the reduction of the active circulation, and not in proportion to the reduction of the whole circulation. On the other hand, in seasons of abundance, the dead circulation is diminished, the active circulation proportionably increased; and hence the stimulus given to trade and speculation is much greater than the returns of the Bank of England would warrant us to expect. Now what means do we possess of getting at the amount of the dead circulation? The Bank of England can give us no information on the subject; but it seems probable that almost all the dead circulation is in the hands of the different banks; very few private individuals keep any hoard of bank-notes. If, then, all the bankers and banks be required to produce returns of the amount of Bank of England notes in their possession, this might enable us to form a judgment as to the amount of the dead circulation,"

ART. XXIX.—*Sabbatical Verses.* By JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY. London: Arch. 1837.

THERE is much of the earnestness and ardour of a devout spirit in these verses, and a very considerable flow of poetic diction. The poems are all of a serious description. Their strain and character may be understood from the titles of some of them, and a single extract, the principal ones in regard to length, are upon these themes,—"The Glory of Christ in the first Creation," "The Glory of Christ in the New Creation," "The Christian's Race," "The Child of the Lord," "On Silent Worship," &c. From this last we quote a few stanzas.

"Let deepest silence all around
Its peaceful shelter spread;
So shall that living word abound,
The word that wakes the dead.

How sweet to wait upon the Lord
In stillness and in prayer!
What though no preacher speak the word,
A minister is there.

A minister of wondrous skill
True graces to impart;
He teaches all the Father's will,
And preaches to the heart.

* * * * * *

And ah! how precious is his love,
In tenderest touches given;
It whispers of the bliss above,
And stays the soul on heaven.

From mind to mind, in streams of joy,
The holy influence spreads;
'Tis peace, 'tis praise, without alloy,
For God that influence sheds.

'Twas thus, where God himself is known
To shine without a cloud,
The angel myriad, round his throne
In solemn silence bowed,

And all were still and silent long,
Nor dared one note to raise,
Till burst the vast estatic song
And heaven was filled with praise."

ART. XXX.—*Bertrand; a Tragedy in Five Acts.* By S. B. HARPER, Esq. London: Fraser. 1837.

WE do not think very highly of this tragedy, and do not believe that it will ever be popular on the stage. It is an unequal performance; for while some of the sentiments which it contains are fine as well as beautifully expressed, and several of the imaginings bold and richly poetic, there is more that is either feeble in the conception, and coarse or extravagant in the utterance. We extract one of the most effective scenes of the whole, in which the heroine, a high-souled Spanish lady, prominently appears; and even here, our readers must feel that there is too much mouthing of noisy words and strong comparisons, for a deeply interesting female character

Enter Mariana *in great terror.*

Mariana.

"Oh, brother—dear brother! my dearest love,
Save one! Oh, good, kind Lopez!—That choice one,
That one alone I could love more than thou,—
A miracle of capacious general love

To all mankind!—Oh, dear, gen'rous brother!
What dost thou think? (*She falls into his arms.*)

Lopez.

I trust he is not dead!

Mariana.

Dead! No, no, no! O no! not dead!

Lopez.

Not dead!

Mariana.

No, he doth live!—That heaven would not permit!
But they have tried, Lopez! Common night bravoes
Would fain have spoil'd his princely form! At night!
All by himself! Oh, cruel, low born cowards!
But what doth ail thee, brother? Art thou deaf?
Thou stand'st as cold as though I were relating
Some tale of ordinary happening!
Art thou a man? Hast thou a heart? Or, have
My words fused up the current of thy blood?
Why, your teeth should chatter?—your two fists clench!
Your form convulse, like Ætna's womb in travail!
Each particular hair should jostle 'gainst the other,
In fury at the deed! your eyes should roll!
And, like a basilisk, kill me with looking!

Lopez.

Strong joy that my dear sister's love hath thus
So narrowly escaped the murd'rous stroke,
Doth push the feeling of revenge quite out
My breast: nay, more—doth even make me feel
A kind of gratitude unto the slaves,
Because their fatal aim hath missed its mark.

Mariana.

Oh! cold, soulless man! as well might I
Have told my tale unto yon senseless image!
Feel gratitude to midnight murderers!
If Ferd'nand's royal arm had aimed the blow,
In jealousy, lest that poor, unqueen'd Joan
(Because her love hath wandered long to him)
Might give him title to unking his brow;
Then might'st thou feel 'a kind of gratitude,'
That powerful majesty had missed its aim;
So as at that then present instant,
T'eclipse the outbreakings of revenge. But hired
Night-prowling, indiscriminate stabbers!
Why, the man's no more mettle than an ass!" [*exit.*]

ART. XXXI.—*The Bard*, by GRAY; with Illustrations by the Hon. Mrs. John Talbot. London: Van Voorst. 1837.

THIS is a suitable and lovely companion to the Elegy, which was some time ago given to the world by the same publisher. It contains a num-

ber of exquisite illustrations from designs made on wood by Mrs. Talbot, all of them original, excepting one, and creditable to that lady in no ordinary degree. Indeed, it is impossible that our readers can form any thing like a just idea of this appositely illustrated edition of a Poem, which it may truly be said has, does, and will maintain its place "on every table, and in every mouth," and which, it has also been declared, it "would be vain to blame and useless to praise."

ART. XXXII.—*Questions Proposed for the Serious Consideration of the Advocates of Church Rates.* By FRANCIS KNOWLES. London: Ridgway. 1837.

How often have we had occasion to remark, that the value of a book is not to be measured either by its size, its pretensions of any kind, or its price! Here is another exemplification of the fact. These questions, extending to sixty-four in number, occupying no more than eight small pages, and charge one penny, go to the root of the much-discussed subject to which they relate, and seem to us not only to take up every important point connected immediately with it, but by the form of each interrogatory to convey a resistless answer that exhausts the whole—that is to say, the voluntary doctrine. The pith, yet the moderation of the spirit of the questions, are admirable. Five or six "Questions" from the beginning, and about as many from the end of this slender publication, will justify our opinion.

"1. When you make a demand upon others, is it not right, that, if required by them, you should state the grounds of it, and what you conceive to be its justice?

"2. No doubt you feel conscious that you are acting as becomes just men and Christians; but may you not be mistaken, as thousands have been, who have persecuted their fellow-creatures for the glory of God?

"3. And is it not a strong presumptive argument against you, that many of your own communion of sincere and unquestionable piety, are decidedly opposed to you on this question?

"4. Is it not a fact, that their number is continually increasing? and do they not contemplate with pain the course which you are pursuing, as highly injurious to the peace of society, and the cause of 'pure and undefiled religion?'—(James i. 27.)

"5. If, however, you contend that you have right on your side, can you point out the law enforcing the levying of Church Rates?

"6. If you can, is law always justice? and will a just man maintain an unjust law?

* * * * * * * * * *

"60. Are you not influenced by a spirit, which the religion of Jesus Christ forbids and condemns?

"61. Are you not betraying the interests of Christianity, by exemplifying it as a religion fruitful only in strife and hatred, malice and ill-will?

"62. Are you not thus 'crucifying to yourselves the Son of God afresh, and putting him to open shame?'

"63. And how can such conduct escape the righteous judgment of God, when he shall 'render to every man according to his deeds?'

"64. Or what can procure you a merciful consideration at that day, but the fact, that you acted from unavoidable and invincible error, and knew not what you did?—(Luke xxiii. 34; John ix. 41; 1 Tim. i. 13.)

ART. XXXIII.—*Church Leases Considered.* By CHARLES H. ELSLEY, Esq. London: Ridgway. 1837.

THIS is a clever pamphlet, the contents of which originally appeared in a provincial paper called the *Yorkshireman*, under the signature of "Peter Freeland." It does not enter upon the broad question of church rates, as respects their expediency or the propriety of abolishing them, but only adverts to that part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's plan, that contemplates the change to be introduced into that property, which is now held by individuals under leases granted to them by dignitaries of the church—whether bishops, deans and chapters, prebendaries, or canons—called church leases. The author's views are liberal, and clearly, as well as forcibly, put. It appears to us that he has fully explained certain matters which are not generally understood.

ART. XXXIV.—*An Historical Inquiry into the Unchangeable Character of a War in Spain.* London: Murray. 1837.

THIS volume presents not so prominently an inquiry into the character of Spanish wars in general, as of that which now distracts that kingdom. To all those who desire to find an able, but not uniformly temperate argument in support of the Carlist faction in that country, and a severe treatment of Lord Palmerston's policy towards it, as England's representative, we recommend its pages. The style of the work, both in spirit and expression, leans to the bombastic. But allowing certain latitudes for a strong Tory partizan, the author very clearly lays bare the fruitless nature of the efforts which foreign or mercenary troops and influence have lately and indeed on all occasions, made to coerce any party in Spain during a civil war. It would be quite easy to answer or blunt the edge of many of the doctrines and allegations here set forth, were we to identify ourselves with the Christino party. This it is not our office or desire to do. At the same time we must object to the manner in which the writer in one breath sometimes blows hot and cold, both upon Spaniards and English—that is to say, the English who constitute the British Legion that has of late been serving in that convulsed land. We quote the two first paragraphs of the work, as a specimen of its style and spirit.

"On the night of Friday the 10th of March, (Friday, that day of ill-omen,) those who are considered to represent the feelings and intelligence of this empire, submitted with impatience to a debate on the disastrous condition of our foreign policy, as regards the Peninsula, that unhappy land, for which God has done so much, and man so little. The honest voice of those right judging statesmen, who dared to question the soundness of that policy by which the honour of England has been tarnished, and so many of

her sons inveigled into defeat and wretchedness, was listened to with apathy. The debate was stigmatized at its conclusion, as an interruption of domestic business, and a wasting of the precious time of parliament. The 'ponderous levities' the supercilious 'waiting gentlewoman's' talk of the Irish viscount, into whose maladministration our foreign relations are so unfortunately placed, were indeed enough to generate the usual sensations of disgust and weariness; he was faintly supported by the drowsy cheers of that bare rope-of-sand majority of men, who, differing with each other as to every point on which the mind of man can be divided unite, from a community of fear and danger, in the support of the government, not from any approval of their measures, but from motives of temporal expediency—not from any desire to keep the Whigs in, but from a wish to keep the Conservatives out. At that very moment of night, thousands of British subjects, headed by a member of that very house, were exposed to the pitiless storm—the frozen sleet—keen double edged blasts of the rude mountains of Cantabria, unfed, uncheered, unsheltered, dispirited, and unbefriended—the very elements of nature in arms against them, and rolling out the passing knell of the dead and dying, whilst around on every threatening crag the blazing watch-fires of those brave mountaineers, whose feet were on their native hills, glared in the troubled mists, like that flame-traced writing on the wall—*Mene mene, tekel upharsin;* 'Thus far and no farther shalt thou come.'"

ART. XXXV.—*Le Traducteur; or Historical, Dramatic, & Miscellaneous Selection from the best French Writers.* By P. F. MERLET, Professor, London University College. Third Edition. London: Wilson. 1837.

THE augmented, corrected, and improved edition of Professor Merlet's popular and valuable selection, which, by its interlinear translations, explanatory notes, selection of idioms, table of the parts of speech, &c. now before us, is unquestionably one of the best assistants that can be named from among the innumerable elementary works that have been published, to enable English people to acquire the French language correctly and copiously. We particularly recommend, in the present impression, to learners, the interlinear translations, together with the rules and observations which are thrown into the notes, and which will be found to advance very considerably the study of grammar, in the case of those who have not the advantage of a master.

ART. XXXVI.—*A Dictionary of Difficulties, or Appendix to the French Grammar.* Second Edition. By P. F. MERLET. London: Wilson. 1837.

As explained in an advertisement by the author himself, the purpose for which this dictionary has been compiled is to place alphabetically those difficulties of the French language which do not strictly form a part of the most necessary rules of Syntax. There are other important features in the work, which render it valuable as one of reference; so that, together with Mon. Merlet's other academical assistants, it forms a complete series of educational standards, in as far as French grammar is concerned.

ART. XXXVII.—*Journal of a Horticultural Tour through Germany, Belgium, and part of France, in the Autumn of* 1835. *To which is added a Catalogue of the different species of Cactæ in the Gardens at Woburn Abbey.* By JAMES FORBES, A. L. S. London: Ridgway and Sons. 1837.

THE Duke of Bedford, we are informed in the preface, was the promoter of this Tour, with a view of inspecting the different collections and productions cultivated in some of the most celebrated horticultural establishments on the Continent. The well-known name of the author, through his "Horticultural Woburnensis," and other writings, is a sufficient guarantee to insure an extensive demand for this volume. The information which it contains, both as respects the superiority in certain points and the inferiority in others, of the foreign gardens compared to those in Great Britain, is so fully and clearly detailed, that the work cannot but prove of great practical benefit, both at home and abroad.

The author states that he has been, especially through the liberality of the German horticulturists, enabled to add above six hundred new and curious plants to the already splendid collection at Woburn Abbey, and that he found a cheerful inclination, in most instances, to enter into a correspondence for the mutual exchange of plants and seeds between this country and the Continent. These are encouraging statements, which, together with the contents of the volume before us, must eminently contribute to the prosperity of horticultural art and science.

ART. XXXVIII.—*The Law upon Church Rates, as laid down by the Attorney-General, vindicated.* By THOMAS J. ARNOLD, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. London: Ridgway. 1837.

THE above title sufficienty indicates the character and design of this pamphlet. We can say of it, that its learned author has ably, and with great perspicuity, taken up all the arguments and authorities that have recently been adduced in favour of the continuance of the Church-rate impost, upon those who have conscientiously seceded from the Establishment. The conclusions to which he has brought his investigation are these:—

1st. The reparation of the body of the church belongs, by the peculiar law of England, to the parishioners; but the power of taxing themselves for that purpose is vested in them; it follows hence—

2nd. That the churchwardens of a parish cannot, in the capacity as churchwardens, impose a Church-rate on the parishioners.

3rd. There are no means of compelling the parishioners to tax themselves; though if a Church-rate has been duly levied, any parties who refuse to pay it may be punished by the Ecclesiastical Courts.

4th. The Church-rate is not a charge upon the land.

ART. XXXIX.—*The Politics of Another World.* By MORDECAI. Lond.: E. Wilson, Jun. 1837.

THIS volume purports to contain the correspondence which occupied a scroll put into the hands of Mordecai, whilst he was in a reverie, by a

heavenly visitant of transcendant majesty and condescension, who announced himself to be by name Logos. The author makes the parchment handed him by the "Man of God," utter opinions on a great variety of subjects, bearing upon the practices and sentiments of many parties in this world, at the present time, political, theological, and ecclesiastical; adducing, according to his interpretation, such quotations from Scripture as are supposed to give the whole the authority of revelation. The books of Daniel and the Apocalypse are great sources of the weapons here used; and, as it is pretended, are clearly explained, while the comments of former interpreters are set at nought as full of falsehood and ignorance.

The scroll contained, it would appear, according to Mordecai's shewing, the correspondence of a number and variety of personages—angels, saints, and demons. The very first letter is headed thus—"From the angel that stood among the myrtle-trees to Michael the Prince," which details the result of an embassy on earth of that celestial being, and of a number of his personal adventures, in London, for example. That our readers may have a specimen of the very daring fictions that fill the volume, we quote a few passages from the letter in question.

"I was ordered the other day to ask a man calling himself a saint, when he expected God to gird himself, to make him sit down to meat, and to come forth and serve him? The saint said I was a presumptuous man; that I spoke with most unseemly familiarity on a subject so solemn; and that I deserved to be openly rebuked in the face of the church (if indeed I belonged to one) for my temerity.

"I then turned to a brother saint of this man who was walking with him. They had just come out of an Established church, of which the minister is what they call an 'Evangelical.' The latter saint in question had two excellent new coats on, one over another. I concealed my own garment, so that I appeared to have none; and the weather being very cold, I asked the saint to impart to me one of his coats. You cannot imagine a look of greater contempt and irritability than that bestowed upon me by the saint, as he pushed me out of his way, and threatened to give me in charge as a mountebank, interrupting people coming from church, and otherwise breaking the Lord's day. The scene did not end here. A third saint, walking behind the other two, and evidently one of the company, was slightly inconvenienced, from my having been pushed upon him so as to tread upon his toe, by the man with the two coats.

"With no small violence, he against whom I had been driven, raised his hand, and smote me on the right cheek. I turned to him the other also," &c. &c.

In our humble opinion these, and such like fabrications, possess not even the merit of being witty or satirical. That they are excessively irreverent, many of them bordering on gross blasphemy, we believe will be felt by the few who may be induced to turn over Mordecai's pages. Many of the letters are surcharged with the most solemn predictions and warnings in Scripture, all uttered with the boldness of an unerring authority, that is offensive to the last degree.

ART. XL.—*A Philosophical and Practical View of the Social Bearings and Importance of Education, in a Series of Essays.* By J. ANTROBUS. London: Longman. 1837.

THE author of these Essays has for a number of years been a teacher of youth, and one who has evidently regarded his office under a due, and indeed an enthusiastic sense of its importance, and the responsibility attached to it. He has thought much and impressively on the great subject of education, taking the term in its widest and most efficient meaning, and has here, in elegant, and not unfrequently eloquent style, detailed the results of his studies and experience. He attaches to it no less value and magnitude than that of a system, which, paying a philosophical regard to human nature, its wants, its powers, and its destinies, in all their relations, social, political, and moral, will be most effectual in advancing the transcendent interests and objects contemplated by Christianity, both in this world and in that which is to come. The volume, however, is not one from which any broken passages, or unconnected extracts, can be taken that could faithfully exhibit the marrow of any of its views. It ought to be studied seriatim and fully. But we may intimate that the author is no convert to new, cheap, and short-cut roads to mental and moral improvement, such as have been of late years much in vogue. He founds his views on a lengthened and attentive practice; the necessity of early and well sustained habits of cheerfulness, activity, and virtue is strongly urged for the inculcation of parents as well as professional teachers, so that among the many labourers which the present era has produced upon the paramount theme here handled, the author will deservedly take a prominent place.

ART. XLI.—*The Bride of Messina. A Tragedy from the German of F. V. Schiller.* By GEORGE IRVINE, Esq. Macrone: London. 1837.

THIS drama is full of beauty and grandeur, even as seen in Mr. Irvine's translation, which, though we consider it to be excellent, cannot be supposed to convey the full force, or bring out all the delicate touches of which the comprehensive and exquisite language of our Teutonic brethren is universally allowed to be master. The plot of the piece is simple enough. The Princess of Messina, a widow, has two sons, *Don Cesar* and *Don Manuel*, besides one daughter, *Beatrice* by name. The sons are reckless fellows; while the daughter, on account of some dreadful auguries uttered at her birth, importing that she is destined to be the ruin and destruction of her family, is withdrawn from her mother's house, her parentage and kindred never being divulged. When the play opens, however, both brothers have accidentally at times beheld her, and each unconscious of the others passion for *Beatrice*, allow it to assume an extravagant ardour. At length, and just at the moment when *Don Manuel* is embracing her, *Don Cesar* unexpectedly appears, and, mad with jealousy, stabs his favoured brother to the heart. The disclosure of the relationship of the group, and remorse, cause Don *Cesar* to destroy himself, and thus the *fiat* of destiny is fulfilled.

"The Bride of Messina" is formed upon the classical models of ancient Greece, and though it be full of majestic thought and language, of splendid

poetry, of fathomless love and sorrow, the English reader will not readily sympathise with the *dramatis personæ*, because they are not merely the victims of a resistless-fate, but because many of the sentiments uttered are far removed from human experience. Nevertheless, though after the antique school, this tragedy has more of the truth and nature of the English, than the stiffness and frivolous artificialities of the French drama in it, and must ever remain a noble monument of Schiller's genius, and of the strenuous efforts which he made to liberate himself from the trammels of mere art to the sacrifice of nature.

ART. XLII.—*The Philosophy of Human Nature, in its Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Relations.* By H. M'CORMAC, M. D. 8vo. pp. 564. London: Longman. 1837.

ALTHOUGH this elaborate treatise takes a distinct and more expansive range than most of the works on education which have lately so greatly multiplied, and soars to a loftier height, still the practical lessons which naturally result from its philosophy are of immediate and paramount concern in that department. It is impossible in any moderate space to furnish a satisfactory analysis of the volume; but the current of its reasoning is cheering to our race, for it leads to the glorious conclusion that human nature in this life is susceptible of immense improvement, beyond that which it has ever yet exhibited, and that in the world to come, there remains for those who have cultivated that nature in its threefold capacity, physical, intellectual, and moral, according to the manner pointed out in the treatise, an ineffable experience of perfection, knowledge, and happiness—a glorious eternity. These views and results are explained and enforced with unusual earnestness and fervour. The work is externally and internally of that substantial class, now-a-days so sparingly increased, that is destined to obtain a standard position in British literature.

ART. XLIII.—*A Short Visit to the Ionian Islands, Athens, and the Morea.* By ED. GIFFARD, Esq. London: Murray. 1837.

NEVER, during all our experience, have we met with such a pregnant proof of the aid which steam can afford to book-making. Every one knows how much the steam-press is doing towards the multiplication of copies, and the speed with which a manuscript may be turned into thousands of volumes. But few of our readers, we dare to say, are sufficiently aware of the service of steam to the expediting the intellectual labour of the author. Let all such, however, reflect on the share which the discoveries and inventions of a Watt have had in the composition of Mr. Giffard's volume, and they will no longer suppose that man's invisible powers may not be fed by the most attenuated properties of matter, and by tangible machinery. Here is a book of travels to distant renowned countries, the contents of which, by the aid of steam, were gathered in a few days, and in the middle of our dreary winter. It is a book which is not only fair and handsome in its appearance, but clever, useful, and elegant in its real character, and modest in its manner. In short, it is one of the best

manuals that has yet been published for those who intend to visit the classic lands and shores which it describes.

Mr Giffard is an Oxonian, who, with a college friend, sailed from Falmouth on the 3rd of January 1836, for the Mediterranean, in one of H. M. steam packets; and returned to the same port on the 24th of March, having in the interval had a peep of Portugal and Cadiz, spent a day in Spain, touched at Malta, and voyaged amongst the Ionian Isles. But this is not all; they traversed widely and industriously the islands and lands mentioned in the title, sketching, describing, and critically examining many of the most celebrated monuments of ancient art in those classic regions; and though much novelty was not to be expected in the result of their efforts, some objects and scenes that have not been generally known before, are pleasantly introduced, while much of that which has been traced and delineated by their predecessors is here shortly and agreeably repeated; Mr Giffard being the penman, and his companion, Mr Newton, the penciller. The work, in short, is the production of highly educated and cultivated minds, of young, ardent, but unaffected men, and will be much sought after, both by those who wish to refresh their memories with scenes which have been beheld by them, and by those who desire to obtain a lively glimpse through the representation of others. It is pleasant to learn, that though bad health was the pressing circumstance which caused our tourists to travel at such an ungenial period of the year, they both returned convalescent and strong.

ART. XLIV.—*The Progress of Creation considered with reference to the present condition of the Earth.* By MARY ROBERTS. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1837.

IN this very handsome and beautifully illustrated volume, the authoress endeavours to explain the work of Creation according to the literal meaning of our translation of the Mosaic history. In doing this she has compiled from the writings of others the facts and the illustrations which have been chiefly dwelt upon in support of the same view. Throughout the whole there are manifest tokens of a deep earnestness to uphold the authority of Scripture, and to stem, what she considers, theories dangerous and inimical to a thorough belief in the Sacred Record. The inferences she draws, the reflections she employs, and the facts she adduces, not only show that she has read much, and thought seriously, but that she can elegantly and touchingly bring home to the bosoms of her readers the pure results of her moral and religious lessons. Taken as a work, however, on geology, it is neither philosophically arranged, nor satisfactorily elucidated. It is not free from obscurity in certain parts, nor of inconsistency in others, nor of many fanciful conjectures. As the work is chiefly intended, we presume for the young, and the readers of popular productions, we do not think that the most has been made of the views she has espoused. While it is totally devoid of originality, it seems to us to lay open to objection the doctrine wished to be enforced, more than was necessary. We would rather see the accomplished mind and the ardent affections relative to the best interests of the human race, which our authoress unquestionably possesses, disjoined from such a debateable subject as that regarding the creation and history of the terrestrial globe.

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ART. I.—*The Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life.* By THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, one of his Executors. In Two Volumes. London: Moxon. 1837.

AMONG the minor English classical authors, Charles Lamb has taken his permanent stand, especially on the exquisite qualities of those essays which pass under the signature of "Elia." He was not, however, like some of our standards in literature, one whose strong or apparently resistless grasp could lead the world captive at once, or suddenly to acknowledge his merits. The playfulness of his fancy, and the quaintness of his taste, were warmed not only by the gentlest heart that ever an author betrayed, but they were prompted and sustained by the originalities of a genius that seemed to quiver between the most delicate eccentricity and melancholy. Lamb, was in his life, as well as in his writings, the most humane of mankind; and at the same time one of the deepest sympathisers with his race. His sympathies must not be limited to a complete and sincere feeling in behalf of the distressed; the erring and reckless, the wayward and the happy, obtained a share of his notice and his throbbings, as surely as the wretched or the oppressed. Instead of saying that his sympathies extended to all, it might be more descriptive to declare that he never entertained an antipathy of any kind or towards anything. The world he lived in, the tumultuous streets of London, its threading alleys, and its retired courts, which were his world, he loved with all his heart. The past and the present engaged his humanity; and as regarded these things and times, he was as loving and loveable a being as ever made himself to be known.

But the very singular and gentle intensity of his nature were qualities which the majority could not at first appreciate; and though from his earliest years, there were some choice spirits who could estimate the charms that his heart and his mind held in store, yet as these exquisite treasures trickled softly and silently from the Innocent's lips, they passed and were long unheeded, like the still

small voice that at length fills the ear and satisfies the soul's cravings.

And yet although it must be now allowed that the "Gentle-hearted Lamb," has acquired an undying voice in favour of his writings—a voice the more general and earnest, because these writings, besides their own excellencies, are known to be nothing more than transcripts of the unsophisticated man—yet, there can be no doubt, that none but those who knew the man in his social and every-day career, can ever fully estimate the virtues and the peculiarities of the author, or the utmost delicacies of his recorded sentiments and feelings. To use Serjeant Talfourd's words—"how many even of his most delicate fancies, rich as they are in feeling and in wisdom, will be lost to those who have not present to them the sweet broken accents, and the half-playful, half-melancholy smile of the writer!" It is fortunate, however, and it is the source of one of the great charms belonging to the present volumes, that the editor was one of those favoured few who had innumerable opportunities of forming this sort of undying commentary, by the sketch of the life and the notes, which here preserve such a thread of narrative as is sufficient to illustrate the "Letters." Besides, unless the beaming or melting eye, and the touching voice be excepted, what other *media* do exist that can so fully and accurately exhibit the peculiarities and the nicer qualities of the inner man, as familiar letters, written on the spur of the moment, under every conceivable impulse; and yet, all the while, without the idea that such unstudied effusions are ever to meet the public eye? It is on account, therefore, not only of the intrinsic beauty and value of the pages before us, taken abstractedly, that we regard them with unusual pleasure, but because, both in so far as the "Letters" are concerned, and the editor's narrative, these volumes afford the truest and most finished portrait that can reasonably ever be expected to appear of the matchless Elia. Accordingly, there can be no method by which we can so well satisfy our readers respecting our present subject, as by seizing upon some of the most prominent points in Serjeant Talfourd's "Sketch" of his lamented friend, and quoting a few of the more characteristic "Letters."

Soon after Lamb's death, there appeared several memoirs of him, which must have conveyed to many of our readers a tolerably correct notion of his general character and history. From minute particulars, however, some of the rarest features of his nature are to be obtained. Towards these unobtrusive, but most descriptive points the learned, eloquent, and acute editor has constantly directed his attention, and brought them out with a taste and refinement that are beautifully akin to the genius of his subject—never disdaining to draw from the most authentic sources of information, or to acknowledge the importance of these sources to the current of his

narrative, but rather holding himself in the back-ground, and professing merely to act as the slightest possible compiler of other men's materials. We need hardly add that great skill is required to deal with such slender materials in the case of such a delicate theme, nor that they have here been disposed of in the masterly manner which none but an originalist can display when handling scattered fragments.

After stating that Lamb was born in 1775, within the precincts of the Inner Temple, of parents in a humble but respectable station, whose manners and sentiments, however, became the gentlest blood, (his father, John Lamb, was servant to Mr. Salt, one of the benchers of the Inner Temple, or, in the language of Elia, "his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his flapper, his guide, stop-watch, treasurer,") we find him at the age of seven, presented to the school of Christ's Hospital, where he remained till he had entered his fifteenth year. He was small of stature, delicate of frame, and constitutionally nervous and timid; but though among hundreds of lads in the heart of the metropolis, the sweetness of his disposition won him favour from all.

"One of his school-fellows, of whose genial qualities he has made affectionate mention in his 'Recollections of Christ's Hospital,' Charles V. Le-Grice, now of Trerieſe, near Penzance, has supplied me with some particulars of his school-days, for which friends of a later date will be grateful.—'Lamb,' says Mr. Le Grice, 'was an amiable gentle boy, very sensible and keenly observing, indulged by his school fellows and by his master on account of his infirmity of speech. His countenance was mild; his complexion clear brown, with an expression which might lead you to think that he was of Jewish descent. His eyes were not each of the same colour, one was hazel, the other had specks of grey in the iris, mingled as we see red spots in the blood-stone. His steps was plantigrade, which made his walk slow and peculiar, adding to the staid appearance of his figure. I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary; but there was an implied kindness in it, and it was a proof that his gentle manners excited that kindness.'

"'His delicate frame and his difficulty of utterance, which was increased by agitation, unfitted him for joining in any boisterous sport. The description which he gives, in his 'Recollections of Christ's Hospital,' of the habits and feelings of the school-boy, is a true one generally, by but is more particularly a delineation of himself—the feelings were all in his own heart—the portrait was his own: 'While others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a young monk.' These habits and feelings were awakened and cherished in him by peculiar circumstances; he had been born and bred in the Inner Temple; and his parents continued to reside there while he was at school, so that he passed from cloister to cloister, and this was all the change his young mind ever knew. On every half-holiday (and there were two in the week) in ten minutes he was in the gardens, on the terrace, or at the fountain of the Temple: here was his home: here his

recreation: and the influence they had on his infant mind is vividly shown in his description of the old Benchers. He says, 'I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple,' he might have added, that here he passed a great portion of the second seven years of his life, a portion which mixed itself with all his habits, and enjoyments, and gave a bias to the whole. Here he found a happy home, affectionate parents, and a sister who watched over him to the latest hour of his existence (God be with her!) with the tenderest solicitude; and here he had access to the library of Mr. Salt, one of the Benchers, to whose memory his pen has given in return for this and greater favours—I do not think it extravagant to say—immortality. To use his own language, 'Here he was tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, where he browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage.' He applied these words to his sister; but there is no doubt they 'browsed' together; they had walked hand in hand from a time 'extending beyond the period of their memory.'"

Lamb's docility and aptitude for the attainment of classical knowledge would have ensured him the privilege of being sent to one of the great English universities, had not the impediment in his speech proved an insuperable objection, since such exhibitions are given under the implied condition of entering into the church. The consequences were that he quitted school to pursue the uncongenial labour of the "desk's dull wood," being employed under his brother in the South Sea House till 1792, when he obtained an appointment in the accountant's-office of the East India Company, which, though yielding a small salary, was a welcome addition to the scanty means of his parents, to whose comfort and that of his sister, it now became his greatest desire to minister.

Though Lamb was denied the advantages of a university education, was a drudge at the desk, and had few means of relaxation beyond the comforts of his parental fire-side, he had yet, while at school, acquired a friend and companion of extraordinary qualifications and acquirements—Samuel Taylor Coleridge. They were school-fellows for some time.

"Junior to Coleridge by two years, and far inferior to him in all scholastic acquirements, Lamb had listened to the rich discourse of 'the inspired charity-boy' with a wondering delight, pure from all envy, and it may be, enhanced by his sense of his own feebleness and difficulty of expression.—While Coleridge remained at the university, they met occasionally on his visits to London; and when he quitted it, and came to town, full of mantling hopes and glorious schemes, Lamb became his admiring disciple. The scene of these happy meetings was a little public-house, called the Salutation and Cat, in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, where they used to sup, and remain long after they had 'heard the chimes at midnight.' There they discoursed of Bowles, who was the god of Coleridge's poetical idolatry, and of Burns and Cowper, who, of recent poets, in that season of comparative barrenness, had made the deepest impression on Lamb. There Coleridge talked of 'Fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute' to one who desired 'to find no end' of the golden maze; and there he recited his early poems with

that deep sweetness of intonation which sunk into the heart of his hearer. To these meetings Lamb was accustomed at all periods of his life to revert, as the season when his finer intellects were quickened into action. Shortly after they had terminated, with Coleridge's departure for London, he thus recalled them in a letter. 'When I read in your little volume the effusion you call 'the Sigh,' I think I hear you again. I imagine to myself the little smoky room at the Salutation and Cat, where we sat together through the winter nights beguiling the cares of life with poetry.' This was early in 1796; and in 1818, when dedicating his works, then first collected, to his earliest friend, he thus spoke of the same meetings. 'Some of the sonnets, which shall be carelessly turned over by the general reader, may happily awaken in you, remembrances which I should be sorry to doubt are totally extinct,—the memory 'of summer days and of delightful years,' even so far back as those old suppers at our old inn—when life was fresh, and topics exhaustless,—and you first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindliness.' And so he talked of these unforgotten hours in that short interval during which death divided them!"

These two friends were at this time Unitarians in their religious creeds, although neither of them seem long to have professed it. "Lamb, in his maturer years," says Mr. Talfourd, "rarely alluded to matters of religious doctrine," and the charge of indifference and even of scepticism was sometimes levelled at him. But a more charitable and cheering view is thus beautifully opened.

"Those who only knew him in his latter days, and who feel that if ever the spirit of Christianity breathed through a human life, it breathed in his, will, nevertheless, trace with surprise the extraordinary vividness of impressions directly religious, and the self-jealousy with which he watched the cares and distractions of the world, which might efface them in his first letters. If in a life of ungenial toil, diversified with frequent sorrow, the train of these solemn meditations was broken; if he was led, in the distractions and labours of his course, to cleave more closely to surrounding objects than those early aspirations promised; if, in his cravings after immediate sympathy, he rather sought to perpetuate the social circle which he charmed, than to expatiate in scenes of untried being; his pious feelings were only diverted, not destroyed. The stream glided still, the under current of thought, sometimes breaking out in sallies which strangers did not understand, but always feeding and nourishing the most exquisite sweetness of disposition, and the most unobtrusive proofs of self-denying love.

"He delighted, indeed, to hear Coleridge talk of the distant and future; to see the palm-trees wave, and the pyramids tower in the long perspective of his style; and to catch the prophetic notes of an universal harmony trembling in his voice; but the pleasure was only that of admiration unalloyed by envy, and of the generous pride of friendship. The tendency of his mind to detect the beautiful and good in the surrounding things, to nestle rather than to roam, was cherished by all the circumstances of his boyish days. He had become familiar with the vestiges of antiquity, both in his school and in his home of the Temple; and these became dear to him in his serious and affectionate childhood. But, perhaps, more even

than those external associations, the situation of his parents, as it was elevated and graced by their character, moulded his young thoughts to the holy habit of a liberal obedience, and unaspiring self-respect, which led rather to the embellishment of what was near than to the creation of visionary forms. He saw at home the daily beauty of a cheerful submission to a state bordering on the servile; he looked upward to his father's master, and the old Benchers who walked with him on the stately terrace, with a modest erectness of mind; and he saw in his own humble home how well the decencies of life could be maintained on slender means, by the exercise of generous principle. Another circumstance, akin to these, tended also to impart a tinge of venerableness to his early musings. His maternal grandmother was for many years housekeeper in the old and wealthy family of the Plumers of Hertfordshire, by whom she was held in true esteem; and his visits to their ancient mansion, where he had the free range of every apartment, gallery, and terraced-walk, gave him 'a peep at the contrasting accidents of a great fortune,' and an alliance with that gentility of soul, which, to appreciate, is to share. He has beautifully recorded his own recollections of this place in the essay entitled 'Blakesmoor in H——shire,' in which he modestly vindicates his claim to partake in the associations of ancestry not his own, and shows the true value of high lineage by detecting the spirit of nobleness which breathes around it, for the enkindling of generous affections, not only in those who may boast of its possession, but in all who can feel its influences."

Coleridge introduced Lamb to Charles Lloyd, another poet, who was a student at Cambridge, and who had lately cast off the "trammels of the Society of Friends." It is not to be wondered at then, that he of the "gentle heart," should first disport himself in the realms of literature as a writer of verse; but it was slowly produced, and at long intervals. Neither was there anything more natural than to find in the present collection of his "Letters," very many of those earliest in date, addressed to Coleridge, who, in the year 1796, having married, and relinquished a splendid dream of emigration, which had also been entertained by certain other enthusiasts, was now resident at Bristol. The following quotation contains extracts from some of the letters in question:—

"'In your absence,' he writes, in one of the earliest of his letters, 'I feel a stupor which makes me indifferent to the hopes and fears of this life. I sometimes wish to induce a religious turn of mind; but habits are stubborn things, and my religious fervours are confined to some fleeting moments of occasional solitary devotion. A correspondence opening with you has roused me a little from my lethargy, and made me conscious of existence. Indulge me in it! I will not be very troublesome.' And again a few days after: 'You are the only correspondent, and, I might add, the only friend I have in the world. I go nowhere, and have no acquaintance. Slow of speech, and reserved of manners, no one seeks or cares for my society, and I am left alone. Coleridge, I devoutly wish that Fortune, which has made sport with you so long, may play one prank more, throw you into London, or some spot near it, and there snugify you for life. 'Tis a selfish, but natural wish for me, cast on life's plain friendless.'"

About this early period Coleridge encouraged Lamb, still exceedingly distrustful of himself, both to write and to publish his verses. The latter, amid all his modesty and humility and warmth of heart, it is also to be observed, did not refrain from offering his candid opinion of the former's extravagance of style or thought, when he saw occasion for it, which, it will be allowed, was as sterling a proof of heartfelt friendship as when he wrote, "I have been drinking egg-hot and smoking Oronooko, (associated circumstances, which ever forcibly recall to my mind our evenings and nights at the Salutation,) my eyes and brain are heavy and asleep, but my heart is awake; and if words came as ready as ideas, and ideas as feelings, I could say ten hundred kind things: Coleridge, you know not my supreme happiness at having one on earth (though counties separate us), whom I can call a friend." One of the gentle creature's counsel runs thus,—"Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge, or rather, I should say, banish elaborateness, for simplicity springs spontaneous from the heart, and carries into day-light with it its own modest buds, and genuine, sweet, and clear flowers of expression. I allow no hot beds in the garden of Parnassus." Here is a specimen or two of the mild rebuke which he ventured to utter, when the gorgeousness of Coleridge's language seemed to oppress his sense.

"The following relates to a line in the noble Ode on the Departing Year, in which Coleridge had written of

'Th' ethereal multitude,
Whose purple locks with snow-white glories shone.'

"'Purple locks, and snow-white glories!'—these are things the muse talks about when, to borrow H. Walpole's witty phrase, she is not finely frenzied, only a little lightheaded, that's all—'Purple locks!' They may manage those things differently in fairy land; but your 'golden tresses' are to my fancy."

"On this remonstrance Coleridge changed the 'purple' into 'golden,' defending his original epithet; and Lamb thus gave up the point:

"'Golden locks, and snow-white glories' are as incongruous as your former; and if the great Italian painters, of whom my friend knows about as much as the man in the moon, if these great gentlemen be on your side, I see no harm in your retaining the purple. The glories that *I* have observed to encircle the heads of saints and madonnas in those old paintings, have been mostly of a dirty drab-coloured yellow—a dull gambogian. Keep your old line; it will excite a confused kind of pleasurable idea in the reader's mind, not clear enough to be called a conception, nor just enough, I think, to reduce to painting. It is a rich line you say; and riches hide a many faults.' And the word 'wreathed' was ultimately adopted instead of purple or golden: but the snow-white glories remain."

We might quote many specimens of Lamb's critical acumen and taste, but must now introduce some references to a female, whose

influence over him ceased only when death shut his ears and eyes, and towards whom he entertained an affection that was boundless and quenchless. But who was she? We must let the lover himself inform the inquirer, after stating that a plan was carried into effect of combining certain poetic pieces of Coleridge, Lamb, and Lloyd in one volume.

"'Coleridge, I love you for dedicating your poetry to Bowles: Genius of the sacred fountain of tears, it was he who led you gently by the hand thro' all this valley of weeping, shew'd you the dark green yew-trees, and the willow shades, where, by the fall of waters, you might indulge an uncomplaining melancholy, a delicious regret for the past, or weave fine visions of that awful future, 'when all the vanities of life's brief day oblivion's hurrying hand hath swept away, and all its sorrows at the awful blast of the archangel's trump are but as shadows past.' I have another sort of dedication in my head for my few things, which I want to know if you approve of, and can insert. I mean to inscribe them to my sister. It will be unexpected, and it will give her pleasure; or do you think it will look whimsical at all? as I have not spoke to her about it, I can easily reject the idea. But there is a monotony in the affections, which people living together, or, as we do now, very frequently seeing each other, are apt to give into: a sort of indifference in the expression of kindness for each other, which demands that we should sometimes call to our aid the trickery of surprise. Do you publish with Lloyd, or without him? in either case my little portion may come last, and after the fashion of orders to a country correspondent, I will give directions how I should like to have 'em done. The title page to stand thus:—

POEMS,

BY

CHARLES LAMB, OF THE INDIA-HOUSE.

"'Under this title the following motto, which, for want of room, I put over leaf, and desire you to insert, whether you like it or no. May not a gentleman chuse what arms, mottoes, or armorial bearings the herald will give him leave, without consulting his republican friend, who might advise none? May not a publican put up the sign of the Saracen's Head, even though his undiscerning neighbour should prefer, as more genteel, the Cat and Gridiron?

"This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adult'rate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,
I sued and serv'd. Long did I love this lady."—*Massinger.*

THE DEDICATION.

THE FEW FOLLOWING POEMS,
CREATURES OF THE FANCY AND THE FEELING
IN LIFE'S MORE VACANT HOURS,
PRODUCED, FOR THE MOST PART, BY
LOVE IN IDLENESS,
ARE,

WITH ALL A BROTHER'S FONDNESS,
INSCRIBED TO
MARY ANNE LAMB,
THE
AUTHOR'S BEST FRIEND AND SISTER.

"'This is the pomp and paraphernalia of parting, with which I take my leave of a passion which has reigned so royally (so long) within me; thus, with its trappings of laureatship, I fling it off, pleased and satisfied with myself that the weakness troubles me no longer. I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. O! my friend, I think sometimes could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? not those 'merrier days,' not the 'pleasant days of hope,' not 'those wanderings with a fair hair'd maid,' which I have so often and so feelingly regretted, but the days, Coleridge, of a *mother's* fondness for her *school-boy*. What would I give to call her back to earth for *one* day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust, will come, there will be 'time enough' for kind offices of love, if 'Heaven's eternal year' be ours. Hereafter, her meek spirit shall not reproach me. O, my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! and let no man think himself released from the kind 'charities' of relationship; these shall give him peace at the last; these are the best foundations for every species of benevolence. I rejoice to hear, by certain channels, that you, my friend, are reconciled with all your relations. 'Tis the most kindly and natural species of love, and we have all the associated train of early feelings to secure its strength and perpetuity. Send me an account of your health; *indeed* I am solicitous about you. God love you and yours. 'C. LAMB.'"

Elsewhere he says, "My sister, indeed, is all I can wish in a companion;" and here is a sonnet, which he desired might be printed with his other pieces above referred to, provided Coleridge should think that the fraternal sentiment atoned for the want of other merits.

"'Friend of my earliest years and childish days,
My joys, my sorrows, thou with me hast shared,
Companion dear; and we alike have fared,
Poor pilgrims we, through life's unequal ways,
It were unwisely done, should we refuse
To cheer our path as featly as we may,
Our lonely path to cheer, as travellers use,
With merry song, quaint tale, or roundelay,
And we will sometimes talk past troubles o'er,
Of mercies shown, and all our sickness heal'd,
And in his judgments God remembering love:
And we will learn to praise God evermore,
For those 'glad tidings of great joy,' revealed
By that sooth Messenger sent from above.".

These expressions of fraternal love were not more touching than earnest and lasting, as the every-day current of his whole life dis-

played; for, whatever choice friend he acquired, and these were not few, Charles and Mary's companionship was never interrupted but by the necessary calls of business—all that she loved, he loved—all that knew him, must needs know her. Was it possible that the beauty of such a character as Lamb's, which was continually more palpably and strikingly developing itself, should fail of being appreciated by such associates as Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth?

We have not yet seen much that bears evidence of Lamb's exquisite humour, and most quaint fancies, which, however, are never disjoined from a fine under-current of wisdom and sound sense.

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

"'My tailor has brought me home a new coat, lapelled, with a velvet collar. He assures me every body wears velvet collars now. Some are born fashionable, some achieve fashions, and others, like your humble servant, have fashion thrust upon them. The rogue has been making inroads hitherto by modest degrees, foisting upon me an additional button, recommending gaiters, but to come upon me thus in a full tide of luxury, neither becomes him as a tailor or the ninth of a man. My meek gentleman was robbed the other day, coming with his wife and family in a one-horse shay from Hampstead; the villains rifled him of four guineas, some shillings and half-pence, and a bundle of customers' measures, which they swore were bank notes. They did not shoot him, and when they rode off he addrest them with profound gratitude, making a congee: 'Gentlemen, I wish you good night, and we are very much obliged to you that you have not used us ill!' And this is the cuckoo that has had the audacity to foist upon me ten buttons on a side, and a black velvet collar.—A cursed ninth of a scoundrel!"

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

"'I am ashamed that I have not thanked you before this for the 'Joan of Arc,' but I did not know your address, and it did not occur to me to write through Cottle. The poem delighted me, and the notes amused me, but methinks she of Neufchatel, in the print, holds her sword too 'like a dancer.' I sent your *notice* to Phillips, particularly requesting an immediate insertion, but I suppose it came too late. I am sometimes curious to know what progress you make in that same 'Calendar,' whether you insert the nine worthies and Whittington; what you do or how you can manage when two Saints meet and quarrel for precedency; Martlemas, and Candlemas, and Christmas, are glorious themes for a writer, like you, antiquity bitten, smit with the love of boars' heads and rosemary; but how you can ennoble the 1st of April I know not. By the way, I had a thing to say, but a certain false modesty has hitherto prevented me: perhaps I can best communicate my wish by a hint,—my birth-day is on the 10th of February, new style, but if it interferes with any remarkable event, why rather than my country should lose her fame, I care not if I put my nativity back eleven days. Fine family patronage for your 'Calendar,' if that old lady of prolific memory were living, who lies (or lyes) in some church in London (saints forgive me, but I have forgot *what* church), attesting that enormous legend of as many children as days in the year. I marvel her impudence did not grasp at a

leap year. Three hundred and sixty-five dedications, and all in a family—you might spit in spirit, on the oneness of Mecænas patronage!

"'Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to the eternal reget of his native Devonshire, emigrates to Westphalia—'Poor Lamb (these were his last words) if he wants any *knowledge*, he may apply to me,'——in ordinary cases I thanked him, I have an 'Encyclopedia' at hand, but on such an occasion as going over to a German university, I could not refrain from sending him the following propositions, to be by him defended or oppugned (or both) at Leipsic or Gottingen.

THESES QUÆDAM THEOLOGICÆ.

I.

"'Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man?'

II.

"'Whether the archangel Uriel *could* knowingly affirm an untruth, and whether, if he *could*, he *would?*'

III.

"'Whether honesty be an angelic virtue, or not rather belonging to that class of qualities which the schoolmen term "virtutes minus splendidæ, et hominis et terræ nimis participes?'

IV.

"'Whether the seraphim ardentes do not manifest their goodness by the way of vision and theory? and whether practice be not a sub-celestial, and merely human virtue?'

V.

"'Whether the higher order of seraphim illuminati ever *sneer?*'

VI.

"'Whether pure intelligences can *love*, or whether they can love anything besides pure intellect?'

VII.

"'Whether the beatific vision be any thing more or less than a perpetual representment to each individual angel of his own present attainments, and future capabilities, something in the manner of mortal looking-glasses?'

"'Whether an "immortal and amenable soul may not come *to be damn'd at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand?*

"'Samuel Taylor hath not deign'd an answer; was it impertinent in me to avail myself of that offer'd source of knowledge?'"

We need not particularly name the various correspondents to whom the present "Letters" were addressed, nor can we in reference to the features of uniform excellence which they bear, find room to give proofs; excellencies, however, which gradually acquire a more finished and elevated aspect as the reader proceeds towards the close of the collection. Indeed, Lamb's mind, which presented a remarkable originality, and completeness in so far as the peculiar attributes already described could be concerned, never seems to have been subject to decay, or anything but what was quite the opposite of senelity. His very feeling of affection and friendship gathered strength as he grew older; they were the source whence his judgment and imagination gathered fruit, and therefore though age

might plant wrinkles in his brow, and shorten his step, yet his soul was ever youthful and susceptible of new vigour. He was the enemy of none—who then could be his foe? The rancour of partizanship he never could cherish, whether belonging to politics or religious faith. Men of the most opposite opinions were his companions, and nothing could set him to resist another with eagerness unless it was to defend a man that was in danger.

The progress, character, and number of Lamb's literary productions, and the notices made relative to them in the present volumes, it is unnecessary for us to mark. The works in question are before the world and well known. It is also generally understood that his studies were in a great measure confined to the old dramatists, and other writers of an age earlier than that in which he lived; especially to those whose quaintness, fancy, and feelings were somewhat akin to his own. Contemporary authors were chosen by him upon a like exclusive principle. For example, he thus writes—

"I am reading 'Burnet's own Times,' Did you ever read that garrulous, pleasant history? He tells his story like an old man past political service, bragging to his sons on winter evening of the part he took in public transactions, when 'his old cap was new.' Full of scandal, which all true history is. No palliatives; but all the stark wickedness, that actually gives the *momentum* to national actors. Quite the prattle of age, and outlived importance. Truth and sincerity staring out upon you perpetually in *alto relievo*. Himself a party man—he makes you a party man. None of the cursed philosophical Humeian indifference, so cold and unnatural and inhuman! None of the cursed Gibbonion fine writing, so fine and composite. None of Dr. Robertson's periods with three members. None of Mr. Roscoe's sage remarks, all so apposite, and coming in so clever, lest the reader should have had the trouble of drawing an inference. Burnet's good old prattle I can bring present to my mind; I can make the revolution present to me—the French revolution, by a converse perversity in my nature, I fling as far *from* me."

His notions of external scenery were also peculiar, and as honestly expressed. He was not ashamed of his Cockneyism, for his fancy took romantic flights in behalf of London's noisy traffic and strange unrural features. In a letter replying to a pressing invitation from Wordsworth, he says—

"I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang any where; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't now care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments, as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet-street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles;—life awake, if you awake, at all

hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet-street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?"

It is quite clear, however, from other parts of his correspondence, and, indeed, from a careful view of the aptitude of his *humanity*, that had Lamb been placed in other circumstances, his heart would have loved to cleave to these, whether beautifully or wildly rural. For after, having in company with his inseparable sister, visited Coleridge at Keswick, in the summer of 1802, he expresses himself to a correspondent in the following terms:—

"Mary was excessively tired, when she got about half way up Skiddaw, but we came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be imagined more cold, running over cold stones), and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water, she surmounted it most manfully. O, its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned (I have now been come home near three weeks—I was a month out), and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controul'd by any one, to come home and *work*."

Still he thought he could not live permanently among the grand scenes of nature which he has been describing, without having "a prospect of seeing Fleet-street at the end" of a certain time. Mr. Talfourd says, the little hints and suggestions of nature in the midst of crowded cities were sufficient for him; yea, "that his love of natural scenery would be abundantly satisfied by the patches of long waving grass, and the stunted trees, that blacken in the old church-yard nooks which you may yet find bordering on Thames-street." This is of a piece with what we have heard reported of the author or the compiler rather, of the "Beauties of Scotland," a work of no slight pretension, if to be measured by its size and title. On one occasion, when listening to some one who was enthusiastically describing Ben Lomond and its subjacent loch, he declared that he had not, till very lately before, ever visited any of what were considered the romantic or sublime scenery of Scotland. "How then," it was asked, "could you undertake to write about them?" "Why," answered he, in his accustomed dry style, "I knew that

a mountain was a big hill, that a loch was a space filled with water, and, that a tree was a tree, before I ever left my father's house, and now I know no more." Lamb's fancy and imagination, however, were of an extremely distinct order from Robert Forsyth's, nor do we mean any other sort of coincidence than that arising from a total destitution of taste on the part of the one, and the power of inveterate habit on that of the other.

With regard to the second volume from which we have not hitherto drawn anything, it will be necessary for us to be very cursory. It begins with the year 1815, when Serjeant Talfourd had first the happiness of a personal acquaintance with Lamb—an acquaintance which rapidly ripened into an intense and reciprocally grateful friendship. The origin of this intimacy is so delightfully described, that though the extract is too long to allow us to draw much more from these volumes, we must present it.

"With his scattered essays and poems I had become familiar a few weeks before, through the instrumentality of Mr. Baron Field, now Chief Justice of Gibraltar, who had been brought into close intimacy with Lamb by the association of his own family with Christ's Hospital, of which his father was the surgeon, and by his own participation in the 'Reflector.' Living then in chambers in Inner Temple-lane, and attending those of Mr. Chitty, the special pleader, which were on the next staircase to Mr. Lamb's, I had been possessed some time by a desire to become acquainted with the writings of my gifted neighbour, which my friend was able only partially to gratify. 'John Woodvil', and the number of the 'Reflector' enriched with Lamb's article, he indeed lent me, but he had no copy of 'Rosamund Gray', which I was most anxious to read, and which, after earnest search through all the bookstalls within the scope of my walks, I found, exhibiting proper marks of due appreciation, in the store of a little circulating library near Holborn. There was something in this little romance so entirely new, yet breathing the air of old acquaintance; a sense of beauty so delicate and so intense; and a morality so benignant and so profound, that, as I read it, my curiosity to see its author rose almost to the height of pain. The commencement of the new year brought me that gratification; I was invited to meet Lamb at dinner, at the house of Mr. Wm. Evans, a gentleman holding an office in the India-House, who then lived in Weymouth-street, and who was a proprietor of the 'Pamphleteer', to which I had contributed some idle scribblings. My duties at the office did not allow me to avail myself of this invitation to dinner, but I went up at ten o'clock, through a deep snow, palpably congealing into ice, and was amply repaid when I reached the hospitable abode of my friend. There was Lamb, preparing to depart, but he stayed half an hour in kindness to me, and then accompanied me to our common home—the Temple.

"Methinks I see him before me now, as he appeared then, and as he continued, with scarcely any perceptible alteration to me, during the twenty years of intimacy which followed, and were closed by his death. A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in

clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded fore-head; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose slightly curved, and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance, and even dignity, to a diminutive and shadowy stem. Who shall describe his countenance—catch its quivering sweetness—and fix it for ever in words? There are none, alas! to answer the vain desire of friendship. Deep thought, striving with humour; the lines of suffering wreathed into cordial mirth; and a smile of painful sweetness, present an image to the mind it can as little describe as lose. His personal appearance and manner are not unfitly characterised by what he himself says in one of his letters to Manning of Braham— 'a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel.' He took my arm, and we walked to the Temple, Lamb stammering out fine remarks as we walked; and when we reached his staircase, he detained me with an urgency which would not be denied, and we mounted to the top story, where an old petted servant, called Becky, was ready to receive us. We were soon seated beside a cheerful fire; hot water and its better adjuncts were before us; and Lamb insisted on my sitting with him while he smoked 'one pipe'—for, alas! for poor human nature—he had resumed his acquaintance with his 'fair traitress.' How often the pipe and the glasses were replenished, I will not undertake to disclose; but I can never forget the conversation; though the first, it was more solemn, and in higher mood, than any I ever after had with Lamb through the whole of our friendship. How it took such a turn between two strangers, one of them a lad of not quite twenty, I cannot tell; but so it happened. We discoursed then of life and death, and our anticipation of a world beyond the grave. Lamb spoke of these awful themes with the simplest piety, but expressed his own fond cleavings to life—to all well known accustomed things—and a shivering (not shuddering) sense of that which is to come, which he so finely indicated in his 'New Year's Eve,' years afterwards. It was two o'clock before we parted, when Lamb gave me a hearty invitation to renew my visit at pleasure; but two or three months elapsed before I saw him again. In the mean time, a number of the 'Pamphleteer' contained an 'Essay on the Chief Living Poets,' among whom on the title appeared the name of Lamb, and some page or two were expressly devoted to his praises. It was a poor tissue of tawdry eulogies—a shallow outpouring of young enthusiasm in fine words, which it mistakes for thoughts—yet it gave Lamb, who had hitherto received scarcely civil notice from reviewers, great pleasure to find that any one recognised him as having a place among poets. The next time I saw him, he came almost breathless into the office, and proposed to give me what I should have chosen as the greatest of all possible honours and delights—an introduction to Wordsworth, who I learned, with a palpitating heart, was actually at the next door. I hurried out with my kind conductor, and a minute after was presented by Lamb to the person whom in all the world I venerated most, with this preface:—'Wordsworth, give me leave to introduce to you my only admirer.'"

Among Lamb's most esteemed correspondents, was Bernard

Barton, whose name is a sufficient announcement to all who love to have brought to remembrance an excellent man and real poet. It would appear that Barton, who was employed in a banking-house, had expressed a wish to cast off its trammels, and to rely on literature for support. Now Lamb, though he felt the bondage of being bound throughout the long day to the desk, and often expressed a desire for freedom, not only "made noble amends to his ledger for all his unjust reproaches," but earnestly implored that his friend would not commit such an act of folly as he had been contemplating. Part of the remonstrance we copy.

"'Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support, beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!

"'Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather then turn slave to the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's length from them. Come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread, some repining, others enjoying the blessed security of a spunging-house, all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers—what not? rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some to go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. You know not what a rapacious set these booksellers are. Ask even Southey, who (a single case almost) has made a fortune by book drudgery, what he has found them. O you know not, may you never know, the miseries of subsisting by authorship! 'Tis a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine; but a slavery, worse than all slavery, to be a bookseller's dependant, to drudge your brains for pots of ale, and breasts of mutton, *to change your* FREE THOUGHTS *and* VOLUNTARY NUMBERS *for ungracious* TASK-WORK. The booksellers hate us. The reason I take to be, that contrary to other trades, in which the master gets all the credit, (a jeweller or silversmith for instance), and the journeyman, who really does the fine work, is in the back-ground: in *our* work the world gives all the credit to us, whom *they* consider as *their* journeymen, and therefore do they hate us, and cheat us, and oppress us, and would wring the blood of us out, to put another sixpence in their mechanic pouches."

This is severe with respect to booksellers, and in many cases quite unmerited; but we are to remember that the writer was a sensitive being, and that also it was very long before the public appreciated the character of his writings, so as to remunerate a liberal publisher for them.

The first and only time in which Lamb appeared before the public in a controversy, was, when in the "Quarterly Review," Southey, his constant friend, either wrote or allowed severe things to be said, in reference to Hazlitt and L. Hunt, as well as Elia. Lamb answered, in the manner of an expostulator, by a letter which was inserted in the "London Magazine;" and a more earnest and affecting

defence we never heard or read. There is a portion of this expostulation, which is in itself so just, and at the present time so applicable, that it ought to be universally read—we mean, when, after confessing that he is a Dissenter, he adds—

"Perhaps I have scruples to some of your forms and doctrines. But if I come, am I secure of civil treatment?—The last time I was in any of your places of worship was on Easter Sunday last. I had the satisfaction of listening to a very sensible sermon of an argumentative turn, delivered with great propriety, by one of your bishops. The place was Westminster Abbey. As such religion, as I have, has always acted on me more by way of sentiment than argumentative process, I was not unwilling, after sermon ended, by no unbecoming transition, to pass over to some serious feelings, impossible to be disconnected from the sight of those old tombs, &c. But, by whose order I know not, I was debarred that privilege even for so short a space as a few minutes; and turned, like a dog or some profane person, out into the common street; with feelings, which I could not help, but not very congenial to the day or the discourse. I do not know that I shall ever venture myself again into one of your Churches.

"You had your education at Westminster; and, doubtless, among those dim asiles and cloisters, you must have gathered much of that devotional feeling in those young years, on which your purest mind feeds still—and may it feed! The antiquarian spirit strong in you, and grace fully blending ever with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality. You owe it to the place of your education; you owe it to your learned fondness for the architecture of your ancestors; you owe it to the venerableness of your ecclesiastical establishment, which is daily lessened and called in question through these practices—to speak aloud your sense of them; never to desist raising your voice against them, till they be totally done away with and abolished; till the doors of Westminster Abbey be no longer closed against the decent, though low-in-purse, enthusiast, or blameless devotee, who must commit an injury against his family economy, if he would be indulged with a bare admission within its walls. You owe it to the decencies, which you wish to see maintained in its impressive services, that our Cathedral be no longer an object of inspection to the poor at those times only, in which they must rob from their attendance on the worship every minute which they can bestow upon the fabric. In vain the public prints have taken up this subject, in vain such poor nameless writers as myself express their indignation. A word from you, sir—a hint in your journal—would be sufficient to fling open the doors of the beautiful Temple again, as we can remember them when we were boys. At that time of life, what would the imaginative faculty (such as it is) in both of us, have suffered, if the entrance to so much reflection had been obstructed by the demand of so much silver!—If we had scraped it up to gain an occasional admission (as we certainly should have done) would the sight of those old tombs have been as impressive to us (while we had been weighing anxiously prudence against sentiment) as when the gates stood open, as those of the adjacent Park; when we could walk in at any time, as the mood brought us, for a shorter or longer time,

as *that* lasted? Is the being shown over a place the same as silently for ourselves detecting the genius of it? In no part of our beloved Abbey now can a person find entrance (out of service time) under the sum of *two shillings*. The rich and the great will smile at the anti-climax, presumed to lie in these two short words. But you can tell them, sir, how much quiet worth, how much capacity for enlarged feeling, how much taste and genius, may co-exist, especially in youth, with a purse incompetent to this demand.—A respected friend of ours, during his late visit to the metropolis, presented himself for admission to Saint Paul's. At the same time a decently-clothed man, with as decent a wife, and child, were bargaining for the same indulgence. The price was only two-pence each person. The poor but decent man hesitated, desirous to go in: but there were three of them, and he turned away reluctantly. Perhaps he wished to have seen the tomb of Nelson. Perhaps the interior of the cathedral was his object. But in the state of his finances, even sixpence might reasonably seem too much. Tell the aristocracy of the country (no man can do it more impressively); instruct them of what value these insignificant pieces of money, these minims to their sight, may be to their humbler brethren. Shame these sellers out of the Temple! Show the poor, that you can sometimes think of them in some other light than as mutineers and malcontents. Conciliate them by such kind methods to their superiors, civil and ecclesiastical. Stop the mouths of the railers; and suffer your old friends, upon the old terms, again to honour and admire you. Stifle not the suggestions of your better nature with the stale evasion, that an indiscriminate admission would expose the tombs to violation. Remember your boy-days. Did you ever see, or hear, of a mob in the abbey, while it was free to all? Do the rabble come there, or trouble their heads about such speculations? It is all that you can do to drive them into your churches; they do not voluntarily offer themselves. They have, alas! no passion for antiquities; for tomb of king or prelate, sage or poet. If they had, they would no longer be the rabble."

Southey had meant no offence, neither did Lamb's letter convey any. The laureate was only sorry to think how the gentlest and kindest of mortals would condemn himself for having written even the mildest letter that resentment ever dictated. Such was the case, and in a moment when they next met at Lamb's house, their affectionate intimacy was renewed, never again for an instant to be marred.

Lamb retired from the India House in 1825, with a pension equal to two-thirds of his salary, which by this time had become a liberal one. He had served thirty-three years, and could not at first express the joy he felt at his liberation and prospects. He afterwards found, however, that he was not altogether happy, and required to have something like a task before him. Our last extract but one must refer to this period and point. It shows Lamb to the life.

"When the first enjoyment of freedom was over, it may be doubted whether Lamb was happier for the change. He lost a grievance on which he could lavish all the fantastical exaggeration of a sufferer, without wounding the feelings of any individual, and perhaps the loss was scarcely

compensated by the listless leisure which it brought him. Whenever the facile kindness of his disposition permitted, he fled from those temptations of society, which he could only avoid by flight; and his evening hours of solitude were hardly so sweet as when they were the reliefs and resting places of his mind,—' glimpses which might make him less forlorn' of the world of poetry and romance. His mornings were chiefly occupied in long walks, sometimes extending to ten or twelve miles, in which at this time he was accompanied by a noble dog, the property of Mr. Hood, to whose humours Lamb became almost a slave, and who, at last, acquired so portentous an ascendancy that Lamb requested his friend Mr. Patmore to take him under his care.* At length the desire of assisting Mr. Hone, in his struggle to support his family by antiquarian research and modern pleasantry, renewed to him the blessing of regular labour; he began the task of reading through the glorious heap of dramas collected at the British Museum, under the title of the ' Garrick Plays,' to glean scenes of interest and beauty for the work of his friend; and the work of kindness brought with it its own reward.

" ' It is a sort of office work to me,' says Lamb, in a letter to Barton; ' hours ten to four the same. It does me good. Men must have regular occupation that have been used to it.' "

It was not long after the death of Lamb's wonderful friend, Coleridge, that the former was carried also to the " narrow house." He departed this life, in the 60th year of his age, having sunk under

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" * The following allusion to Lamb's subservience to Dash is extracted from one of a series of papers, written in a most cordial spirit, and with great characteristic power, by the friend to whom Dash was assigned, which appeared in the ' Court Magazine' ' During these interminable rambles—heretofore pleasant in virtue of their profound loneliness and freedom from restraint, Lamb made himself a perfect slave to the dog—whose habits were of the most extravagantly errant nature, for, generally speaking, the creature was half a mile off from his companion either before or behind, scouring the fields or roads in all directions, scampering up and down, ' all manner of streets,' and leaving Lamb in a perfect fever of irritation and annoyance; for he was afraid of losing the dog when it was out of sight, and yet could not persuade himself to keep it *in* sight for a moment, by curbing its roving spirit. Dash knew Lamb's weakness in these particulars as well as he did himself, and took a due dog-like advantage of it. In the Regent's Park, in particular, Dash had his master completely at his mercy; for the moment they got into the ring, he used to get through the paling on to the green sward, and disappear for a quarter or half an hour together, knowing perfectly well that Lamb did not dare move from the spot where he (Dash) had disappeared, till such time as he thought proper to show himself again. And they used to take this particular walk much oftener than they otherwise would, precisely because Dash liked it and Lamb did not.' Under his second master, we learn from the same source, that Dash ' subsided into the best bred and best behaved of his species.' "

erysipelas in the head. A few fragments we now bring together exclusively from Serjeant Talfourd's pen, which along with what has appeared above, must satisfy every one of our readers, that scarcely any two volumes in our language belonging to biography, or containing a collection of letters, can be named that possess equal attractions to the present.

"It is not possible for the subtlest characteristic power, even when animated by the warmest personal regard, to give to those who never had the privilege of his companionship, an idea of what Lamb was. There was an apparent contradiction in him, which seemed an inconsistency between thoughts closely associated, and which was in reality nothing but the contradiction of his genius and his fortune, fantastically exhibiting itself in different aspects, which close intimacy could alone appreciate. He would startle you with the finest perception of truth, separating, by a phrase, the real from a tissue of conventional falsehoods, and the next moment, by some whimsical invention, make you 'doubt truth to be a liar.' He would touch the inmost pulse of profound affection, and then break off in some jest, which would seem profane 'to ears polite,' but carry as profound a meaning to those who had the right key, as his most pathetic suggestions; and where he loved and doted most, he would vent the overflowing of his feelings in words that looked like rudeness.

"Many of Lamb's witty and curious sayings have been repeated since his death, which are worthy to be held in undying remembrance; but they give no idea of the general tenor of his conversation, which was far more singular and delightful in the traits, which could never be recalled, than in the epigrammatic turns which it is possible to quote. It was fretted into perpetual eddies of verbal felicity and happy thought, with little tranquil intervals reflecting images of exceeding elegance and grace. He sometimes poured out puns in startling succession; sometimes curiously contrived a train of sentences to introduce the catastrophe of a pun, which, in that case, was often startling from its own demerit.

"It cannot be denied or concealed that Lamb's excellencies, moral and intellectual, were blended with a single frailty; so intimately associating itself with all that was most charming in the one and sweetest in the other, that, even if it were right to withdraw it wholly from notice, it would be impossibe without it to do justice to his virtues. The eagerness with which he would quaff exciting liquors, from an early period of life, proved that to a physical peculiarity of constitution was to be ascribed, in the first instance, the strength of the temptation with which he was assailed. This kind of corporeal need; the struggles of deep thought to overcome the bashfulness and the impediment of speech which obstructed its utterance; the dull, heavy, irksome labours which hung heavy on his mornings, and dried up his spirits; and still more, the sorrows which had environed him, and which prompted him to snatch a fearful joy; and the unbounded craving after sympathy with human feelings, conspired to disarm his power of resisting when the means of indulgence were actually before him. Great exaggerations have been prevalent on this subject, countenanced, no doubt, by the 'Confessions' which, in the prodigality of

his kindness. he contributed to his friend's collection of essays and authorities against the use of spirituous liquors; for although he had rarely the power to overcome the temptation when presented, he made heroic sacrifices in flight. His final abandonment of tobacco, after many ineffectual attempts, was one of these—a princely sacrifice. He had loved smoking, 'not wisely, but too well,' for he had been content to use the coarsest varieties of the 'great plant.' When Dr. Parr,—who took only the finest tobacco, used to half fill his pipe with salt, and smoked with a philosophic calmness,—saw Lamb smoking the strongest preparation of the weed, puffing out smoke like some furious Enchanter, he gently laid down his pipe, and asked him, how he had acquired his power of smoking at such a rate? Lamb replied, 'I toiled after it, sir, as some men toil after virtue.'

"To those who were not intimately acquainted with Lamb, the strong disinclination to contemplate another state of being, which he sometimes expressed in his serious conversation, and which he has solemnly confessed in his 'New Year's Eve,' might cast a doubt on feelings which were essentially pious. The same peculiarity of nature which attached him to the narrow and crowded streets, in preference to the mountain and the glen—which made him loth to quit even painful circumstances and unpleasant or ill-timed company; the desire to seize and grasp all that was nearest, bound him to earth, and prompted his sympathies to revolve within a narrow circle. Yet in that very power of adhesion to outward things might be discerned the strength of a spirit destined to live beyond them. Within the contracted sphere of his habits and desires, he detected the subtlest essences of Christian kindliness, shed over it a light from heaven, and peopled it with divine fancies and

> "Thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
> That they were born for immortality."

ART. II.—*New and Conclusive Physical Demonstrations, both of the Fact and Period of the Mosaic Deluge, and of its having been the only Event of the kind that has ever occurred upon the Earth.* By GEORGE FAIRHOLME, Esq. London: Ridgeway and Sons. 1837.

THAT the book of God's works, and the book of His words, contain language which is in perfect harmony, the one with the other, whenever they both speak on the same subject, is a doctrine which no one will controvert who believes in the infinite knowledge and supreme unfailing veracity of the Almighty. When, therefore, the interpreters of these books make the record of external nature disagree with the record of Revelation, we may rest assured that it is owing to the ignorance, the incompetence, or the prejudices of such decipherers that any discrepancy has arisen. It must consequently be of the first importance that the high priests of nature, as well as those who serve at the altar, should be extremely circumspect, when, according to the most obvious aspect of things, and the most

literal meaning of the written testimony, apparent contradictions exist. Now most of our readers are aware that in no one department of natural science has there of late years been supposed to be so many evidences of contradiction to the plain meaning of the language of the Bible, as rendered in the English translation, as where the phenomena in the crust of our globe speak regarding the time and manner of their development. Many have been the theories broached by the ardent friends of truth to reconcile the written with the natural testimonies, and many also have been the honest inquirers, who after believing these testimonies to be irreconcileable, have clung exclusively to one of them, and thrown the other overboard. By the intemperance and the fanaticism which have been enlisted by not a few individuals on both sides, the cause of truth has sadly been affected, and perhaps the Mosaic Deluge is still doomed to prove a stumbling-block to numbers, who have never yet been called on to study the subject.

Every inquirer, however, who has long, and arduously directed his mind, like our author, not only to the study of the Holy Scriptures, but to geology, and who comes forward with the fruits of his labours, declaring that to his mind they furnish a perfectly satisfactory reconciliation of all apparent discrepancies, is entitled both to our most respectful attention and our deep gratitude. God's words and works, which cannot be at variance, we may reasonably hope, are one day, even where they may for long have have appeared antagonists, to be made reciprocally illustrative and confirmatory; and vast will the honour be, which shall be due to that interpreter who discovers the agreement. That our author fondly believes he has now become the instrument by which this matter has been adjusted satisfactorily, and for ever reconciled, is evident from the strong and unhesitating tone of the title-page to the present volume, or as is more fully stated in the preface, where he says, "that the line of proof which I now adduce is *new*, as bearing on this particular question, will not, I believe, be denied. It has been the subject of patient and attentive study during the last four years, previous to which period, the evidences in question were as completely veiled *from my perception*, as if they had no existence in nature, although many of them had for years been daily displayed *before my eyes*. I have spared no pains in personally tracing out these proofs, from point to point, not only in our own island, but also over various parts of the continent of Europe; and the simple and obvious nature of many of the facts in those districts within my reach, has enabled me to extend with confidence the same line of reasoning to every other part of the earth, where phenomena precisely similar are clearly described by travellers." Such is the confident tone in which the author speaks of his views; that our readers may have some oppor-

tunity of judging of their accuracy, it will be our duty to notice some of them more in detail.

For our own parts, if we may be allowed to have an opinion on a subject where so many of our most patient and laborious philosophers, as well as devoted servants of sacred truth differ, we would say, that Mr. Fairholme has expressed himself too unguardedly and too confidently, both when he claims for his treatise the character of great novelty and perfect conclusiveness. That he is deeply versed in all the known facts belonging to geology, that he has long, widely, and variously observed for himself, it is impossible for any one to doubt who peruses these pages, even although there had not been his own respected word for it. But that he has, like Dr. Buckland and some others, found opinions, which at no very distant period of time he strongly urged, requiring now to be altered and amended, is as candidly stated by him, as it is firmly believed by us, that a few years hence, should opportunities be allowed, will find him rectifying the present exposition, and adducing new data, whereon to erect a broader and firmer structure than he has yet done.

Dr. Buckland and others, while professing a thorough belief in the whole canon of Scripture, do not, however, think it necessary to that belief that they should take the Mosaic account of the Deluge in its precisely literal acceptation.

On the other hand, Mr. Fairholme adheres to that testimony in its plainest and strongest application; and in the present volume undertakes to prove on the evidences alone afforded by *natural phenomena*, that an *aqueous* and *simultaneous* catastrophe, or disturbing force, as described literally by the Jewish lawgiver, produced all, or at least the greater part, of the geological wonders which have for the last forty years been the theme of such contradictory theories, as the history of geological science has in that time developed, some of which our author very successfully exposes and ridicules. But it is to his own theory, or what he calls his "physical demonstrations, both of the fact and period of the Mosaic Deluge," that we are to turn, rather than to the exploded or the dominant systems of others. And here, let it be borne distinctly in mind, that it is the natural proofs of the Mosaic Deluge, and the inferences that may strictly and philosophically be drawn from them, to which Mr. Fairholme confines himself; the *mode* by which the Almighty brought to pass this marvellous catastrophe, this unparalleled revolution in nature, he leaves untouched, deeming it as far beyond the power of the ordinary laws of nature as any other miraculous event recorded in Scripture.

After certain introductory remarks on the natural and traditional testimony hitherto adduced, with respect to the Deluge, and a summary view of the question at issue, the author outlines the

general superficial forms, and the geological structure of the existing dry lands. He then, from the ceaseless flow of rivers, and on the system and groups of valleys, by means of which, the drainage of the dry lands is effected, endeavours to prove that the commencement of the existing state of things upon the earth is recent. The simplicity and the uniformity which is observed in the form, structure, and relative situation of a series of valleys descending, for instance, from the higher lands of a continent, till terminating on the verge of the ocean, he considers to be a beautiful proof of the simultaneous work of one system of aqueous agency, arising from a unity of cause, instead of the theories maintained by geologists, who refer these level and sloping steeps to subterraneous elevatory movements, producing chasms and great fissures, which are subsequently modified and rounded off, by the action of waters during a long-continued abrading process, requiring innumerable ages for the occurrence of such movements, and the present results of river friction.

On the length of time that must have elapsed since certain rivers began to flow, and whose ceaseless action, as in the case of waterfalls and cataracts, have worn away the rocks which they traversed, Mr. Fairholme displays no small share of ingenuity, and arrives at the conclusion that the earth, since it submitted to a universal deluge, has only had a few thousand years' endurance. The Falls of Fyres in Scotland, of the Rhine near Schaffhausen, and of Niagara, are instanced as proofs. We quote some portions from the train of statements and reasoning, relative to this last unparalleled cataract, employed by the author.

"It was on hearing a description of the very limited course of the river Niagara, and of the interruption which its waters have to surmount, in falling from the level of one vast lake, to the lower level of another, at but a few miles distance, *sawing its way through the resisting rocks, with a rapidity almost visible*, that the idea first occurred to me, of the possibility of computing *the time*, as well as the *distance*, through which the operation had already passed, and of thus perhaps attaining *the distinct and definite date of the commencement* of this great mechanical operation. I have to regret that circumstances have hitherto prevented me from personally examining the objects which I am now obliged to describe from the eyes and pens of others; but it is fortunate that the simplicity of their features, and the nearly complete accordance which we find, in the numerous descriptions of this Fall, which have been published, enable any one who attentively studies them, to form an adequate conception of the form and progress of the vast operation.

"Having, therefore, thus acquired some data, on which to form a judgment, we must now follow the line of the torrent, and endeavour, by ascertaining the height of the rocks, and the distance, down to Queenstown, (where the great operation is described as having begun,) to arrive at some idea of the *period* during which this *saw-mill* has been in constant movement; for, as

we have already shown, this river, like every other, must have begun *on the very first day* that the table land, over which it now flows, became elevated above those waters, in which the sedimentary and horizontal beds of shale and limestone must necessarily have been deposited; and when the great beds of diluvium, which cover the general face of the table land, were left upon it. We can, by no argument, escape, in this remarkable instance, from *a certain definite period of commencement*, however remote or recent that period may prove to be.

"It has been said above, that the Falls are now retrograding at the rate of *forty or fifty yards, in forty years.* This, it must be admitted, is but an indefinite datum, on which to calculate so important a question: for though the loss may be *less*, it is fully as likely to be *more*; and even one foot *per annum*, more or less, makes a vast difference in our calculations, during some thousands of years. Thus, if we take the loss at the higher number, *viz.* fifty yards, in forty years, it gives a period of nine thousand, eight hundred, and fifty-six years, to cut through the seven miles; if, on the other hand, we take the lower number, of only forty yards in the same time, it speaks to a period of twelve thousand, three hundred, and twenty years: by preferring the medium, or forty-five yards, we have a period of eleven thousand and eighty-eight years, for the execution of the work, from *the first day* of its commencement to the present time, on the supposition that the operation has always proceeded *at the same rate as during the last forty years.* No writer, indeed, who touches on this part of the subject, has calculated on a longer period than about ten thousand years: and when we consider, on the one hand, the unbounded periods on which geologists usually calculate, in which ten thousand years appear as nothing; and, on the other, the fact which cannot but be admitted, that *as the work at Niagara must have been begun, the very first day the river began to flow; and that, before that period, there was no river, nor any of its present innumerable tributaries*, and that, consequently, the American continent *did not exist*, as it now does; when we view the question in this, its true light, we cannot but admit, that the power thus afforded us, of distinctly attaining, even the date of ten or eleven thousand years, as the origin of so large a portion of the dry land, altogether exempt from volcanic action, is most interesting and important, in every point of view. But even this vague conclusion arises from the supposition, that the work, as now seen in progress, has never been more rapid than at the presenr time, even admitting the correctness of Mr. Forsythe's statement. Thus, making the fullest allowances, we cannot trace the existing state of things, on the American continent, farther back than *ten or twelve thousand years.*"

Having thus attained what the author regards as *one* firm resting place, in the obscure and indefinite periods of geological chronology, Mr. Fairholme returns to a closer examination of the evidences of these Falls, and finds reasons for thinking that even a considerably shorter period may have been fully sufficient for the completion of the whole *sawing* operation, than ten or twelve thousand years.

"The final result, then, of our present inquiry, seems to resolve itself into the following positions:—

" 1*st*,—That the *stratified* arrangement of the rocks in that part of North America, clearly denotes *a sub-aqueous origin*, as sedimentary deposits.

" 2*nd*,—That as these strata now constitute a dry land, there must have been *a definite period*, when the change took place from sea to land.

" 3*rd*,—That *on the first day* after this great change took place, *the atmospheric waters*, (from which rivers are solely supplied,) *began to fall*, and thus to originate the natural flow of the present rivers.

" 4*th*,—That from the day that Lake Erie first overflowed its basin, the river Niagara began to flow over the high inclined slope of the country, at Queenstown; and commenced that violent friction, which, to this day, causes the Falls to retrograde, at the rate of between three and four feet *per annum*.

5*th*,—That had all things been in the same relative proportion, as to the acting and resisting forces in this friction, since that commencement, down to the present time, the distance of seven miles, which have been already cut through, would have required from nine to twelve thousand years: but as the acting force is now spread over *double the space, or more*, to which it was confined during *six* out of *the seven* miles of its course, we are fully justified in reducing the *period* of its action, in a like proportion, by fully one half, and thus computing it at *from four thousand five hundred, to six thousand years*."

" 6*th*,—That this period must therefore be regarded as the age, *as a dry land*, of the whole of that part of North America, drained by the river St. Lawrence; and as the valleys, and mode of drainage of the Mississipi, and the other great rivers on that continent, is precisely similar, excepting in the absence of so remarkable an index, we are called upon, by all the laws of fair analogy, to attribute *their* origin also, to exactly the same period."

It is not the first time that we have known calculations to be made regarding the length of time that the Niagara must have pursued its present course, as intimated by its effects on the strata which it traverses; but even admitting that the author has computed and described the phenomena in question accurately, we do not see that these, of themselves, prove more than that a mighty catastrophe—say a universal deluge—revolutionized the surface of the earth, perhaps displacing the ocean from its ancient habitation, to take possession of the former dry land, and *vice versa*. Many of the geologists, who support a theory which contemplates the existence of our globe during an indefinite course of ages previous to the Mosaic era, and which supposes a succession of wonderful renovations, the deluge being but the last, might yield all that has hitherto been advanced or demanded by Mr. Fairholme, and also in that more elaborate, and we ought to add, most beautiful induction of geological evidence belonging to his examination of the sea cliffs which sentinel the continents and islands of the earth, whether, when on a large

or small scale. The general results as summed up under this head are thus given.

" There we have, at length, perceived the glaring fact, which has so long escaped attention, *that the superficial forms of all lands, have an inclination towards the level of the ocean;* and that, on the known principle of two lines inevitably *crossing* each other, if extended at different angles, this sloping line of the land, *invariably touches the horizontal line of the sea,* at but a very small distance from the base of the present cliffs.

" Hence we are again led to an unavoidable period of *commencement.* For as the action of the restless surge, is, to the sea coasts, what that of Niagara is, to its rocky channel, *namely, ceaseless* and *destructive*; we altogether lose sight of the *possibility* of this marine action, at the exact point, *beyond* that where the superficial outlines of sea and land come in contact. There, the *first* waves broke upon the new-born land, *on a certain day*; since that time, thay have never ceased advancing upon the shore; and as the dry lands all slope *upwards,* while the level of the sea continues the same, the cliffs necessarily become every year *higher,* and so they must continue to do. But while this is going on before our eyes, we are brought to a complete pause, *beyond* the *above point of contact.* We know that ever since wind and water have existed, there must have been *waves*; we know and see the destructive effect of such waves; but beyond this point of contact *there could be no destruction,* simply *because there was no land for waves to break upon.* The present lands, then, rose into existence, above the level of the waters, (or that level was depressed, which comes to the same thing,) *at a certain definite period;* and since that period, when a point of resistance was first offered to the waves, these latter have never ceased to bite into the shores.

" The results of many observations, on the sea coasts of France and England, lead to the conclusion, that *not more than a few hundred yards to a mile,* have been already worn from the sloping lands. In a few remarkable cases, of low and soft shores, (as in Norfolk, Suffolk, &c.) the loss may be a little more than a mile; but the general average of loss may be stated, at but *half a mile,* or *eight hundred and eighty yards.* This space, (or thirty-one thousand, six hundred and eighty inches,) if divided over a period of ten thousand years, gives *an average annual loss,* of only about *three inches,* which is evidently too little to correspond with the amount of loss which we now see in progress. We are, therefore, under the imperative necessity of greatly diminishing the period; and we are thus forcibly led to some point, between the historic times, and the above ten thousand years.

" Nearer than this to the truth, we cannot at present come, nor indeed is it necessary. But as such evidences are to be seen throughout all our sea coasts, without exception; and as we thus establish innumerable indexes, where *cause* and *effect* are in complete and invariable accordance; the whole indicating the birth of our European lands, *at the very same period* with that which Niagara points out, as the origin of the New World, we thus form a chain of corresponding testimony, such as, perhaps, cannot be surpassed in any branch of science; and to prove demonstration, not only

the long denied fact of a *commencement* to the present system of things, but also the very *recent* period of that commencement."

All this merely, as it appears to us, goes to the confirmation of an universal deluge, or some most mighty disturbing aqueous force, having been in operation at a comparatively recent date, vindicating the literal interpretation of the scriptural record, in so far as the catastrophe in question is concerned. We must, however, commend the caution with which the *means* and the *mode* by which this vast change was brought about, are referred to.

"As well might we attempt to refer to *second causes*, the first creation of our planet, or the separation of its elements into distinct divisions of *fire, air, earth*, and *water*. 'Let the waters be gathered into one place, and let dry land appear!' was, and *must have been*, the command, when the *first sea* was set within its *first bounds*. In tracing, as philosophy is so fond of doing, all things to second causes, we find no attempt to explain the chemical cause or origin, of the *waters* of the ocean. They do exist, however, as a distinct and independent portion of created matter, and, there was a time, therefore, when these waters *came into being*. Their very nature and fluidity imply, that had not a place been appointed for them, below the level of what was to be dry land, these waters must have overspread the entire planet. This, however, was not the intention and *design* of the Creator. The land and water were to be separated; and we are told, what we can well conceive, that '*it was so*,' the moment the Almighty issued his command. To no *second cause* can such an operation be attributed; and, accordingly, we find all geological theorists prudently stopping short, before they come to *the origin* of the contending elements of which they treat, and thus leave the *creation* of *fire* and *water*, in the only hands that could have produced them. Where, then, is the difficulty in conceiving a change of purpose, in the Divine plans; or why should we doubt that the original mandate may have been repeated, in the execution of this new purpose? It was within the scope of Almighty Goodness and Justice to '*destroy the earth*,' and to destroy its inhabitants, who had 'corrupted their ways' before Him. He does destroy the earth accordingly, and graciously saves a small remnant of mankind, to hand down to all future generations, a record of this awful judgment. This destruction of the earth could be brought about in no way more effectually, (with the prospective view of *benevolence* to mankind, to which its present beautiful and *orderly derangement* bears witness,) than by a renewal of the Divine Command, and a *re-arrangement* of the order in which sea and land were originally placed. We are led, then, by the facts which have now been described, and by analogy from the original 'gathering together' of the sea into its hollow bed, to believe, that when the awful sentence of destruction was to be executed *upon the earth* and its inhabitants, the old dry lands became SLOWLY *and gradually engulphed*, either by their *sinking* under the level of the waters, or by the bed of these waters being as slowly *elevated*, into what was to be *a new dry land*, or even by a combination of both movements. In short, though 'the windows of heaven' are described as having been 'opened,' and the contending atmospheric elements to have

thus been brought powerfully into action, yet, it is added, that the depths, or 'fountains of the great deep *were broken up*,' which announcement is in the most complete accordance with the facts which have now been detailed."

But we do not feel that the effort is by any means so successful, when our author proceeds to argue that the Mosaic Deluge is the only great or universal revolution to which the phenomena of geology bear testimony. It may be that he is right, and that the *six days* literally taken according to the date of the account in the book of Genesis, was the era of creation. But to our minds the fossil phenomena, which have been so fully and beautifully traced by Dr. Buckland and others, in the whole series of stratified rocks, are not satisfactorily explained by the author's reference to nature. Instead of saying with the celebrated author of the Bridgewater Treatise on Geology, that "when we discover a constant and regular assemblage of organic remains, commencing in one series of strata and ending in another, which contains a different assemblage, we have herein the surest grounds whereon to establish those divisions which are called geological formations; and we find many such divisions succeeding one another, when we investigate the mineral deposits on the surface of the earth,"—Mr. Fairholme will not allow that there is anything like a strict analogy either as to duration or mode of operation between the causes that now exist, and those which have produced the phenomena in the crust of the earth, which are the subject of so much modern speculation—arguing that "the proofs of rapidity, and of the uninterrupted deposition of sedimentary matter, so totally different from any existing action on which we can form our judgment, seem to remove the *mode* of these strata entirely beyond the sphere of man's distinct apprehension, and lead us to attribute them *to the action of second causes indeed*, but under the special and direct guidance of the Great First Cause, in the same manner as the Deluge, and the present beautiful order of things resulting from it, seem to have been brought about." Or to take some of the author's principal conclusions more in detail; he says—

"1*st*,—In the first place, we find, from the universality of *stratification*, that all the sedimentary matter composing to a depth of several thousand feet, the surface of the present dry lands, has been arranged, as we now see it, *in, and by the action of water*. From the great prevalence of *marine* exuviæ throughout the strata, we have a right to conclude that this water was that of the ocean, although the intermixture of occasional remains, apparently belonging to fresh waters, leads to the inference, that collections of such water also formerly existed somewhere; and that estuaries of rivers must have formed, as at present, the probable receptacles of former terrestrial debris.

"*2nd*,—On a minute inspection of the *junctions* of all strata, we find the strongest testimony, in proof of the *uninterrupted* deposition of the sedimentary matter composing them; and also of this deposition having taken place *with such rapidity*, that the ripple and other water marks of one bed, had not time to be destroyed by the action of the air, or the waters, before they were covered up, and for ever preserved, by subsequent similar depositions, in superincumbent beds.

"*3rd*,—We have other not less conclusive, though less universal, proofs of such rapidity, in the occasional *stems of tall plants, intersecting many different strata*, and placed at various angles, from horizontal to vertical; these strata being frequently of two or three feet in thickness, and bearing ripple and other water-marks between the strata, thus indicating a sort of *periodical deposition and repose*, somewhat resembling the ebb and flow of the tide, but different in degree, and in consequences, from any effect existing action which we can discover in nature.

"*4th*,—As all these strata bear self-evident marks of a degree of rapidity of formation, of which we can, from the existing state of things, form no just conception, we are not justified in attributing to them periods proportioned to the present comparative repose of nature; and in thus theorising on vast and indefinite periods of time, as the age of the earth. It is by *comparison* alone, that we can judge of either time or space. If we are deprived, then of such power, from the absence of this only true scale, we become liable to the most erroneous impressions, by drawing our conclusions *from false premises*; and much of that obscurity, which is usually admitted as being characteristic of geological theories, may probably have arisen from this mistaken course."

The reasonings by which these conclusions are arrived at, are spread in such a manner throughout the work, that no circumscribed analysis, such as we alone could afford the book, would do them justice. Enough has been said and quoted, however, to show to our geological readers that it is a production of more than ordinary mark on the subject of which it treats, although we have no idea that it will be generally felt to be so original or convincing as its author dreams.

ART. III.—*Turkey, Greece, and Malta.* By ADOLPHUS SLADE, Esq., R. N. F. R. A. S., Author of "Records of Travels in the East." 2 vols. 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley. 1837.

MR. SLADE begins with Malta, although it be last named in the title of his work, in accordance with the opinion which he expresses in the course of his sketches of that island, when he says that a man intent on a tour in the East should decidedly start from that point. "On the verge of Christendom, he will have a glimpse of oriental usages. The Arabic language will not sound uncouth after

the Maltese dialect; the yakmash of the Turkish lady will not appear exaggerated after the Maltese faldette; the resigned dependence on Divine Providence will prepare him for the startling doctrine of fate. It is a good starting post. You find conveyance by packets or merchantmen in all directions, at all prices; gratis, by a king's ship or a yacht, if you chance to have a friend, or possess modest assurance. Any thing forgotten, you can provide yourself with at Valetta: a note-book for the benefit of your friends—a sketch-book for your own admiration. You may replenish your sauce-bottle and fill up your powder-flask; you may obtain an active servant, and pick up hints for future guidance, the last being often as I have found to my cost, the article a young traveller thinks least of, and wants most. Bound eastward, you may not value the island according to its merits, but returning, the transition is joyous; from a course of hardship to all the delights of civilization—the comforts of England and the refinements of France—your own language and the sweet Italian tongue to greet your ears." The passage which contains these opinions suggests two remarks, that travellers will do well to bear in mind. One is, that the line of steam vessels which either has been or is about to be established, to run regularly between the French and Italian ports, Malta, Greece, and Constantinople, will so wonderfully facilitate the tourist's progress, that by embarking at Marseilles, or any of the ports of Italy, he may reach Malta in three days, Athens in five, Constantinople in eight, make the passage of the Danube to Vienna in as many more, along a magnificent river not subject to the motion of the sea—in short, in the course of one month, he may traverse a space, witness sights, and examine objects, which heretofore it would have cost half a year to attempt; and he may do this at an expense for which he could not formerly have taken a month's pleasure at Brighton or Cheltenham. Such, at least, is the calculation of a competent judge, viz. Mr. George Cochrane, who, we observe has within these few days published his "Wanderings in Greece," and who was in the year 1834 on terms with the Greek government regarding a project for carrying into full effect these lines of communication.

The other remark to which we have referred is to be found in Mr. Slade's notices of Malta, where he laments that the intercourse existing in the island between the English and Maltese families is very slight. Faults seem to attach to both sides; but one principal cause for this want of the reciprocities of social life, must ever continue while the English language is so little studied or understood to such a limited degree as it has hitherto been by the natives. Though the island has been thirty-six years annexed to our empire, Mr. Slade declares that not more than twenty of the Maltese speak our language perfectly. We may therefore, along with him, express

our regret that the acquisition of English has not been made a *sine qud non* to those who are officially employed in public situations—in the department of the law, for example, that it has not been established as the vehicle of forms, instead of the Italian tongue.

The volumes now before us are the result of observations made by the author in the years 1834-35-36, while attached to the squadron under the command of Sir Josias Rowley, and chiefly relate to the actual state and prospects of Greece and Turkey, considered separately, and in their connexion with the policy of England and of Russia. Mr. Slade, besides, informs his readers that the Mediterranean has been familiar to him from an early age, in consequence of his having served nearly all his time on that station. He has even written formerly concerning the countries that lie in the regions indicated by the title of the present work, and, therefore it is to be presumed that he is not only well acquainted with the scenes and the people here described, but that his speculations respecting the future have much in them deserving the attention of the politician. Among these speculations we may mention, that the rapid decay of Turkey, in the scale of nations, is confidently predicted. That that empire is to become the arena of contention between England and the Northern Autocrat, is also put forward; together with certain advice to the former power in reference to the checks that should be offered to the latter. It is not, however, upon these grave subjects that we feel inclined to follow our author; we rather confine our extracts to some of those lively and happy descriptions or notices of individuals with which his volumes abound; and in doing so we shall begin with a glance at a certain celebrated traveller, met at Malta—viz. Prince Pückler Muskau. He was returning—

"After a tour through the regencies of Tunis and Algiers, in which he crossed mountains the French stopped at, discovered ruins superior to the Athenian remains, and experienced a reception from every bey never before granted to a Christian—all by his own account. Ay me! Though he was known, inspected in quarantine, though his merits were discussed, though his books were in the library, the *prince* prevailed over the *Pückler Muskau*. This travelling prince, who writes mawkish sentiment to Julie, a lady of a more discreet age, they say, than his own; who blames the cruel winds (he did so at Malta) for not impelling faster the vessel freighted with the precious burden of her epistles, was let loose on the little English set at Malta. Save in two or three instances, it was 'open sesame' wherever he turned. Nearly every one seemed anxious to be considered a fit gathering for the next basket of '*tutti frutti*.' Dressed in garb of notoriety, a red skull-cap, large eastern trousers, and mottled boots, not even condescending to put on a Christian garb to inspect the garrison turned out for his amusement, he went the length of his tether, even that of prince. He made his own works in the public library a curiosity by marginal-noting them from end to end, in elucidation of many parts relating to England, which he

averred, by way of excusing himself, were badly translated. Not content with his own acquirements, he had a secretary who might be said to act as jackal; entering every box at the opera, known or unknown, to learn the flirtation of the day; to elicit ages; in short, to pick up *petit scandale* '*pour le prince*,' who retired from society to his desk; and 'for the prince,' he was tolerated. Also filling the office of trumpeter, he would say Sir Grenville Temple's descriptions (of Barbary) 'are most accurate and true; but they are dry. Now the prince will take up the same subject; he will give them a form—a colouring, and invest them with a charm that will compel every body to read.' Bravo, M. le Secretaire! What is your pay? My dear friends! if he shew you all up, give colouring to your dinners, where the enraptured hosts 'royal highnessed,' and 'tapered' him up and down stairs; give a form to your colonial disputes, rife in his day, who will you have to blame? He silences his scruples by saying he writes for Germans: not his fault if Sarah Austin chooses to translate his book so beautifully, and, he might add, so partially, for the translation conveys a feeble idea of the liberties he took in German with his English friends. What German knows or cares any thing about the English in a colony, unless as national traits?"

Leaping from Malta to Constantinople, we cull an anecdote concerning a minister of state.

"One day, during the summer of 1835, his abuse of power being the general theme—for he had just bastinadoed a man on the belly till he died—he received a summons to attend the sultan at the place of Begler-Bey. Mahmoud received him good-humouredly; and after awhile invited him to eat some sweet cakes which were brought in by a page. Tahir inclined himself to the honour, in doubt, however, whether his sublimity were complimenting him or joking. 'Eat, eat,' said his royal host, on seeing him suspend his attack, on the fly-envied pile; 'eat they will do you good.' Tahir bowed his head anew, and continued the luscious task. 'Go on,' repeated the sultan, 'I insist on your eating every one.' Tahir now paled; he fancied he saw in the proceeding something beyond a frolic, and he knew the oriental use of the metaphor. He continued, however, the irksome process; at length ceased, well nigh choked. 'The prophet's vicegerent, Allah, smile on him, might do what he pleased to his slave, but he could not eat more; he might take his head away, but his throat would not swallow.' Now for the moral. 'How do you then think,' said the sultan, 'people can eat five hundred strokes of the bastinado, when you are unable to eat fifty cakes?' My reader may fancy that Tahir never ate sweet cakes again of his own accord; but they may be assured, that the royal wit did not prevent his making others 'eat the bastinado' whenever his mustachoes chose to curl."

The marriage of the sultan's daughter is the occasion of the following description of an unparalleled display of rejoicing.

"Each night, at such times, the Bosphorus may realise one's imaginings of Bagdad under Haroun al Raschid and Zobeide. The noble stream flows along for ten miles between palaces of fire. Every house on either bank is illuminated fancifully. There are Gothic temples, and Grecian colonnades with scrolled frontispieces, and gardens—but all of living flame.

The Seraglio Point, one of Europe's extremities, is a blaze of light, and reflects itself on Asia's cliffs. Nothing of the sort in Christendom can give the slightest idea of Constantinople and the Bosphorus when thus lighted up. The effect is most striking on the water. As no object is visible except the creations of fire, the ships, which are traced out by lamps, appear to float in mid-air at indefinite distances, while the refulgent kiosks on the hill-tops of either continent may give the idea of magicians' abodes, for they also seem unconnected with earth or water. One may readily fancy oneself alone in a dark lake on the Elysian fields, surrounded by mansions of the blest. From time to time, however, fireworks disclose the scene in detail. Huge wooden whales are moored for that purpose, and from their mouths thousands of rockets fly up over the gilded stream, to mingle first their evanescent brightness with the stars, then fall again in Danæ's showers on its bosom. Numerous caiques then, previously hidden by the glare, emerge into form, and where you fancied yourself to be solitary, your rowers have scarcely room to move. You also see large fish, with shining tails and flaming eyes, paddled about by invisible hands; and carriages and horses, ingeniously built on boats, seem to be driving over the water as securely as on dry land. All is liquid radiance for a few minutes, save where a cypress-grove on either bank throws its shadow forth, as if, like the masked skeleton at an Egyptian feast, to be a silent monitor. As the temporary brightness dies away, illusion obtains complete mastery of the soul; you see a splash, and you look for a sea-god to rise; you hear a voice and you listen for a Nereid's song. In the joy of his heart, Sultan Mahmoud declared that the offspring of the union which called forth such festivity and splendour in the summer of 1834, should be permitted to live. A boy gladdened the young mother's heart for a few months, then died. Sultana Saliheh was seventeen or eighteen years old; not pretty, but lady like, according to the reports of some Frank ladies. She was reported to be haughty and passionate. She affronted the lady pashas, it was said, when they paid their duties to her after the marriage: her foot they were bound to kiss; but instead of smiling on her worshippers, she turned away her head.—More secluded than Mussulman women in general, no man (except the doctor) ever setting eyes even on her garments, a princess of the house of Othman hails her marriage-day as the day of escape from bondage. She is at once free excepting the usual checks of Mohammedanism."

But while such daughters are thus released from restraint, the bonds which despotism and jealousy throw around the enslaved husband are no less remarkable. He is chosen by the sultan, and must obey, even although he has for years been united to the chosen of his heart. He must also submit to be watched by the numerous spies which his royal mistress may employ, lest he should follow his inclination and revisit his discarded partner; all which must render such a forced elevation the more unendurable in that it makes his thraldom conspicuous. We subjoin some specimens of conversation and remarks illustrative of Turkish gravity, absence of curiosity, and resignedness to things as they are. Mustapha is the author's guide, and the scene is in the neighbourhood of Mount Temnos.

"On clearing the defiles, we saw on our right, commanding a pass, a ruined castle; on our left appeared, as I thought, a suspension-bridge. 'Who built the castle?' I asked. 'Allah bilir,' (God knows,) said Mustapha. On getting this eternal answer in the East to any question, whether relating to the weather, or to distance, or to a person's age, one feels uncommonly inclined, the phrase sounds so like a quiz, to be angry. But I was used to it. I satisfied myself with an undertoned ejaculation, and turned to inquire about the bridge. A similarly direct and simple question would have saved us some trouble: but, sure of the first impression, I inquired whether it were not made of iron, and suspended. 'Certainly,' answered Mustapha. 'Indeed,' I observed; 'what bey, what aga built it?' 'Oh! a certain bey who lives *there*—who governs a town out *there—there*,' said Mustapha, pointing to the horizon. 'He must be a clever man, Mustapha.' 'Certainly he is a clever man.' 'He must have travelled in Frank country.' 'Why should he not have travelled in Frank country?' There was no gainsaying this, so we diverged two miles from our path to inspect the phenomenon; I wondering at the march of intellect in Turkey; Mustapha wondering still more, and that audibly, at my curiosity, with the sun declining, and the next town a long way off. *Of course* it was of wood, as most other bridges in Turkey are. A fanciful arrangement of the balustrading, seen through dark underwood, had caused our delusion. 'Why, Mustapha,' I observed in a tone, as much as to say, are you laughing at my beard? 'it is not iron.' 'That I can see,' he replied with composure, 'but the bey-zadeh said it was, and could I suppose he were wrong?'"

"A little farther on—

"Leaving the bridge, we jogged on, neither sorry nor glad, over a rich country towards *Ballyk Hissar*, the termination of a long stage of sixty-four miles. 'Mustapha,' I said, 'please God! we will have fish for supper.' Mustapha thought a minute; then shook the ashes out of his pipe, and gave that interrogatory nasal twist for which Turks are peculiar. 'Truly!' I continued, 'the place is named *Ballyk* (fish), of course we shall find plenty.'—'True!' after a pause, 'it *is* called *ballyk*—we will eat *ballyk*.' He then lit another pipe, stuck his whip in the collar of his jacket, arranged his sacks of trousers, and tickled his steed into the *chackbin*, (ambling shuffle). No pasha could have smoked more importantly. 'Mustapha,' I again said, rousing him out of the happy medium between dozing and thoughtlessness, 'is the sea near *Ballyk Hissar?*'—'You know; there is no sea.'—'Is there a river?'—'There is no river.'—'Is there a lake?'—'There is no lake.'—'Where then are we to get our fish?' Another mystification, thought Mustapha. He waxed angry, and asked if the bey-zadeh were laughing at him. 'You Franks are the strangest people in the world: you cannot be good; you are never satisfied; you always want a reason. Why not leave things as God made them. Fish or not fish, you will get a supper—that is enough.'"

In the portion which these volumes bestow upon Greece there are many notices of Athens and King Otho. Concerning the former, take this sketch—

The modern city of Athens, which had the old Turkish bazaar, a cafeneh, and two palm-trees for its nucleus, is certainly not classical. Three things strike a stranger's attention at once, viz. the number of beggars, the number of spirit-shops, and the number of money-changers. Each time one visits the place, the more one is impressed with the idea that one-third of the population live in billiard-rooms and cafés. The population amounts to about fifteen thousand. Accustomed to regard the capital as an index of the national condition, a stranger might be deceived by the aspect of society in the court and diplomatic set, which may be compared to the embroidered veil of the recluse over her stuff gown and mortified neck. Balls every week do not tally with ruined towns, banditti on the plains, and insecurity on the roads. But is not the champagne at the minister's table typical of the kingdom? 'Otho's ball-room is sixty feet in diameter,' said a lady to us. 'Can you have a better king?' was the necessary inference.

"One scarcely knows whether to call the town on the whole good, bad, or indifferent. Perhaps all three terms are applicable. Taken abstractedly, it is bad—lath and plaster the chief materials—taste and regularity in abeyance. Viewed with a certain allowance for impediments of various descriptions, it is indifferent. But considering the anarchial state of the country and the sort of government, it may be pronounced good."

A presentation at Court affords the following sketches.

"On one side of the square resided the king, in a respectable looking dwelling-house; opposite to it was the main guard; by the door, a chained lioness. His Hellenic majesty greeted the arrival of the British squadron in his waters, and admitted the admiral and officers to an audience soon afterwards. Fully arrayed in scarlet and blue, with swords and cocked-hats, the latter article an invention of Boreas, one might fancy we made a capital show, walking through the streets, for the Naupliotes. We nearly filled the palace. Duly anti-roomed, and bowed at, and talked to by secretaries and aides-de camp, we had leisure to renew acquaintances and make others, while his majesty went through the form of keeping people waiting."

Mavrocordato, who during the revolution was "spare, intellectual, lank-haired, dressed in a thread-bare coat once black," and who now "fat, comely, a well curled wig on, and habited in light blue and silver,"

"Ushered us into the adjoining room, where stood the young sovereign before a canopied chair, styled a throne, on either side of which hung portraits of his father and mother. Nothing in his good-humoured countenance bespoke his lineage. Tall and slim, his manners were courteous, too much so for a people who, from previous habits, are inclined to mistake civility for submission. An earnest desire to please appeared his characteristic. Being a minor, the odium of government therefore resting with the regency, it was easy for him to be thought amiable. To us, in the long interview which followed, he made himself particularly so. Unluckily his majesty, notwithstanding rather an ungraceful utterance, which will wear off with age, thought proper to address every person. What he said is of little consequence. The room

was small, reduced to half the size by the said throne; and his majesty, by bowing incessantly *à l' Allemande*, doing the polite to the principal personages, soon contrived to hem the remainder within the precincts of a window recess. The day was particularly hot. Thence they were extracted one by one, by the secretary, who handed them over to the admiral, who introduced them. At first it was embarrassing to us who were looking on out of the corner; but community of honour soon changed the feeling, and scarcely one could restrain laughter, scarcely the patient, as the admiral continued to repeat, '*Ce monsieur ci ne parle pas Français, ou très peu,*' while the king, disappointed in the effect of his speech, reiterated, again and again, his regret at not having made *la belle langue Anglaise* his peculiar study. He became exceedingly annoyed, and floundered deeper into interrogatories about Portsmouth and London, steam-boats and aldermen, and soon no doubt, wished *la belle langue Anglaise* with *les beux Messieurs Anglais*—for we all strutted as *beaux* as gold lace could make us, on the top of Mount Parnassus. The scene relaxed the rigid lips of Mavrocordato."

We might select many other light and agreeably descriptive passages from these volumes; but the above are sufficient to show, that among the swarm of works which are rendering Greece and Turkey as familiar to Englishmen as France or Italy, Mr. Slade's deserves to occupy a prominent place.

ART. IV.—*Personal Memoirs and Correspondence of Colonel Charles Shaw, K. T. C. S., &c., Comprising a Narrative of the War in Portugal and Spain, from its Commencement in* 1831, *to the Dissolution of the British Legion in* 1837. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1837.

SELDOM have we read two more exciting volumes than these. The writer of them is an intelligent, enterprising, and stirring character, who from the time that he was able to think and to act for himself, has been concerned in much that could not fail of affording abundant materials for curious and interesting autobiography; and even when the current of his life was common-place, the reader will find that the spirit of the man, and the raciness of his observations relieve the narrative of every thing pertaining to such periods, like dry or tedious writing. A higher value attaches to the most important of Colonel Shaw's adventures and experiences, than the mere excitement of curiosity, and the satisfaction of a morbid desire for stories of hardship, hair-breadth escapes, rapine, and bloodshed. We believe that his narrative is strictly faithful, that whatever he reports concerning facts of which he has been cognizant, his testimony is unimpeachable. What then must the evils and the horrors of a civil war be? Some of our extracts will help to an answer. Nor let it be supposed that the Colonel is a gloomy writer, or that

he loves to dwell on the dark side of things. Quite the reverse; for he exhibits one of the most striking instances we ever witnessed of how completely a tender-hearted, imaginative, generous, and right-minded man is transformed, or, rather, hardened by *roughing it* as a soldier. Hence his narrative has much in it of that recklessness and callousness which nothing but long experience in the arts, tricks, and exercise of war could possibly induce. He jokes and makes things funny, where in reality, there must have been nothing but topics for wailing and scenes of agony or outrage. The truth is, he writes and feels like a veteran warrior, and forces himself to laugh, when, if he did not do so, he would cry. And what is the result as far as concerns the reflecting reader, but a more dreadful picture, than any attempts at pathetic description could produce. Therefore not only as a stirring narrative, but as a most authentic one forcibly given, and necessarily so, because the record was often extended when the scenes and the events described were scarcely withdrawn from the writer's gaze, we regard the present account of the wars in question in no ordinary light; for we are satisfied that while they engage the attention strongly, they ought to teach permanent lessons, of great moment to the welfare of nations, and the interests of humanity.

Colonel Shaws's memoir goes back to his school-days. He was fond of angling, but not of the study of Greek. Lawyers had long vacations; and the longest in the Scottish courts happening to extend over the salmon-fishing season, it may be presumed that law and angling, though somewhat contradictory in the matters of dryness, became associated in the stripling's mind. But the erratic and imaginative taste which true anglers cherish, turned out to be more akin in the case of our author, to the profession of arms, than the study of Stair and Erskine. Accordingly he obtained an ensigncy in the gallant fifty-second light infantry, in 1813, and after several months hard drilling, embarked for the continent, and soon got employment in his new line of life under Lord Lynedoch at Bergen-op-zoom and Antwerp. Peace at length having been established, he studied for some time at the military college in Brunswick. He afterwards, having been put upon half-pay, settled in Edinburgh, and commenced business in that city as a wine-merchant; at the same time having a hand in the organization and drilling of a corps of volunteers. Trade, however, seems to have been as distasteful to him as law, and therefore, having sold his business, he undertook a continental tour. From the early part of his volumes, which contains an account of this excursion, we gather a few stray notices, merely observing, that though there be not much that is novel in it, there is a good deal that is pleasantly and vigorously described, and very creditable to the heart and head of the writer; evincing that he has many years ago been a man of

reflection, and one that was sure to turn to good account the fruits of his experience. We quote two distinct passages, to show how well prepared the author was by studies and habit to undertake the hazardous enterprize of a Liberator. One runs thus—"To prevent thirst in hot weather, nothing is better than to take a great quantity of fresh butter with your bread at breakfast. Avoid drinking water as you would poison; in short, drink as little as possible of any thing, and do not give way to the first sensation of thirst." Wetting the legs, he also says, gives relief. The other passage referred to, is quite in keeping with a campaigner's life.

"I arrived late at the village of Corps, situated at the bottom of a mountain, but still having the view of a deep valley below it. Here I entered an inn, where everything appeared most miserable, but still they had a *chef*. The dinner placed before me was a stew of chamois, and a dish of newly fledged sparrows, which looked so disgusting that they destroyed my appetite. On wishing to pay my bill early the next morning, I could not, as I found all the people of the house were gone to confession. On their return, I asked the landlady for my bill, who, after some consideration, said, thirteen francs. Knowing she had only charged two and a half francs to my fellow-traveller, I was very angry, and asked her if she was not ashamed to cheat so soon after confession? but I saw she was opening a new confession account with me: I therefore threatened to go to the mayor. This had the desired effect; she thanked me for three francs and we parted."

He found that the French only hated and assailed one man more fiercely than Sir Walter Scott, and that was Sir Hudson Lowe. The guardian and the historian, excited their resentment and abuse, as will readily be supposed on account of their treatment of a celebrated personage.

A visit to the famous monastery of La Trappe affords the author an opportunity to display a good deal of his sagacity and other characteristic traits, wherein close observation, plain and straightforward narrative, and racy remarks, not unmingled with a humour that loves to look upon what is broadly ludicrous, even among scenes of a very different complexion, whether sorrowful or frightful, may be detected. But it is when the author embarks in the cause of Donna Maria, that the chief interest of the book begins. In this enterprize he acted the part of recruiting officer, and had at first the rank of captain. An abridgement of the account he gives of the manner in which he evaded the Foreign Enlistment Act, and of the expedition to the Azores, would amuse our readers. But we must hasten forward towards the commencement of the active operations of war, premising that Shaw is an admirable teller of a story, and that few will match him when personating the characters of Irish or Scotch, whether as regards their conduct, their language, or their appearance. Here is an anecdote concerning some of the Irish recruits, who were at first exceedingly troublesome and

opposed to every thing like discipline, but who subsequently became excellent soldiers; many of them, besides, transmitted to their famishing relations at home a portion of their bounty. A man having been brought to a drum-head court-martial, found good use for his natural eloquence, which he addressed especially to his country-man Colonel Hodges—for, much to the offender's astonishment, he was ordered to receive one hundred lashes.

"A sort of innocent cat had been rigged out, and he was tied to the capstan, and his shirt taken off. His address to Hodges amused me much, 'Sure, your honour, you won't touch a countryman?—at laste you did not say so in London;' then at the first lash, 'Only think, I am your own townsman;' third lash, 'O think of flogging one of your father's genteelest tinantry!' still going on, 'Did Sir R. Peel think he would ever see my bare back, although he tried to put me into jail—but, for God's sake, stop, dear landlord! What will Lord Goderich say to this? he will never allow me to brush his coat.' Still no effect. He then turned round to one of the men, 'Now, Pat Griffin, you, the Colonel, and I, are all countrymen, use *your* own smooth tongue.' This had the effect on Hodges; the man was not hurt, and the power of punishment had been thus shown, which was absolutely necessary, as this morning a large reinforcement of Liberty Boys had just arrived from Rye on board the *Linnet*."

In another part of the work, when speaking of punishments, the author says, that he is inclined to think that their prompt application "prevents much great crime; the only objection to it is, that if you once begin the system, there is a difficulty of keeping it within bounds." A very serious objection surely; and one that he himself did not stickle nicely about. It must be borne in mind, however, that the materials which he and Hodges had to deal with, were not only raw, but confused, and previously vitiated to a great degree. The extract must be longer than our last, which describes how the Scotch Fusileers, who distinguished themselves so highly in Portugal, were first brought under controul. At the time when the account begins, Shaw was a total stranger to his men.

"The Scotch, as soon as landed, were put under my orders; and I was most anxious they should have a fresh start and be able to judge for themselves, without mixing with those who had been accustomed to suffering and to mutiny whenever they wished to carry their point. Don Pedro sent for me, and told me he expected great things of my countrymen. I was most anxious that he should take a view of these 'Scotch Liberators' before they were disguised as soldiers; but no, he would not; only agreeing that they should have a quarter separate from the English. This was of consequence; and I resolved to make the separation as great as possible, these Scotch being the most knowing fellows I ever encountered. They were not riotous, but they were sullenly 'methodic;' and it is but justice to give Captain Lawrie credit for the manner he had contrived to prevent mutiny during a long and hazardous voyage from Glasgow.

"Reform had been much agitated in Scotland; union societies had been formed; and, from the technical language used by these men, I suspected they had thought it prudent to leave their Glasgow looms, and try what effect the liberating air of Portugal might have on the memory of the police-officers in their native towns. The greatest proportion were young; I therefore had some hopes, although the second day after the fellows landed I was puzzled.

"All were assembled in a large room; and hearing some dispute, I entered, when I was saluted with 'Silence!' 'Order!' 'Let's hear what the Cornal has to say.' 'Stan back, let's hear how he'll answer the Comitea.' Upon this, five fellows advanced, the speaker taking off his cap. He pulled out a paper and said, 'We five are deputed by our freens to show you the undermentioned written conditions, which if you don't agree to, we shan't serve, and Donna Maria may gang to h—l.' Reading the conditions, I saw they wished 2*l.* 10*s.* per month, the English being promised only 2*l.* 5*s.* I told them the English had fought well with me, and I should not agree to the Scotch getting 5*s.* more; so if they did not choose, they might all 'gang whare they wanted to sen' Dony Maria.' This caused a great hubbub; and the five returned to a room, whence they reappeared after a while. During the interval, I had been asking the fellows the different places from whence they came; having thus gained a little popularity, the five fellows readvancing, I asked them in an authoritative voice 'Who they were?' They said they had been delegates in Glasgow, and had been appointed a 'Comitea' for the volunteers who had engaged at the Salt Market station. I said, in the army I had never heard of the word 'Comitea,' and asked what the word meant. I would not understand any explanation; at last one of them, a smart-looking fellow, said 'Lord, Cornal, I see you ken weel eneugh what a Comitea is; but I'll tell ye the fac of the matter is, a wheen o' us join thegether, and we ca ourselves the *Comitea*, and we gar a' the others dae what we like.' I instantly said, 'O, I understand completely what it is. I see, a Comitea is a Cornal. Call me either the one or the other, as I shall gar ye dae what I like.' This explanation of 'Comitea' caused a regular row; their threatening not to serve, and my telling them they may be off, brought it to a crisis, and made them come to other terms; as they confessed the enemy's batteries at the mouth of the river prevented their getting away; so after deep consideration they agreed to serve, provided they were paid in *British currency, the soldier getting the advantage of the exchange.* I agreed; but what this meant I really did not understand; the Comitea called on me to explain how many mills (*i. e.* milrees) to the pound sterling. This was a terrible puzzler; so without answering the 'Comitea,' I began asking the other fellows whether they had worked in a cotton-mill, carding-mill, or woollen-mill, each giving different answers; so all this 'row' finished with 'D—n all mills and comiteas, hurrah for Colonel Shaw and Dony Maree!' and thus were the Scotch Fusileers formed."

Though these men, when first they were engaged in battle, had not been taught the military method of loading a musket, they behaved well. Their commander, however, judiciously kept them moving according to some drill manœuvres, to prevent them losing

heart by standing still under the enemy's fire. Shaw could not only mystify, or be sophistical when occasion required, but he possessed the art of chiming in with the humour of his men, or of sympathizing with them in their endurance, so as to gain ere long their entire confidence and regard. Or, should he at any time have found it necessary, he scrupled not, to have recourse to most unusual methods of reproof and punishment. Some examples of these various qualifications will interest the reader.

"At the time the want of provisions was very great, and the scenes of drunkenness among the English in Oporto terrible. The only rations served out was bacalhao (salt fish); the same which is used after dinner by wine bibbers, to give them a relish for more wine: therefore it struck me that if it had the effect upon well-fed men, how much greater must the effect be on men with a comparatively empty stomach. The cooks on board the transports which brought the Scotch, had, with their 'national prudence,' gathered from the cooking coppers a quantity of grease (slush), which they had brought on shore and sold to a manufacturer to make candles. Firewood being very scarce, the candle-maker could not make his candles. The bacalhao was taken up to this manufacturer, who gladly re-exchanged it, and this 'slush' was brought down to Lordello; a certain quantity of it mixed up with rice, musty biscuit pounded, and along with a sort of vegetable gathered on the banks of a rivulet, put into a large boiler of a dying manufactory where the men were quartered, and stewed up with some stolen dog, cat, or the best bits of a killed wandering donkey or mule, made a tolerable mess. Many is the mule which, tempted by the green field near this Fabrica, entered never to return.

"My own men stole and eat my greyhound and terrier, and a fight took place with the Irish (who had lately landed) for having had in their possession the skin of my fat pointer. When these living animals disappeared, about a tablespoonful of rice and a square inch of pork was a day's allowance: and often has a young fellow come up to me with both in the palm of his hand, saying. 'Cornal Shaw, I only ask yoursel,' is that plenty for a working man to leeve on, besides the fechtin? It is a shame and I will not stand it.' My only answer was, 'If it satisfies you, it does not satisfy me. I could eat six rations like that:' which brought forth the answer, 'Weel, Cornal, that's true; but we'll make that d——d John Macdowal (Don Miguel) pey for this some fine day."

It thus appears that the war in Portugal was no feather-bed affair, and that the conflict with famine was sometimes more trying than that which took place in the battle-field.

We have now to offer something in illustration of Scotch pride, and the subtlety of Scotch philosophy.

"On this line of defence from Lordello, were only two live oxen in Oporto; and being most useful for assisting in dragging guns from one point to another, they were put under charge of the '*careful immaculate Scotch.*' They were generally in charge of a sergeant, who saw them every night housed; but one evening, while he was making some report to me, one of

the bullocks disappeared, and early next morning I found a piece of beef of about six pounds weight at my door.

"I said nothing but went to the barracks. No appearance of blood nor smell of beef; but there was some salt on the floor. Bacalhao was at this time the rations, so I expressed astonishment at seeing a necessity for using salt; but I soon discovered from the smell that there had been fresh soup made. I expressed no opinion, and calling to a little Scotch terrier not worth eating, 'Hisht Tuskey, there!' she went into a corner and brought out a beef bone, which I remarked was rather large for a fish. All were silent and *innocent-looking*; but I discovered they had placed the bullock in the running rivulet, and there killed and skinned it, and divided it into rations: thus all the marks of blood were carried away. They did not deny it.

"The owner made his complaint, and the government charged the regiment 37*l.*; the real value at a stone's-throw distance in the enemy's lines being scarcely 7*l.* The Adjutant had a list of the men who had received the beef, and who were to pay for it. He had headed the list, 'We the undersigned, who *stole* the bullock, agree, &c.' I heard a terrible row, nearly a downright mutiny. I asked what was the matter; in a moment a number of voices, 'Only think, Cornal, the Adjutant wishes us to sign ourselves thieves!' I asked them if it was not the fact that they had stolen the bullock. 'We dinna deny that; but its ae thing stealing to a man being sic a fule as to sign himself a thief. Na, na.' I said 'Very well, give me the paper." I took it, drew my pen through the word *stole*, and inserted '*Rob Royed*,' and all signed in good humour."

The author tells us that he had sometimes great difficulty in getting his men to remain on sentry, especially near a foot-path on which a great many dead were lying unburied, and from which place horrid groans and unnatural sounds were heard. It turned out that the source of these frightful intimations proceeded from certain of the canine tribe, which had marched from the enemy's lines to devour the dead, and when this was generally known, Shaw says, "Some of my men had enticed three of these dogs, and had sold them for one pound each to Frederick, an old French servant of mine, who kept a restaurateur's shop in Oporto." By these and such like means "the Scotch contrived to supply the would-be *bons vivans* with provisions." But before leaving the subject of sentries, it will be as well to exhibit the Colonel in the character of a prompt executioner.

"My quarter was about 150 yards distant from the enemy's advanced night sentry, and if I showed a light I was sure to have a ball through the window. A sentry was below this window, and almost every hour I asked him if 'all was right.'

"One night, getting no answer, I thought he had deserted, and going down, I found poor Duncan leaning against the wall, sound asleep, with his musket at a little distance. I removed the musket, and instantly gave poor Duncan a 'regular facer,' which floored him. On his attempting to rise, I really did not give fair play; recollecting the answer of a Scotchman who

after having knocked down an Englishman, was called on by the bystanders to give fair play, and let him up. 'Let him up, be sure! Lord, if ye kenned the wark I had to get him down, you would na ask me to let him up! Na, na.'

"So I did with Duncan; who having now both his eyes shut, I bolted into my room, and in a few minutes went to the window with the usual question, 'Sentry, anything new?' There was Duncan walking about with his musket. 'No, nothing, Sir.' 'Anything extraordinary?' 'Not much, Sir.'

"Duncan's appearance when the 'relief' came round astonished the men. Neither he nor his comrades had the most distant idea that I had any thing to do with the matter; all having a suspicion, from Duncan's description of its being a figure 'all in white,' that it must have been the ghost of some Miguelite. This system was not quite according to 'regulation;' but I will only remark that, after this, the sentries on this post were ever most alert.

"I told Duncan the real fact on board the steamer going to Spain; he only said 'Lord Cornal, wus't you? Weel, it was bad enough in ye, but am obliged to ye, cobbing wud hae been far waur.'"

It is lamentable to think that men, who have risked their lives in the most dreadful tumults of war, who have been often without food, drink, shelter, or sufficient raiment, may be at last conveyed to such hospitals as Colonel Shaw speaks of. At present, we only quote something that relates to a regulation which existed in Portugal, but which seems to have had no reason for that existence but a principle of wanton injustice and cruelty.

"During an engagement we had on the 5th of July, the enemy made a very sharp attempt on one part of my position at Lordello, where I thought there was rather a slackness of defence. I ran immediately to the spot, and there found one of the bravest men hid behind a wall, and others of course following his example. I called to him, 'Shame, you coward!'—His answer to this was cool and determined. 'Colonel Shaw, you saw me get my former wound, and you know better than any one that I am not a coward; but while I lay in the hospital I neither got comfort nor money, which many skulkers got: and as I see they are best rewarded, I am following their example.' The truth of this fell with much force on my mind, so I cried out, 'Well move forward, if you are hit this day I shall see you paid out of my own pocket.' He obeyed; the others followed, and all was right.

"After the engagement, I went to Saldanha, and asked him to give an order for men in hospital to receive pay. I never saw a man more astonished. 'Shaw! Give pay to men in hospital, who ever heard of such a thing?' I related the anecdote; he saw at once its force and truth, and an order for pay to men suffering in hospital from gun-shot wounds was given."

Before leaving Portugal, let one instance suffice to exhibit not merely the ferocious revenge of the people of that country, but the terrible height to which the human passions may be carried in cases of civil and unnatural wars.

"When we marched in here, about 100 prisoners were marched past us,

all in uniform, except one immense big scoundrel-looking fellow, who was discovered to be a Guerilla. A crowed gathered round him, and a Lancer drew his sword, and, to my horror, cut him down. Thinking there was going to be a general massacre, I rushed into the centre, trying to defend the wretch; when bayonets innumerable were shoved into him. I stood over him while struggling in agony; and the Lancer who struck him first, called out, 'I saw him murder my father and brother.' I walked off instantly and took my officers with me (who were all round with swords drawn,) saying loud enough for the Portuguese to hear—'That he deserved his fate.' It appeared that this wretch, a few days before, had cut the throats of six Constitutional officers, and that he was the leader in the murder of the 130 prisoners. A mob when excited is dreadful. Before he was dead, the women were stamping on his hands, and they put a lighted cigar into his mouth."

Colonel Shaw's work excites much less interest in relation to the Spanish war, and the British legion, than he throws around the contest in Portugal and the Scotch Fusileers. One evident reason for this is, that the conflict has not in the former country been yet brought to a close; nor is it certain how it is to end. We therefore are in suspense as to the extent to which the legion may contribute to the national honour, and, indeed, like fretful and unreasonable beings, are already apt to feel sore upon the subject; not considering the difficulties which had to be encountered, and the rashness of the undertaking, or the inadequacy of the means to carry it out, which become too palpable in the pages before us. It is true, some misunderstanding arose between the author and General Evans, which may be supposed to colour the criticisms which he offers respecting certain measures, both of preparation and execution in the history of the Legion. But, on the other hand, he entertains a high opinion of the General as a man of honourable character and undoubted bravery. As to his capacity for the post he undertook to fill, doubts seem to be entertained and advanced by Shaw, while, as regards the jealousy and the treachery that surrounded the leader of the Legion, there is no mincing. Upon these points, however, it is not our province or desire to enter; but two passages may be quoted that pretty plainly show that there was mismanagement and miscalculation somewhere before the British ever set foot on Spanish ground. The Colonel thus writes to an old companion in arms.

"I arrived here last night, and take advantage of the Lisbon packet to write to you to hurry home or for Spain; as I can promise you a majority of one of the Scotch regiments. I regret I cannot say Lieutenant-Colonel; but it has been fixed by the ruling powers here, that Portuguese officers are only to have the rank they had in Portugal; it being quite impossible that, after your four years of active service in that country, you or any of them can be supposed to know so much of war as the young gentlemen of the British service, who have had such glorious opportunities of studying their profession in the garrisons of England.

"This is much more gentleman-like, lady-like, and genteel service, than that of our old friend Donna Maria. I have been to see our War Office in Charing Cross. It is not a shabby, burking place, such as we had in St. Giles's, but all quite 'in style.' I really could not keep my gravity; and if you had been there with your pencil, you would have sketched to the life the crowd of candidates for glory. They really shame us Portuguese completely; but we shall have our laugh when we see them sleeping in the mud, and eating *bacalao* with rancid oil, with every now and then a dash of gunpowder for sauce. Still this scene has made me serious; as none of them, from the senior to the junior, has the most distant idea of what they are to suffer. But to give you a notion of how matters are managed, I shall only mention one instance. Three sergeants entered, one of whom I at once recognized as the greatest thief and scoundrel we had at Terceira and Oporto, and who carried between his shoulders very striking effects of the friendship I bore him. He did not recognize me without my beard; and I resolved to be silent, that he might not discover me by my voice. The Adjutant-General, Colonel le Marchant, told them to go to Bicknell and Moore, to get their uniform as Staff-Sergeants. On this I threw a bit of paper to the Adjutant-General, written on it, 'The surgeon had better inspect the centre Sergeant.' When he read it, he said aloud to me, 'They have all been inspected.' I said nothing but wrote, 'Inspect Turner between the shoulders.' In spite of this, he was sent to get his uniform; and I confess to you I saw what I said and did was not received as it should be by the dispensers of the loaves and fishes. In short, there are so many candidates for commissions, that I suspect those in power do not like to have any one appear to know as much as they.

The Colonel, in our next extract, bears strongly in mind the contrast between the starting of the legion, and the flight of the "Scotch Liberators" and their *comitea*, which he baffled at his first interview with them.

"I send to you the 'Instructions to Officers.' Look at Article Seven, as to landing them with clothing and arms, to give them a good military appearance! A mob of this sort, with money in their pockets, to make military appearance!! The thing is absolute folly. Far better to land them in their nakedness, and let them get drunk and spend their money, and when sober give them only a part of their clothing and necessaries; as, although a knapsack is large enough for a 'kit,' when packed by an old soldier, a recruit cannot stuff the half of his things in it. I foresee much loss and confusion, and if I am the senior officer at the place where we disembark, I shall take the responsibility of disobeying the order; as I am convinced, before I arrive, the General himself will be aware of its folly. All this makes me think there is a want of experienced men at headquarters, and, as it is now nearly twenty years since our chief was a soldier, and as he was then generally on the Staff, it is the more necessary that his superior officers should understand thoroughly the duties of corporals, sergeants, subalterns; in short, be up to every thing, cooking and doctoring included. The uniform for the officers is ridiculously

expensive. How they are to carry their baggage, I know not; in short, this trip of pleasure to Spain will astonish some of the gentlemen."

And what has been the fate of many of these poor fellows? Let what we have now to add from the Colonel's pages, answer in part. There are many other portions of his testimony not less harrowing. The following extract contains his account of the fever at Victoria, where he was left commandant:—

"The Legion marched out at twelve o'clock. The hospitals at this time were choke-full, four or five in a bed; discharging none, except to their graves (about fifteen or twenty daily); and having, exclusive of those in the hospital (twelve hundred), a depôt of convalescents of nearly eight hundred. To this depôt I bent my steps, seeing numbers of officers in the streets. I fell in all the men who could stand, taking a Portuguese surgeon with me; and in less than one hour had turned out upwards of three hundred stout fellows, by means of words, and the flat side of my sabre. I ordered them to march next morning to join their regiments. They were very knowing, only two hundred and fifty getting ready; all the officers, except two, having disappeared. I was resolved not to be beaten. I stopped all officers' rations who did not make their appearance. This brought two or three to light; and next morning I managed to march them away with one hundred and fifty more men. Still, no more officers presented themselves. I then stopped the rations of the servants, as well as of the masters, and on the second day brought upwards of twenty to light. In less than five days I sent upwards of five hundred men to join their regiments. The hospitals were very bad, but this convalescent depôt was terrible. I believe no officer had gone through it; and no wonder, as the filth was shocking. All were lying huddled together on the bare stones of a convent, without windows, and no blankets. I entered where there were a lot of Scotch. I said, 'Boy, what's the matter wi' you?' 'An awfu' sair head,' Another, 'Unco sair taes,' *i. e.* death! 'And what is the matter wi' you?' 'Oh, he is dead, and so is the man near him; and sure enough there were three poor devils all dead, with their mouths closed together, to keep each other warm. I picked up in this way about twelve dead, or in the act of dying. Entering a small room in a corner, I was nearly knocked down by the effluvia. Here nine men had been for four days, without any surgeon to look after them. I suppose they are now all dead. I proceeded to another dark room, and there seventeen men had been for forty-eight hours abandoned, all suffering from severe dysentery. How to remedy this was difficult, as I was told there were no blankets nor sheets, nor beds, to send to the hospital. You will not believe it but I set to work, and in two days obtained about six hundred blankets and nine hundred pair of sheets. I then employed the whole of the 8th regiment in removing people to the hospital and burying, and thus had a beginning. The scarcity of medicines was dreadful; but, with the active and willing assistance of Alcock, and the Portuguese medical gentlemen, it is quite wonderful what has been accomplished. The hospitals are now tolerably comfortable; and I managed so that the convalescents have a comfortable breakfast and dinner. All are getting better; but there must be still nine hundred on the list. About two-thirds of the medical

men have died, and a great many officers. Poor Cadogan and Codd, who were with me, are in their graves; and at this very moment the funeral of Captain Montgomery (a friend of Hodges') is passing my window."

Our last extract from these volumes contains an account of the battle of the 5th of May, 1836, and like a great portion of the author's communications bears evident marks of having been written when the awful scenes described were fresh before his mind, even although we had not his word to that effect.

"We had a terrible morning's work of it; the brigade having lost, in killed and wounded, about 400 men, and 27 officers: others not so much. How I escaped, I know not; kind Providence was my protector. My watch is smashed, the ball having cut through cloak, coat, trowsers, drawers, and shirt, and only bruised me. A spent ball hit me on the chest, and my gaiter was cut across by another. We had dreadful lines to force; very steep, vomiting fire; and the clay up to our ancles made us so slow, that they picked as they chose. The enemy not only behaved well behind their lines, but charged out, and twice or thrice put us for a moment in confusion. Alcock is slightly wounded; Mitchell will lose his leg; Mackie and Hogg wounded badly; Hamilton escaped; Swan and his two majors are badly wounded. The officers had dreadful work. I gave orders to very many of different brigades, and almost all fell killed or wounded; but the enemy will not resist us again so boldly. I am very fatigued and excited, and could cry.'"

We think our readers will agree with us, when we say that Colonel Shaw has presented the most correct and graphic sketches of the late conflicts both in Portugal and Spain that have yet appeared, in so far as the actual operations in the field, and daily experience and conduct of the British, were concerned. But whether right or wrong in this opinion, we are sure that no one can possibly rise from the perusal of the work without having before his eyes dreadful pictures of carnage, deprivation, and crime. Who dare speak lightly of revolution, of civil war, of mercenary soldiership?

ART. V.—*Travels in Circassia, Krim Tartary, &c., in* 1836-7; *including a Steam Voyage down the Danube, from Vienna to Constantinople, and round the Coast of the Black Sea.* By EDMUND SPENCER, Esq., Author of "Germany and the Germans," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1837.

WITHIN the few weeks, and even days, that have elapsed previous to the date when we take up these volumes, Circassia has been acquiring a progressively increasing interest. It is now reported that Russia is fitting out a vast force to quell the "Insurrection in Circassia," as she terms it, and that this is to be accomplished, if possible, this year. Two questions, however, which, it may be well for the northern autocrat to weigh leisurely before he undertakes such a

warlike enterprise. First, has Circassia ever been dependant?—and secondly, is she at present capable of maintaining independence? To the former of these Captain Spencer unhesitatingly offers a negative, and to the other an affirmative; the whole current of his narrative going to substantiate a clear and powerful confirmation of his positions. Russia, he insists, could derive no right to that part of the Caucasus, which has been from time immemorial inhabited by free tribes, in consequence of any cession of it by the Ottoman Porte. Besides, the people are at this moment in actual possession of the country. He says that all which Turkey ever was master of in Circassia, was a few crumbling fortresses on the coast. How then could she transfer a title she never had? Even Anapa Kalé, and the other places that were ceded at first to the Turks, were given solely for the purposes of commerce, and in so far as the rights herein concerned extended, they have been made over to Russia, but no more. So much as to the matter of past independence. Then as to the ability and the disposition of the Circassians to preserve this state of things, there will be found in the extracts, which are about to be quoted from our author's work, ample evidence. Besides, it will with equal force appear that were the Russians to make good their first effort to conquer the whole of the warlike tribes in question, the purchase would be too dear to be worth having, and the tenure too uncertain, and held at too great a sacrifice ever to benefit the conquerors.

Another consideration suggests itself, which we merely allude to, without entering upon the arena of political discussion, viz. how will Europe, how ought England, to regard any attempts made by Russia to subjugate a country and regions, the conquest of which will not only destroy a people, whose national spirit might be very easily directed to the maintenance of friendly relations with us, but who would consequently prove a barrier between the encroachments of a grasping power and our immense possessions in the East?

Upon all of these points and others of a kindred nature, Captain Spencer has brought to light a great variety of forcible and novel statements; in fact, his volumes open up to the English reader a country hitherto almost unknown, but which, whether the capabilities of the soil, its geographical features, the character of the people, or their political importance be regarded, must create an unparalleled interest in modern history. But these volumes possess other attractions, should the reader confine his attention merely to the adventures of their author, the incidents and scenes which he describes, and the manner in which he delivers his accounts; for, besides a manly, straightforward, yet modest spirit, he everywhere displays striking tokens of sound judgment, habitual reflection, and rare acquirements. Having said this much in the way of introduc-

tion, the pleasing duty remains of substantiating these generalities by special examples.

The first visit which the author made to Circassia, was in company with Count Worronzow the chief Russian authority in the Crimea, which he must have regarded as a lucky opportunity, as offering the protection and influence of an official character. It seems that the Count contemplated the establishment of a colony on some part of the Circassian coast and that the Russians entertained the idea that the whole of the country would very soon acknowledge their rule. Anapa was the first post touched at, where they were received with a deafening salute from the Russian fort. But what of the natives?

"The heights around the fortress of Anapa being in possession of the hostile tribes of the Caucasus, were covered with armed men, who seemed much amazed at the appearance of our little fleet, and probably mistook the sailors and passengers for soldiers, as horsemen were seen galloping in every direction, as if to alarm the inhabitants. In a few minutes, however, they disappared, leaving none behind, save a few, solitary sentinels on the most prominent situations, evidently for the purpose of watching our movements. I found, however, by the aid of a powerful glass, that the dense forests on the shore and the sides of the hills were filled with armed men, no doubt with the intention of giving us a warm reception, if we extended our visit beyond the walls of the fortress.

"Here the governor-general landed, accompanied only by his own compatriots: his reason for this proceeding I am unable to divine, this being the only time he had done so during the whole of our voyage. I subsequently learned, from one of the party, that the garrison was excessively unhealthy, and had recently experienced several disastrous reverses in their conflicts with the natives, who had lately manifested a more determined spirit of hostility: and their attacks being now conducted with greater military skill and discipline, had proved more murderous to their invader. They were also said to be commanded by an English officer, who had served in India. But the last, and to me the most extraordinary piece of intellgence was, that the country was inundated with copies of a proclamation from the king of England, calling upon the Circassians to defend their country; and that in the event of their requiring assistance, he would forthwith dispatch a powerful fleet to their aid! Nor was this the only marvel related; for the count himself informed me, that numerous copies of the dreadful Portfolio were industriously circulated among the people."

The promises of a welcome or gentle reception were not very flattering, as it thus appears at Anapa; but things might wear a more tempting aspect elsewhere, and therefore the little fleet proceeded towards Soudjouk-Kalé, the fortress at this place having been seized by the Russians a few days previously. This stronghold, however, though represented to be admirably situated, either as a military position, a commercial station, or as a secure defence

against any attack by sea, will be of little use, unless possession be obtained of the adjacent heights, and unless these also be well fortified, which would be, according to our author, the occasion of a murderous and harassing warfare. For,

"From the accounts we received from the Russian officers, it would appear that the taking of Soudjouk-Kalé was attended with a great loss of life, the Circassians having fought with the bravery of desperation. But how was it possible that these mountaineers, with no other weapons than rifle, sword, bows, and arrows, nor other bulwark than their own breasts, could resist, with any prospect of success, the attack of a well-disciplined army of 15,000 men, led on by an experienced general, M. Willemineff, assisted by a regular train of artillery and every other material of war?

"The shades of evening were fast deepening into the gloom of night, as we arrived at the camp of Soudjouk-Kalé, which then displayed a scene that will ever live in my recollection. The villages of the unhappy mountaineers still blazing on the sides of the hills, together with the numerous watch-fires of the soldiers in various parts of the camp, shed their lurid glare, not only over the moving multitude, but the whole surrounding country to the highest peaks of the towering mountains, mimicking the bright blaze of the noon-day luminary of heaven."

The Russians presented at this place a sight not much less picturesque and impressive.

"The bands of the various regiments were performing their most lively airs; aides-de-camp galloping to and fro; here a group of soldiers playing at cards on the head of a drum, there creating thirst by swallowing copious draughts of the beloved vodka; in one place chaunting with a loud roar their national airs, and in another tripping the wild dance the barina, to strains equally wild.

"So far, all told of peace; but there were other signs and sounds which proclaimed that war was not far distant. Such as the loud clang of the anvil, the sharpening of sabres, striking of flints, cleaning of guns, mingled with the loud strokes of the carpenter's axe employed in erecting palisades. Nor were the number of sturdy fellows hastily throwing up intrenchments, and camels groaning beneath the weight of field-pieces and ammunition-waggons, less indicative of the approaching struggle. In the midst of these hostile preparations, some few were to be seen quietly smoking at the door of their tents; others squatted round large fires—cooking perhaps their last meal, for the avant-guard had just been driven in, bringing the intelligence that the enemy were advancing in great numbers, and, from the positions they had taken, no doubt meditated a serious attack."

From some of the Russian officers at this place, Mr. Spencer learned a variety of interesting particulars respecting the Circassian mode of warfare, of which we shall afterwards present some accounts. But the plans proposed for the purpose of reducing them to subjection to the Russian yoke, were also outlined to him, which were not less worthy of being recorded.

"Among other things, it is the intention of the Russian government to occupy every port, bay, and landing-place on the coast of Circassia; and to build forts in the most eligible situations, which are to be connected with each other by means of military roads, intended to be conducted along the heights. Undoubtedly, if this plan can be accomplished, the mountaineers will be prevented from having any intercourse with their neighbours the Turks, who are known to aid them with their counsels, and supply them with ammunition; and as they are entirely destitute of salt, powder, and every species of manufacture, this scheme, it is presumed, will have the effect of sowing dissension among the chiefs, breaking the unconquerable spirit of the people, ond of eventually reducing them to submission."

All this, however, is much easier said than done, as almost everything indicated which the author beheld and learned in the course of his visit under the countenance of Count Worronzow; for there was scarcely a fort or a spot which the Russians had seized upon that afforded not symptoms or facts of the unquenchable spirit and hostility which the Circassians cherish towards their invaders, which feelings have been greatly increased by the aggravated reports of the Polish and Tartar deserters that reside amongst them. Thus, at Souchom-Kalé.

"The fortress, built in the form of a square, bears a Turkish inscription over the entrance. It was in a most dilapidated state, but, as usual, bristling with cannon; and, like all the others, I had seen in Circassia, not intended to repel an invasion by sea so much as an attack by land, which was evidently the danger principally apprehended, as guards were stationed in the vicinity with the same care as if the enemy had been at the gates.

"So perilous, however, is the service, that the sentinels retire at the close of evening within the walls for protection, when the dogs are turned out, who are so well trained that they never fail to give notice of approaching danger. Indeed, so intense is the animosity of the Circassians in this district, that no safety exists for the Russian soldier beyond the walls. If he goes forth to procure wood and water, he is obliged to be accompanied by a guard and field-pieces in the same manner as at the fortresses I have already mentioned; and notwithstanding all this precaution, they are every day falling victims to the bullets of an enemy the most insidious and indefatigable."

The only farther notices that we shall cite from the particulars of Captain Spencer's first visit to Circassia, will serve to increase the interest which every one of his readers must at once feel in behalf of its brave and patriarchal inhabitants. As the vessel in which he ailed, glided slowly along the shore, he says,

"We distinctly saw the little cots of the Circassians, with their smoking chimneys and farm-yards surrounded by groves of fruit-trees appearing as if the very abodes of contentment and peace; shepherds in their picturesque costume, with long spears in their hands, tended their flocks and herds; the agricultural fields were filled with men, women, and children, cutting down the waving corn; and camels and buffaloes, loaded with the produce, were slowly winding their homeward way through the deep valleys. It was

indeed a lovely picture, which blended the most sublime and picturesque scenery with the beauty of romantic rural life, and realized all that the most lively invention of a poet could create of an Arcadia.

"My eyes were never tired of resting on this vision of loveliness: to me it was novel, and I dwelt on it with feelings of painful regret, as a picture I never was to behold again, aware as I was of the fate to which this interesting people are destined, the formidable power against which they have to contend, and the judicious plans laid down to deprive them of their country and independence."

He also, when referring to one place, where he first saw the Circassians mingling on friendly terms with the Russian soldiers, declares that "assuredly a more striking contrast than the two people presented, both in physical appearance and moral expression, it is impossible to conceive."

We must now go forward and follow our author in his second expedition to Circassia, for his curiosity had been so much awakened by the former visit, that he determined at all risks to venture thither again, and to acquire, from personal inspection, as much information as possible concerning the interior of the country and the habits of the people. At last, though Trebizonde is infested with spies in the pay of Russia, and every harbour in those parts is blockaded, he discovered that a Turkish brigantine was preparing, in violation of every national stipulation, and in spite of the strictest vigilance, to carry a cargo of salt and ammunition to the Circassian coast. This vessel, by which he now sailed in the capacity of a Genoese doctor, was doubly manned, and in other respects fully prepared to repel any attack which might be made against it. Behold him once more approaching the longed-for coast off Pchad.

"On our captain hoisting a signal, well known to the Circassians, we heard several musket-shots fired in various directions through the woods, when, instantly, thousands of armed men lined the beach and sides of the mountains, appearing as if they had sprung up out of the earth; for, only a moment before, there was not a human being visible. Presently, several long boats, borne on the shoulders of the men to the beach, were launched, and we were boarded by dozens of stout fellows, singing in chorus, their 'ka, ri, ra,' who commenced unloading the cargo; and, in an incredibly short time, the whole, including our vessel, was ashore: the latter, snugly concealed from view, in a small river, shaded by majestic trees. This precaution was used in consequence of the destruction of several of their little barks, some days previous, by the Russians, who paid them an unwelcome visit; but, so far as we could understand from the natives, the enemy had suffered considerably in return, which obliged them to make a precipitate retreat to their ships."

But every danger to such a traveller as Captain Spencer was not overcome, even when he had set foot upon the welcome shore, in his assumed character; for he was adventuring himself among a warlike and excited people, who might mistake him for a Russian spy.

Nor were his difficulties few or slight, even when considered as a tourist who wishes to make himself acquainted with the people he visited. They were not only little understood by the civilized world, but their language, which is considered to hold no affinity with any other on the face of the earth, was altogether unknown to him; a language without literature too, and a different dialect of which is spoken by every tribe. Strong in purpose, however, and by no means a raw traveller, he equipped himself perfectly as a Circassian, from the rifle slung across his shoulders to the poniard that hung from his girdle, and got mounted upon a splendid charger, which cost about four pounds, but which "in England would be worth a hundred." The captain of the Turkish brigantine accompanied him to the chief of the district at which they touched, when they became objects of great curiosity, and soon were surrounded by not less than a thousand armed men, the greater number on horseback, who rent the air with their warlike songs. He says,

"I was first struck with their fine martial appearance, athletic forms, regular features, and the proud consciousness of freedom displayed in every glance and movement. The most accomplished cavalier in Europe could not sit his horse with greater ease and grace than did these wild mountaineers; and the symmetry of the noble animals that carried them I have never seen equalled, except in our own country. All this ill accorded with the poverty of their habiliments and accoutrements; but, whether they were habited in hemp, linen, the coarsest baize, or even sheep's-skin, I was compelled to admire the sensible shape of their vestments, and their admirable adaptation either to display the symmetry of the form, a defence against the weather, or an appropriate military costume."

We pass over some happy descriptions of lovely and romantic scenery, of tolerably well-cultivated grounds, and of pastoral habits. Having in our late review of Marigny's "Black Sea and Circassia," given various sketches of the domestic manners and the hospitality of the people under consideration, we must leave out many curious descriptions before us pertaining thereto. It is too striking, however, to be neglected, the account which is given of the younger portion of a particular family.

"During our rambles through the grounds, we found the wives and children of my host, with their slaves, employed in agricultural pursuits, or tending their flocks and herds. Some were engaged in reaping, others in milking the cows; and one fine-looking princess, with the force of an Amazon, was repairing a wooden fence with a hatchet. Among the children, there was a remarkably good-looking, curly-headed boy, and a girl, about eight or nine years of age, who seemed, in an especial degree, to possess the affection of the father. I was just in the act of extolling the beauty of the children, when I was fortunately checked in time by the captain; for though, in Europe, you win the heart of the parent, by praising his offspring; yet here, for the same compliment, you are accused of intending to extend over them the malign influence of the evil eye.

"The young urchins were not inappropriately named the 'Look of a Lion,' and the 'Speed of a Deer,' for the one was playing with the half-wild horses as if they were kittens, while the fair young princess displayed the utmost agility in driving her refractory charge of goats, cows, and buffaloes, to water."

Here is a picture not less characteristic. The author is on his way to the interior, to visit a highland chieftain.

"To attempt giving you a detailed description of my route is impossible, as it lay across a country, wild as if no other foot had trodden it save that of the beasts of the forest; it was not merely up hill and down dale, but over a succession of dizzy precipices, savage glens, and frightful defiles, bared, broken, entwined, and distorted—forming, altogether, a picture of Alpine scenery rarely witnessed in the most savage districts of Europe.

"Notwithstanding our ride was one of the most neck-breaking description, yet these daring mountaineers galloped over it with as much nonchalance as we should through a stubble-field in England; and, however elevated, yet every spot capable of producing vegetation was covered with the most splendid forest trees, and even, in some fertile patches, we found an Alpine cot, with its half wild inhabitant tending his goats. It was not till after ascending several thousand feet, that the peculiar character of the Caucasian mountains was developed; for, however precipitous or rocky the ascent may be, each invariably terminated in a fertile plateau, even at a height of between four and five thousand feet above the level of the sea. This is, perhaps, independent of their well-known bravery and patriotism, the principal cause that every attempt to subdue these people has been hitherto found impracticable; for, when driven from the plains, they ever found a secure retreat on the mountain tops till they recruited their forces, and then descended to annihilate their enemies."

Many things connected with the highland chief's establishment were remarkable, but it is only of a few scattered particulars notice can here be taken. For example—

"The residence of my host was quite as primitive in its construction as that I before described, the only difference being, that there were a few more detached cottages, and two or three, by way of distinction, were plastered outside with a species of mineral clay, found in the environs, which becomes, from exposure to the weather, exceedingly firm, and has not a bad effect. As to comforts and conveniences, none were visible, either in the furniture or the arrangements; the windows, open by day, were simply secured at night from the cold damp, by an ill-fitting shutter; and, during the severest weather, a piece of parchment is the substitute for glass.

"This total absence of domestic comforts was singularly contrasted with the splendid armour of the men, their gemmed weapons, noble horses, and rich housings; together with the magnificent Oriental costume of the women, who, in their dresses of gold brocade and silvered muslin, resembled so many peacocks, proudly strutting about a farm-yard. Still, the traveller arriving at the house of a Circassian chief has no reason to complain. The room appropriated to strangers is always furnished with a divan, pillows,

and coverlets: the cheer is by no means to be despised; and I do not think that any people ever tendered the cup of refreshment to the weary traveller with more genuine hospitality.

"On entering the strangers' apartment, to which the prince had the courtesy to conduct me himself, his squire, according to the general custom of this people, divested me of the whole of my weapons, and hung them up on the walls of the room with those of his master, except the poniard, which a Circassian never parts with, being considered a part of his costume. How like the warriors of ancient Greece!

"And now with friendly force his hand he grasped,
Then led him in within his palace halls;
His coat of mail and glittering helm unclasped,
And hung the splendid armour on the walls;
For there, Ulysses' arms, neglected, dim,
Are left, nor more the conqueror's crown will win."

To return for a moment to the question of Russian subjugation, (every particular, by-the-bye, which the author relates leads the mind to recognise circumstances that tend to increase the hopes of its difficulty or impossibility),—Captain Spencer reiterates, that a due consideration of Circassia, its defiles, and the warlike spirit of the people, forces him to assert that "nothing but the overwhelming force of the Russian army, their formidable material of war, and fortified positions," can enable them even to retain possession of their forts; and that "if the mountaineers knew but the value of a few light howitzers, there cannot be a doubt," he adds, "that the Russians would be exposed to annihilation, should they attempt to advance into the interior.

"The guerilla system has taken such root in the Caucasus during the protracted strife between the Circassians and their neighbours, that it has attained the highest state of perfection, being the mode of warfare best adapted to the force and hardy habits of the people. The chiefs—men of the most undoubted bravery—assured of the inviolable faith and attachment of their clans, undertake the most romantic expeditions, and rarely fail in accomplishing the object they have in view with an activity and address perfectly astonishing.

"Every station occupied by the enemy, though bristling with guns, is nevertheless, insufficient to protect them. These wily mountaineers will lie concealed for whole days at their very gates, and, when a convenient moment presents itself, pounce upon their prey like a tiger, and fly off to the mountains. Besides, the Circassians, acting independently and in small bodies under their own respective chieftains, are a constant source of inquietude, and give perpetual occupation to whole brigades. Therefore, you may be assured, unless the tide of public feeling should change in favour of Russia, which is by no means probable, she will not succeed in her attempts to subdue these provinces even with a force of three hundred thousand men, for it would take that amount alone to occupy the passes of the mountains, that everywhere intersect the country, in order to stop any communication between the chiefs."

Our author also states, that he had been informed of the use of the lasso having been introduced amongst the Circassians, the strictness of the blockade, and the want of a sufficient supply of powder having driven them to this ingenious method of capturing their enemies, even within the very precincts of the fortified places. The chiefs also have come under an oath to sink all clanship feuds, and to join in one common cause against the invaders, and never to sheathe their swords till they have been banished from the land.

We must, however, reluctantly shut these volumes, every page of which contains some most attractive or valuable information. Many are the topics to which the author addresses himself. Two distinct subjects are the only portions of the work which we can farther cite; but each of these carry with them no ordinary degree of interest.

"Beauty of feature, and symmetry of form, for which this people are celebrated, is no chimera (and some of the finest statues of the ancients do not display, in their proportions, greater perfection); but, it is the singular degree of animation in the eye, so generally observable, that most arrests attention: when this is exhibited in a high degree in the men, it gives an expression of great ferocity to the countenance; and, when we see a warrior, mounted on his fiery steed, armed and equipped for battle, brandishing his scimitar in the air, bending, turning, and stopping at full gallop, with unequalled agility and grace of action, he realizes every idea of Homer's Hector. The complexion of both sexes is far more ruddy and fresh than might be expected in such a latitude. In that of the women, delicately so, who, aware, like their sex in Europe, of the advantage of a pretty person, use every artificial means by cosmetics, &c., to improve their beauty. Still, the traveller who may read my account, and expects to find the whole population such as I have described, will be wofully disappointed, should he find himself, on arriving in Circassia, surrounded by a tribe of Nogay Tartars, Calmucks, Turcomans, or even the Lesghi. The latter, however, a fine warlike race, are nearly equal, in personal appearance, to the Circassians, but more ferocious in character, and less refined in manners. The Caucasian valleys having been, in all ages, the asylum of those who fled from oppression in the neighbouring countries, we everywhere find tribes differing from each other in appearance, customs, and manners."

The following statement necessarily forces one to exclaim—how little has hitherto been known of the Caucasian people!

"From the number of weapons found among this people of European fabrication, and said to have belonged to the Crusaders, it is highly probable that the natives of the Caucasus were engaged in war against the Christians; or, perhaps, the soldiers of the cross, having been captured by the Turks, escaped from them to the mountains of the Caucasus; but being considerably the minority in the population, adopted, in process of time, the manners cumstoms, and religion of the natives, and finally became amalgamated with them. This opinion is corroborated by a fact, which I give you on the united testimony of several Armenian merchants who had visited that part of the country. It appears that at the base of the Caucasus,

a tribe still exists, called Khervisour, who have preserved among them Christianity to the present day, and in manners and customs differ entirely from every other, and are not exceeded by any in bravery or in their love of independence. They are still habited in ancient armour; the figure of a cross distinguishes their bucklers, and one of red cloth is constantly worn on the breast. It is generally supposed, from the similarity of their weapons with those of the Normans and French of the middle ages, that they are descended from Gallic ancestors. We were also informed by the Armenian merchants, that in the interior of Abasia, between Soubachi and the Alps, a greater number of remnants of the ancient Christians exist than in any part of Circassia. Several churches are in tolerable preservation, and, from the accounts of our informants, must have been fine buildings. They also assured us that some of them even still contained the sacred books and ancient armour which, according to the traditions of the natives, were deposited there by a band of Christian warriors as votive offerings, in gratitude for their deliverance from the infidels. At all events, a statement of these particulars may serve to guide the research of future travellers, who may be disposed to explore this part of the Caucasian mountains in pursuit of antiquities."

ART. VI.—*Camillo, o Vejo Conquistata.* Par CARLO BOTTA. Edizione Secunda. Milan.

THE characteristics of an Italian school are nowhere so discernible in English literary history, as under the reign of Elizabeth. At the period when England was most strenuous in breaking off her spiritual relations with Italy, she cultivated most closely her intellectual. It is hardly necessary to name either the cotemporary dramatists, or Surrey, Sidney, and Spenser, the former of whom derived the plots of many of their most popular plays, as the latter did the forms, and frequently the spirit of their poetical compositions, from Italian models. The translations of the same period were in several instances superior to any which have been since produced. Harrington's version of the "Orlando Furioso," with all its inaccuracy, is far superior to the cumbrous monotony of Hoole. Of Fairfax, the elegant translator of Tasso, it is enough to say, that he is styled by Dryden "the poetical father of Waller, and quoted by him in conjunction with Spenser, as "one of the greatest masters in our language." The popularity of the Italian was so great even in Ascham's day, who did not survive the first half of Elizabeth's reign, as to draw from the learned schoolmaster much peevish animadversion upon what he terms, "the enchantments of Circe, fond books of late translated out of Italian into English, and sold in every shop in London." It gradually lost this wide authority during the succeeding century. This was but natural. Before the time of Elizabeth, all the light of learning which fell upon the world had

come from Italy, and our own literature, like a young and tender plant, insensibly put forth its branches most luxuriantly, in the direction whence it felt this invigorating influence. As it grew in years and hardihood, it sent its fibres deeper into its own soil, and drew thence the nourishment which enabled it to assume its fair and full proportions. Milton, it is true, the brightest name on the poetical records of that period, cultivated it with eminent success. Any one acquainted with the writings of Dante, Pulci, and Tasso, will understand the value and the extent of Milton's obligations to the Italian. He was far from desiring to conceal them, and he has paid many a tribute "of melodious verse" to the sources from which he drew so much of the nourishment of his exalted genius. "To imitate, as he has done," in the language of Boileau, "is not to act the part of a plagiary, but of a rival." Milton is, moreover, one of the few writers who have succeeded so far in comprehending the niceties of a foreign tongue, as to be able to add something to its poetical wealth; and his Italian sonnets are written with such purity as to have obtained commendations even from the Tuscan critics.

Epic romance has continued to be a great favourite in that country ever since its first introduction into the polished circles at Florence and Ferrara, towards the close of the fifteenth century. It has held much the same rank in its ornamental literature, which the drama once enjoyed in the English, and which historical novel writing maintains now. It hardly seems credible that an enlightened people should long continue to take great satisfaction in poems, founded on the same extravagant fictions, and spun out to the appalling length of twenty, thirty, nay, forty cantos of a thousand verses each. But the Italians, like most southern nations, delight exceedingly in the uncontrolled play of the imagination, and they abandon themselves to all its brilliant illusions, with no other object in view than mere recreation. An Englishman looks for a moral, or at least for some sort of instruction, from the wildest work of fiction. But an Italian goes to it, as he would go to the opera—to get impressions, rather than ideas. He is extremely sensible to the fine tones of his native language, and under the combined influence produced by the colouring of a lavish fancy, and the music of a voluptuous versification, he seldom stoops to a cold analysis of its purpose or its probability.

Romantic fiction, however, which flourished so exuberantly under a warm southern sky, was transplanted from the colder regions of Normandy and England. It is remarkable that both these countries, in which it had its origin, should have ceased to cultivate it at the very period when the perfection of their respective languages would have enabled them to do so with entire success. We believe

this remark requires no qualification in regard to France. Spenser affords one illustrious exception among the English.

It was not until long after the extinction of this species of writing in the north, that it re-appeared in Italy. The commercial habits and the republican institutions of the Italians in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were most unfavourable to the spirit of chivalry, and consequently to the fables which grew out of it. The three patriarchs of their literature, moreover, by the light which, in this dark period, they threw over other walks of imagination, turned the attention of their countrymen from those of romance. Dante, indeed, who resembled Milton in so many other particulars, showed a similar predilection for the ancient tales of chivalry. His *commedia* contains several encomiastic allusions to them, but, like the English bard, he contented himself with these, and chose a subject better suited to his ambitious genius, and inflexible temper. His poem, it is true, was of too eccentric a character to be widely imitated, and both Boccacio and Petrarch, with less talent, had a more extensive influence over the taste of their nation. The garrulous graces of the former, and the lyrical finish of the latter, are still solicited in the lighter compositions of Italy. Lastly, the discoveries of ancient manuscripts at home, and the introduction of others from Constantinople, when that rich depository of Grecian science fell into the hands of the barbarian, gave a new direction to the intellectual enterprise of Italian scholars, and withdrew them almost wholly from the further cultivation of their infant literature.

Owing to these circumstances, the introduction of the chivalrous epoch was protracted to the close of the fifteenth century, when its first successful specimens were produced at the accomplished court of the Medici. The encouragement extended by this illustrious family to every branch of intellectual culture, has been too often the subject of encomium to require from us any particular animadversion. Lorenzo, especially, by uniting in his own person the scholarship and talent which he so liberally rewarded in others, contributed more than all to the effectual promotion of an enlightened taste among his countrymen. Even his amusements were subservient to it; and the national literature may be fairly said, at this day, to retain somewhat of the character communicated to it by his elegant recreations. His delicious villas at Fiesole and Cajano are celebrated by the scholars, who, in the silence of their shades, pursued with him the studies of his favorite philosophy and of poetry. Even the sensual pleasures of the banquet were relieved by the inventions of wit and fancy. Lyrical composition, which, notwithstanding its peculiar adaptation to the flexible movements of the Italian tongue, had fallen into neglect, was revived, and together with the first eloquent productions of the romantic muse, was recited at the table of Lorenzo.

Of the guests who frequented it, Pulci and Politian are the names most distinguished, and the only ones connected with our present subject. The latter of these was received into the family of Lorenzo as the preceptor of his children; an office for which he seems to have been better qualified by his extraordinary attainments than by his disposition. Whatever may have been the asperity of his temper, however, his poetical compositions breathe the perfect spirit of harmony. The most remarkable of these, distinguished as the "Verses of Politian," (Stanze di Poliziano) is a brief fragment of an epic, whose purpose was to celebrate the achievements of Julian de Medici, a younger brother of Lorenzo, at a tournament exhibited at Florence in 1468. This would appear but a meagre basis for the structure of a great poem. Politian, however, probably in consequence of the untimely death of Julian, his hero, abandoned it in the middle of the second canto, even before he had reached the event which was to constitute the subject of his story.

The incidents of the poem, thus abruptly terminated, are of no great account. We have a portrait of Julian, a hunting expedition, a love adventure, a digression into the island of Venus, which takes up about half the canto, and a vision of the hero, which ends just as the tournament, the subject of the piece, is about to begin, and with it, like the "fabric of a vision," ends the poem also. In this short space, however, the poet has concentrated all the beauties of his art, the melody of a musical ear, and the inventions of a plastic fancy. His island of love, in particular, is emblazoned with those gorgeous splendours, which have since been borrowed for the enchanted gardens of Alcina, Armida, and Acrasia.

But this little fragment is not recommended, at least to an English reader, so much by its oriental pomp of imagery, as by its more quiet and delicate pictures of external nature. Brilliancy of imagination is the birthright of the Italian poet, as much as a sober contemplative vein is of the English. This is the characteristic of almost all their best and most popular poetry, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The two great poets of the fourteenth approach much nearer to the English character. Dante shows not only deeper reflection than is common with his countrymen, but in parts of his work, in the *Purgatorio* more especially, manifests a sincere relish for natural beauty, by his most accurate pictures of rural objects and scenery. Petrarch cherished the recollections of an unfortunate passion, until we may say, without any mystical perversion of language, it became a part of his intellectual existence. This gave a tender and melancholy expression to his poems, more particularly to those written after the death of Laura, quite as much English as Italian. Love furnishes the great theme and impulse to the Italian poet. It is not too much to say, that all their principal versifiers have written under the inspiration of a real or pretended

passion. It is to them what a less showy and less exclusive sensibility is to an Englishman. The latter acknowledges the influence of many other affections and relations in life. The death of a friend is far more likely to excite his muse, than the smiles or frowns of his mistress. The Italian seldom dwells on melancholy reminiscences, but writes under the impulse of a living and ardent passion. Petrarch did both; but in the poetry which he composed after the death of his mistress, exalted as it is by devotional sentiment, he deviated from the customs of his nation, and adopted an English tone of feeling. A graver spirit of reflection, and a deeper sympathy for the unobtrusive beauties of nature, are observable in some of their later writers; but these are not primitive elements in the Italian character. Gay, brilliant, imaginative, are the epithets which best indicate the character of their literature during its most flourishing periods; and the poetry of Italy seems to reflect as clearly her unclouded skies and glowing landscape, as that of England does the tranquil and somewhat melancholy complexion of her climate.

The Verses of Politian, to return from our digression, contain many descriptions distinguished by the calm, moral beauty of which we have been speaking. Resemblances may be traced between these passages and the writings of some of our best English poets.

The Latin prose of Politian may be consulted by an antiquary; his Latin poetry must be admired by scholars of taste; but his few Italian verses constitute the basis of his high reputation at this day with the great body of his countrymen. He wrote several lyrical pieces, and a short pastoral drama, (Orfèo) the first of a species, which afterwards grew into such repute under the hands of Tasso and Guarini. All of these bear the same print of his genius. One cannot but regret, that so rare a mind should, in conformity with the perverse taste of the age, have abandoned the freshness of a living tongue for the ungrateful culture of a dead one. His "Stanze," the mere prologue of an epic, still survive amid the complete and elaborate productions of succeeding poets; they may be compared to the graceful portico of some unfinished temple, which time and taste have respected, and which remains, as in the days of its architect, a beautiful ruin.

Luigi Pulci, the other eminent poet, whom we mentioned as a frequent guest at the table of Lorenzo de Medici, was of a noble family, and the youngest of three brothers, all of them even more distinguished by their accomplishments than by birth. There seems to be nothing worthy of particular record in his private history. He is said to have possessed a frank and merry disposition, and to judge from his great poem, as well as from some lighter pieces of burlesque satire, which he bandied with one of his friends, whom he was in the habit of meeting at the house of Lorenzo, he was not particularly fastidious in his humour. His "Morgante

Maggiore" is reported to have been written at the request of Lorenzo's mother, and recited at his table. It is a genuine epic of chivalry, containing twenty-eight cantos, founded on the traditionary defeat, the "dolorosa rotta" of Charlemagne and his peers, in the valley of Roncesvalles. It adheres much more closely than any of the other Italian romances to the lying chronicle of Turpin.

With the exception of Orlando, Pulci has shown no great skill in delineation of character. Charlemagne and Ganelon are the prominent personages. The latter is a parody on traitors; he is a traitor to common sense. Charlemagne is a superannuated dupe, with just credulity sufficient to dovetail into all the cunning contrivances of Gan. The women have neither refinement nor virtue. The knights have none of the softer graces of chivalry; they bully and swagger like the rude heroes of Homer, and are exclusively occupied with the merciless extermination of infidels. We meet with none of the imagery, the rich sylvan scenery, so lavishly diffused through the epics of Ariosto and Boiardo. The machinery bears none of the airy touches of an Arabian pencil, but is made out of the cold excrescences of northern superstition, dwarfs, giants, and necromancers. Before quitting Pulchi, we must point out a passage, (canto xxv. st. 229, 230,) in which a devil announces to Rinaldo, the existence of another continent beyond the ocean, inhabited by mortals like himself. The theory of gravitation is also plainly intimated. As the poem was written before the voyages of Columbus, and before the physical discoveries of Galileo and Copernicus, the predictions are extremely curious*. The fiend alluding to the vulgar superstition entertained of the pillars of Hercules, thus addresses his companion—

> Know that this theory is false; his bark
> The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
> The western wave, a smooth and level plain,
> Albeit the earth is fashion'd like a wheel.
> Man was in ancient days of grosser mould,
> And Hercules might blush to learn how far
> Beyond the limits he had vainly set,
> The dullest seaboat soon shall wing her way.
> Men shall descry another hemisphere,
> Since to one common centre all things tend;
> So earth, by curious mystery divine
> Well balanced, hangs amid the starry spheres.

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* Dante, two centuries before, had also expressed the same belief in an undiscovered quarter of the globe.

> De' vostri sensi, ch'è del rimanente,
> Non vogliate negar l'esperienza,
> *Directro al sol del, mondo senza gente.*
>
> *Inferno.* Can. xxv. 115.

At our Antipodes are cities, states,
And thronged empires, ne'er divined of yore.
But see, the Sun speeds on his western path
To glad the nations with expected light.

Notwithstanding the good faith and poetical elevation of its concluding cantos, the Morgante, according to our apprehension, is anything but a serious romance. Not that it shows a disposition to satire, above all to the religious satire often imputed to it, but there is a light banter, a vein of fun running through the greater portion of it, which is quite the opposite of the lofty spirit of chivalry. Romantic fiction among our Norman ancestors, grew so directly out of the feudal relations and adventurous spirit of the age, that it was treated with all the gravity of historical record. When reproduced in the polite and artificial societies of Italy, the same fictions wore an air of ludicrous extravagance, which would no longer admit of their being repeated seriously. Recommended, however, by a proper seasoning of irony, they might still amuse as ingenious tales of wonder. The circle for whom Pulci composed his epic was peculiarly distinguished by that fondness for good humoured raillery, which may be considered a national trait with his countrymen.

It seems to have been the delight of Lorenzo de Medici, as it was afterwards in a more remarkable degree of his son Leo Tenth, to abandon himself to the most unreserved social freedoms with the friends whom he collected around his table. The satirical epigrams, which passed there in perfect good humour between his guests, show, at least, full as much merriment as manners. Macchiavelli concludes his history of Florence with an elaborate portrait of Lorenzo, in which he says, that "he took greater delight in frivolous pleasures, and in the society of jesters and satirists than became so great a man." The historian might have been austere in his commentary upon Lorenzo's taste, since he was not particularly fastidious in the selection of his own amusements.

At the close of the fifteenth century, Italy was divided into a number of small but independent states, whose petty sovereigns vied with each other, not merely in the poor parade of royal pageantry, but in the liberal endowment of scientific institutions, and the patronage of learned men. Almost very Italian scholar was attached to some one or other of these courtly circles, and a generous, enlightened emulation sprung up among the states of Italy, such as had never before existed in any other age or country. Among the republics of ancient Greece the rivalship was political. Their literature, from the time of Solon, was exclusively Athenian. An interesting picture of the cultivated manners and intellectual pleasures of these little courts may be gathered from the Cortigiano

of Castiglione; which contains in the introduction a particular account of the pursuits and pastimes at the court of his sovereign, the Duke of Urbino.

None of these Italian states made so shining a figure in literary history as the insignificant duchy of Ferrara. The foul crimes, which defile the domestic annals of the family of Este, have been forgotten in the munificent patronage extended by them to letters. The librarians of the Biblioteca Estense, Muratori and Tiraboschi, have celebrated the virtues of their native princes with the encomiastic pen of loyalty; while Ariosto and Tasso, whose misfortunes furnish but an indifferent commentary upon these eulogiums, offering to them the grateful incense of poetic adulation, have extended their names still wider, by inscribing them upon their immortal epics. Their patronage had the good fortune, not always attending patronage, of developing genius. Those models of the pastoral drama, the "Aminta" of Tasso, and the "Pastor Fido" of Guarini, whose luxury of expression, (notwithstanding the dictum of Dr Johnson,) it has been found as difficult to imitate in their own tongue, as it is impossible to translate into any other; the comedies and Horatian satires of Ariosto; the "Secchia Rapita" of Tassoni, the acknowledged model of the mock heroic poems of Pope and Boileau; and, finally, the three great epics of Italy, the "Orlando Innamorato," the "Furioso," and the "Gerusalemme Liberata," were all produced in the brief compass of a century, within the limited dominions of the House of Este. Dante had reproached Ferrara, in the thirteenth century, with never having been illustrated by the name of a poet.

Boiardo, Count of Scandiano, the author of the Orlando Innamorato, the first born of these epics, was a subject of Hercules First Duke of Ferrara, and by him appointed governor of Reggio. His military conduct in that office, and his learned translations from the ancient classics, show him to have been equally accomplished as a soldier and as a scholar. In the intervals of war, to which his active life was devoted, he amused himself with the composition of his long poem. He had spun this out into the sixty-seventh canto, without showing any disposition to bring it to a conclusion, when his literary labours were suddenly interrupted, as he informs us in his parting stanza, by the invasion of the French into Italy, in 1494, and in the same year the author died. The "Orlando Innamorato," as it advanced, had been read by its author to his friends; but no portion of it was printed till after his death, and its extraordinary merits were not then widely estimated, in consequence of its antiquated phraseology and Lombard provincialisms. Berni, in little more then thirty years after the death of Boiardo, new moulded the poem, with so much dexterity as to retain the substance of every

verse in the original, and yet to clothe them in the seductive graces of his own classical idiom.

The history of letters affords no stronger example of the power of style, than the different fate of these two productions of Berni and Boiardo. We doubt whether the experiment would have been attended with the same result, among a people, by whom the nicer beauties of expression are less cultivated; as with the English, for example. If we may judge from the few specimens which we have seen extracted from the Italian original, Chaucer exhibits a more obsolete and exotic phraseology than Boiardo. Yet the partial attempt of Dryden to invest the father of English poetry with a modernised costume, has had little success; and the little epic of "Palamon and Arcite (The Knight's Tale)" is much more highly relished in the rude but muscular diction of Chaucer, than in the polished version of his imitator.

Berni has had the distinction of conferring his name on a peculiar species of Italian composition. The epithet "Bernesco," is not derived, however, as has been incorrectly stated by some foreign scholars, from his reformed version of the "Orlando," but from his smaller pieces, his "Capitoli," more especially. It is difficult to convey a correct and adequate notion of this kind of satirical trifling, since its chief excellence results from idiomatic felicities of expression, that refuse to be transplanted into a foreign tongue, and there is no imitation of it that we recollect in our own language. It is a misapplication of the term Bernesque to apply it, as has been sometimes done, to the ironical style supposed to have been introduced by Lord Byron in his "Beppo" and "Don Juan." The clear, unequivocal vein of irony, which plays through the sportive sallies of the Italian, has no resemblance to the subdued, but caustic, sneer of the Englishman. Nor does it, in our opinion, resemble in the least Peter Pindar's burlesque satire, to which an excellent critic in Italian poetry has compared it. Pindar is much too unrefined in versification and in diction, to justify the parallel. Italian poetry always preserves the purity of its expression, however coarse or indecent may be the topic on which it is employed. The subjects of many of these poems are of the most whimsical and trivial nature. We find some in "Lode della Peste, del Debito," &c. Several in commendation of the delicacies of the table, of "jellies," "eels," or any other dainty, which pleased his Epicurean palate. These "Capitoli," like most of the compositions of this polished versifier, furnish a perfect example of the triumph of style. The sentiments, sometimes indelicate, and often puerile, may be considered, like the worthless insects occasionally found in amber, indebted for their preservation to the beautiful substance in which they are imbedded.

In little more than twenty years after the death of Boiardo, Ariosto gave to the world his first edition of the "Orlando Furioso."

The celebrity of the "Innamorato" made Ariosto prefer building upon this sure foundation, to casting a new one of his own; and as his predecessor had fortunately left all the dramatis personæ of his unfinished epic alive upon the stage, he had only to continue their histories to the end of the drama. "As the former of these two poems has no termination, and the latter no regular beginning, they may both be considered as forming one complete epic." The latter half was, however, destined not only to supply the deficiences, but to eclipse the glories of the former.

Ariosto at first intended to adopt the terza rima of Dante; indeed the introductory verses of his poem in this measure are still preserved. He soon abandoned it, however, for the ottava rima, which is much better adapted to the light, rambling, picturesque narrative of the romantic epic. Every stanza furnishes a little picture in itself, and the perpetual recurrence of the same rhyme produces not only a most agreeable melody to the ear, but is very favourable to a full and more powerful development of the poet's sentiments. Instances of the truth of this remark must be familiar to every reader of Ariosto. It has been applied by Warton, and withequal justice to Spenser, whom the similar repetition of identical cadences often leads to a copious and beautiful expansion of imagery. Spenser's stanza differs materially from the Italian ottava rima, in having one more rhyme, and in the elongated Alexandrine with which it is concluded. This gave to his verses "the long majestic march" well suited to the sober sublimity of his genius. But the additional rhyme much increased its metrical difficulties, already, from the comparative infrequency of assonances in our language, far superior to those of the Italian. This has few compound sounds, but rolling wholly upon the five open vowels, a, e, i, o, u, affords a prodigious number of corresponding terminations. Hence their facility of improvisation. Voltaire observes, that in the "Jerusalem Delivered," not more than seven words terminate in u, and expresses his astonishment that we do not find a greater monotony in the constant recurrence of only four rhymes. The reason may be that in Italian poetry, the rhyme falls both upon the penultima and the final syllable of each verse; and as these two syllables in the same word turn upon different vowels, a greater variety is given to the melody. This double rhyming termination, moreover, gives an inexpressible lightness and delicacy to Italian poetry, very different from the broad comic, which similar compound rhymes, no doubt from the infrequency of their application to serious subjects, communicate to the English.

The "Orlando Furioso" went through six editions in the author's lifetime, two of which he supervised; and it passed through sixty in the course of the same century. Its poetic pretensions were of too exalted a character to allow it to be regarded as a mere fairy tale; but it sorely puzzled the pedantic critics, both of that and of

the succeeding age, to find out a justification for admitting it with all its fanatic eccentricities into the ranks of epic poetry.

Ariosto's narratives are complicated and interrupted in a most provoking manner. This has given offence to some of his warmest admirers, and to the severe taste of Alfieri in particular. Yet this fault, if indeed it be one, seems imputable to the art, not to the artist. He but followed preceding romancers, and conformed to the laws of his peculiar species of poetry. This involution of the narrative may be even thought to afford a relief, and an agreeable contrast by its intermixture of grave and comic incidents. At least, this is the apology set up for the same peculiarities of our own romantic drama. But whatever exceptions may be taken by the acuteness or ignorance of critics at the conduct of the "Orlando Furioso," the sagacity of its general plan is best vindicated by its wide and permanent popularity in its own country. None of their poets is so universally read by the Italians; and the epithet *divine*, which the homage of an enlightened few had before appropriated to Dante, has been conferred by the voice of the whole nation upon the "Homer of Ferrara." While those who copied the classical models of antiquity are forgotten, Ariosto, according to the beautiful eulogium of Tasso, "Partendo dalle vestigie degli Antichi Scrittori e dalle regole d' Aristotile, è letto e riletto da tutte l'età, da tutti i sessi, noto a tutte le lingue, ringiovanisce sempre nella sua fama, o vola glorioso per le lingue' de' mortali."

The name of Ariosto most naturally suggests that of Tasso, his illustrious but unfortunate rival in the same brilliant career of epic poetry; for these two seem to hold the same relative rank, and to shed a lustre over the Italian poetry of the sixteenth century, like that reflected by Dante and Petrarch upon the fourteenth. The interest always attached to the misfortunes of genius has been heightened in the case of Tasso, by the veil of mystery thrown over them; and while his sorrows have been consecrated by the "melodious tear" of the poet, the causes of them have furnished a most fruitful subject of speculation to the historian.

He had been early devoted by his father to the study of jurisprudence; but, as with Ariosto, a love for the Muses seduced him from his severer duties. His father remonstrated; but Tasso at the age of sventeen, produced his "Rinaldo," an epic in twelve cantos, and the admiration which it excited throughout Italy, silenced all future opposition on the part of his parent. In 1565, Tasso, then twenty-one years of age, was received into the family of the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, to whom he had dedicated his precocious epic. The brilliant assemblage of rank and beauty at the little court of Ferrara excited the visions of the youthful poet, while its richly endowed libraries and learned societies furnished a more solid nourishment to his understanding. Under these influences, he was

perpetually giving some new display of his poetic talent. His vein flowed freely in lyrical composition, and he is still regarded as one of the most perfect models in that saturated species of national poetry. In 1573, he produced his "Aminta," which, in spite of its conceits, and pastoral extravagancies, exhibited such a union of literary finish and voluptuous sentiment as was to be found in no other Italian poem. It was translated into all the cultivated tongues in Europe, and was followed, during the lifetime of its author, by more than twenty imitations in Italy. No valuable work ever gave birth to a more worthless progeny. The "Pastor Fido" of Guarini is by far the best of these imitations; but its elaborate luxury of wit is certainly not comparable to the simple, unsolicited beauties of the original. Tasso was, however, chiefly occupied with the composition of his great epic. He had written six cantos in a few months, but he was nearly ten years in completing it. He wrote with the rapidity of genius, but corrected with scrupulous deliberation. His "Letters" show the unwearied pains which he took to obtain the counsel of his friends; and his critical "Discourses" prove that no one could stand less in need of such counsel than himself. In 1575 he completed his "Jerusalem Delivered." Thus, before he had reached his thirty-second year, Tasso, as a lyric, epic, and dramatic writer, may be fairly said to have earned a threefold immortality in the highest walks of his art. His subsequent fate shows that literary glory rests upon no surer basis than the accidental successes of worldly ambition.

Tasso's sentiments are distinguished, in our opinion, by a moral grandeur surpassing that of any other Italian poet. His devout mind seems to have been fully inspired with the spirit of his subject. We say, in our opinion, for an eminent German critic, F. Schlegel, is disposed to deny him this merit. We think in this instance he must have proposed to himself, what is too frequent with the Germans, an ideal and exaggerated standard of elevation. A few stanzas (st. 1 to 19.) in the fourth canto of the "Jerusalem," may be said to contain almost the whole argument of the "Paradise Lost." The convocation of the devils in the dark abyss, the picture of Satan, whom he injudiciously names Pluto, his sublime address to his confederates, in which he alludes to their rebellion, and the subsequent creation of man, were the germs of Milton's most glorious conceptions. Dante had before shadowed forth Satan, but it was only in the physical terrors of a hideous aspect and gigantic stature. The ancients had clothed the Furies in the same external deformities. Tasso, in obedience to the popular opinion of his age, gave to the Devil similar attributes, but he invested his character with a moral sublimity, which raised it to the arank of divine intelligences.

"Ebbero i più felici allor vittori
Rimase a noi d'invitto ardir la gloria.
"Sia destin ciò ch'io voglio."

In the literal version of Milton,

——— "What I will is fate."

Sentiments like these also give to Satan in "Paradise Lost," his superb and terrific majesty. Milton, however, gave a finer finish to the portrait, by dispensing altogether with the bugbear deformities of his person, and by depicting it as a form that

"Had yet not lost
All its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruin'd."

It seems to us a capital mistake in Tasso, to have made so little use of the *diablerie*, which he has so powerfully portrayed. Almost all the machinations of the infidels in the subsequent cantos turn upon the agency of petty necromancers.

Tasso frequently deepens the expression of his pictures by some skilful moral allusion. How finely has he augmented the misery of the soldier, perishing under a consuming drought before the walls of Jerusalem, by recalling to his imagination the cool and crystal waters, with which he had once been familiar.

"Se alcun giammai tra frondeggianti rive
Puro vide stagnar liquido argento,
O giù precipitose ir acque vive
Per alpe, o'n piaggia erbosa a passo lento;
Quelle al vago desio forma e descrive,
E ministra materia al suo tormento;
Che l'imagine lor gelida e molle
L'asciuga e scabda e nel pensier ribolle."
Can. XIII. *st.* 60.

The Italians have a copious variety of narrative poetry, and are very nice in their subdivisions of it. We have hardly room to touch upon the "Secchia Rapita," *(Rape of the Bucket,)* of Tassoni, the model of the mock-heroic poems afterwards frequent in Italy, of Boileau's "Lutrin," and of the "Rape of the Lock." Tassoni, its author, was a learned and noble Modenese, who, after a life passed in the heats of literary controversies, to which he had himself given rise, died 1635, aged seventy-one. The subject of the poem is a war carried on between Modena and Bologna, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, in consequence of a wooden bucket having been carried off from the market-place in the latter city, by an invading party of the former. This memorable trophy has been preserved down to the present day in the cathedral of Modena. Tassoni's epic will confer upon it a more lasting existence.

The Bucket, which so sorely had offended,
In the Great Tower, where yet it may be found,
Was from on high by ponderous chain suspended,
And with a marble cope environ'd round.

By portals five the entrance is defended;
Nor cavalier of note is that way bound,
Nor pious pilgrim, but doth pause to see
The spoil so glorious of the victory.
Can. 1. *st.* 63.

Gironi, in his life of the poet, triumphantly adduces in evidence of the superiority of the Italian epic over the French mock heroic poem of Boileau, that the subject of the former is far more insignificant than that of the latter, and yet the poem has twelve cantos, being twice the number of the "Lutrin." He might have added that each canto contains about six hundred lines, instead of two hundred, the average complement of the French, so that Tassoni's epic has the glory of being twelve times as long as Boileau's, and all about a bucket! This is somewhat characteristic of the Italians. What other people would good-humouredly endure such an interminable epic upon so trivial an affair, which had taken place more than four centuries before? To make amends, however, for the want of pungency in a satire on transactions of such an antiquated date, Tassoni has besprinkled his poem very liberally with allusions to living characters.

Italy, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was inundated with crude and insipid romances, distributed into all the varieties of epic poetry. The last one, however, of sufficient importance to require our notice, namely, the "Ricciardetto" of Nicholas Fortiguerra appeared as late as 1738. After two centuries of marvellous romance, Charlemagne and his paladins became rather insipid dramatis personæ. What could not be handled seriously, however, might be ridiculed; and the smile, half suppressed by Ariosto and Berni, broke out into broad buffoonery in the poem of Fortiguerra.

The "Ricciardetto" may be considered the Don Quixote of Italy; for although it did not bring about that revolution in the national taste ascribed to the Spanish romance, yet it is, like that, an unequivocal parody upon the achievements of knight errantry. It may be doubted whether Don Quixote itself was not the consequence, rather than the cause of the revolution in the national taste. Fortiguerra pursued an opposite method to Cervantes, and instead of introducing his crackbrained heroes into the realities of vulgar life, he made them equally ridiculous by involving them in the most absurd caricatures of romantic fiction.

We have now traced the course of Italian epic poetry down to the middle of the last century. It has by no means become extinct since that period; and, among others, Botta has contributed his share to the epopee of his country, in his "Camillo, o Vejo Conquistata." Almost every Italian writer has a poetic vein within

him, which, if it does not find a vent in sonnets or canzones, will flow out into more formidable compositions.

In glancing over the long range of Italian narrative poems, one may be naturally led to the reflection, that the most prolific branch of the national literature is devoted *exclusively* to purposes of mere amusement. Brilliant inventions, delicate humour, and a beautiful colouring of language, are lavished upon all; but, with the exception of the "Jerusalem," we rarely meet with sublime or ennobling sentiments, and very rarely with anything like a moral or philosophical purpose. Madame de Staël has attempted to fasten a reproach on the whole body of Italian letters—"that, with the exception of their works on physical science, they have never been directed to *utility*." The imputation, applied in this almost unqualified manner, is unjust. The language has been enriched by the valuable reflections of too many historians, the solid labours of too many antiquaries and critics, to be thus lightly designated. The learned lady may have found a model for her own comprehensive manner of philosophising, and an ample refutation of her assertion, in Macchiavelli alone. In their works of imagination, however, such an imputation appears to be well merited. The Italians seem to demand from these nothing further than from a fine piece of music; where the heart is stirred, the ear soothed, but the understanding not a whit refreshed. The splendid apparitions of their poets' fancy fade away from the mind of the reader, and like the enchanted fabrics, described in their romances, leave not a trace behind them.

In the works of fancy in our language, fiction is almost universally made subservient to more important and nobler purposes. The ancient drama, and novels, the modern prose drama, exhibit historical pictures of manners, and accurate delineations of character. Most of the English poets in other walks, from the "moral Gower" to Cowper, Crabbe, and Wordsworth, have made their verses the elegant vehicles of religious or practical truth. Even descriptive poetry in England interprets the silence of external nature into a language of sentiment and devotion. It is characteristic of this spirit in the nation that Spenser, the only one of our classic writers who has repeated the fantastic legends of chivalry, deemed it necessary to veil his Italian fancy in a cloud of allegory, which, however it may be thought to affect the poem, shows unequivocally the didactic intention of the poet.

None of these grave and extended views are visible in the ornamental writing of the Italians. It conveys no useful information, inculcates no moral or practical truth; but it is simply an elegant, unprofitable pastime. Novelle, lyrical and epic poetry, may be considered as constituting three principal streams of their lighter literature. These have continued to flow with little interruption,

the two first from the "golden urns" of Petrarch and Boccaccio, the last from the early sources we have already traced, down to the present day. Their multitudinous novelle, with all their varieties of tragic and comic incident, the last by far the most frequent, present few just protraitures of character, still fewer examples of sound ethics, or wise philosophy. In the exuberance of their sonnets and canzone, we find some, it is true, animated by an efficient spirit of religion or patriotism. But too frequently they are of a purely amatory nature, the unsubstantial, though brilliant exhalations of a heated fancy. The pastoral drama, the opera, and other beautiful varieties of invention, which, under the titles of Bernesco, Burlesco, Maccherônico, and the like, have been nicely classed according to their different modifications of style and humour, while they manifest the mercurial temper and the originality of the nation, confirm the justice of our position.

The native melody of the Italian tongue, by seducing their writers into an overweening attention to sound, has doubtless been in one sense prejudicial to their literature. We do not mean to imply, in conformity with a vulgar opinion, that the language is deficient in energy or compactness. Its harmony is no proof of its weakness. It allows more licences of contraction than any other European tongue, and retains more than any other the vigorous inversions of its Latin original. Dante is the most concise of early moderns, and we know none superior to Alfieri in this respect among those of our own age. Davanzati's literal translation of Tacitus is condensed into a smaller compass than its original, the most sententious of ancient histories. But still the silver tones of a language, that almost sets itself to music as it is spoken, must have an undue attraction for the harmonious ear of an Italian. Their very first classical model of prose composition is an obvious example of it.

The frequency of *improvisation* is another circumstance, that has naturally tended to introduce a less serious and thoughtful habit of composition. Above all, the natural perceptions of an Italian seem to be peculiarly sensible to *beauty*, independent of every other quality. Any one, who has been in Italy, must have recognised the glimpses of a pure taste through the rags of the meanest beggar. The musical pieces, when first exhibited at the theatre of St. Carlos, are correctly pronounced upon by the lazzaroni of Naples. And the mob of Florence decide with equal accuracy upon the productions of their immortal school. Celini tells us, that he exposed his celebrated statue of Perseus in the public square, by order of his patron Duke Cosmo First, who declared himself perfectly satisfied with it on learning the commendations of the people. It is not extraordinary that this exquisite sensibility to the beautiful should have also influenced them in literary art,

and have led them astray sometimes from the substantial and the useful.

In justice, however, to the Italians, we must admit that the reproach incurred by too concentrated an attention to beauty, to the exclusion of more enlarged and useful views in their lighter compositions, does not fall upon this, or the last century. They have imbibed a graver and more philosophical cast of reflection, for which they seem partly indebted to the influence of English literature. Several of their most eminent authors have either visited or resided in Great Britain, and the genius of the language has been made known through the medium of skilful translations. Alfieri has transported into his tragedies the solemn spirit, and vigorous characterization peculiar to the English. He somewhere remarks that "he could not read the language." But we are persuaded his stern pen would never have traced the dying scene of "Saul," had he not witnessed a representation of "Macbeth." Ippolito Pindemonte, in his descriptive pieces, has deepened the tones of his native idiom, with the moral melancholy of Gay and Cowper. Monti's compositions, both dramatic and miscellaneous, bear frequent testimony to his avowed admiration for Shakspeare; and Cesarotti, Foscolo, and Pignotti, have introduced the "severer muses" of the north to a still wider and more familiar acquaintance with their countrymen. Lastly, among the works of fancy, which attest the practical scope of Italian letters in the last century, we must not omit the "Giorno," of Parini, the most curious and nicely elaborated specimen of *didactic* satire produced in any age or country. Its polished irony, pointed at the domestic vices of the Italian nobility, indicates both the profligacy of the nation, and the moral independence of the poet.

The Italian language, the first born of those descended from the Latin, is also the most beautiful. It is not surprising that a people, endowed with an exquisite sensibility to beauty, should have been often led to regard this language rather as a means of pleasure than of utility. We must not, however, so far yield to the unqualified imputation of Madame de Staël, as to forget that they have other claims to our admiration than what arise from the inventions of the poet, or from the ideal beauties, which they have revived of Grecian art; that the light of *genius* shed upon the world in the fourteenth, and that of *learning* in the fifteenth century, was all derived from Italy; that her writers first unfolded the sublimity of Christian doctrines as applied to modern literature, and by their patient philological labours restored to life the buried literature of antiquity; that her schools revived and expounded the ancient code of law, since become the basis of so important a branch of jurisprudence; that she *originated* literary, and brought to a perfection, unequalled in any other language, unless it be our own, civil and political

history; that she led the way in physical science, and in that of political philosophy; and, finally, that of the two enlightened navigators, who divide the glory of adding a new quarter to the globe, the one was a Genoese, and the other a Florentine.

ART. VII.—*The French Revolution: a History.* In 3 vols. By THOMAS CARLYLE. 12mo. London: Fraser. 1837.

WHATEVER may be the merits of this work, one thing is certain—they have been, and will be, very differently estimated by different individuals. The impugners say that a new history of the French Revolution was not yet called for—that these volumes, at any rate, are misnamed, when laying claim to the dignified title they have assumed, for that they are unintelligible to any one who has not previously made himself acquainted, and minutely too, with the records of the period here embraced, and meant to be depicted—that in point of thought, or the philosophy that pervades and sustains them, the most extravagant German transcendentalism is offensively apparent—and that in as far as regards language or style, the worst of the worst German school is merely caricatured. On the other hand, it is even more strenuously maintained by a party, that though the philosophy and spirit of such men as Kant, Schiller, and Goëthe, have passed into Mr. Carlyle, with all that is most poetic in the system of the transcendentalists, yet that therein is to be found the only true or safe principles and method which ought to be followed in a historical composition. It is also by the same party asserted that here is the best, in fact, the only history of the French Revolution that has yet been written, as well as a model for all histories—nay, that it comes nearer the manner which has been observed by the inspired writers than any other, in as far as the vividness with which it brings the actors and the scenes described before the reader's eye; and even the decided ground is taken that the strength of a man's understanding, the warmth of his imagination, and the purity of his heart, are to be gauged by his mode of estimating this work.

Now, we believe that most of our readers do not care very much for the mere *dicta* of those who set themselves up for critics, unless specimens of the work under consideration be also presented, by which these opinionative statements may be tested. On this occasion, therefore, we, to a certain extent, vary our accustomed order of proceeding, and give our extracts before offering a criticism, so that when the readers of the Monthly Review have finished the perusal of the former, they will be enabled at once, and without any prejudice occasioned by us, to judge of them as well as of ourselves.

The only thing we request *in limine* is, that it may be borne in mind that a writer's performance cannot be correctly or adequately pronounced upon, unless a steady attention be paid to the following points :—unless the reader every now and then asks himself, or be made unconsciously to yield an answer to these questions—Have I obtained any distinct ideas from what I have now read ?—are these ideas numerous or rich ?—are they original ?—are they just ?—and, lastly, are they expressed in a way that is agreeable, natural, or in the manner of a man who is in possession of a sober mind that yet has been highly cultivated ? To afford means whereby these things may be ascertained, it is not necessary to do more than quote certain passages from different parts of Mr. Carlyle's volumes, without any regard being paid to their connected arrangement in the course of a chronological order. It is proper to mention, however, that the volumes are severally designated in an historically emphatic manner —" The Bastile," " The Constitution," " The Guillotine ;" and that the chapters are still more singularly headed ; some of them thus—" Culottic and Sansculottic," " In death grips," " Like a thunder-cloud," " The gods are a-thirst," " Mumbo jumbo," " Grilled Herrings," " The Whiff of Grapeshot," &c.

Our first extracts refer to the close of Louis the Fifteenth's career. The lettering and the peculiarities of the form into which the sentences are cast are not ours.

" Ours is a most fictile world; and man is the most fingent plastic of creatures. A world not fixible; not fathomable an unfathomable Somewhat, which is *Not we ;* which we can work with, and live amidst,—and model, miraculously in our miraculously Being, and name World.—But if the very Rocks and Rivers (as Metaphysic teaches) are, in strict language, *made* by those Outward Senses of ours, how much more, by the Inward Sense, are all Phenomena of the spiritual kind : Dignities, Authorities, Holies, Unholies ! Which inward sense, moreover, is not permanent like the outward ones, but for ever growing and changing. Does not the black African take of Sticks and Old Clothes (say, exported Monmouth-Street cast-clothes) what will suffice ; and of these, cunningly combining them, fabricate for himself an Eidolon (Idol, or *Thing Seen*), and name it *Mumbo Jumbo*, which he can thenceforth pray to, with upturned awestruck eye, not without hope ? The white European mocks ; but ought rather to consider ; and see whether he, at home, could not do the like a little more wisely."

Again,—

" Cardinal Grand-Almoner Roche-Aymon is here in pontificals, with his pyxes and his tools : he approaches the royal pillow ; elevates his wafer ; mutters, or seems to mutter, somewhat ; and so (as the Abbé Georgel, in words that stick to one, expresses it) has Louis ' made the *amende honourable* to God ;' so does your Jesuit construe it.—' *Wa, Wa,*' as the wild Clotaire groaned out, when life was departing, ' what great God is this that pulls down the strength of the strongest Kings !' "

Behold Madame du Barry's departing from the dying monarch; for Mr. Carlyle writes in the present tense.

"Nay already, in the afternoon, behold is not this your Sorceress Dubarry with the handkerchief at her eyes, mounting d'Aiguillon's chariot; rolling off in his Duchess's consolatory arms? She is gone; and her place knows her no more. Vanish, false Sorceress; into Space! Needless to hover at neighbouring Ruel; for thy day is done. Shut are the royal palace-gates for evermore: hardly in coming years shalt thou, under cloud of night, descend once, in black domino, like a black night-bird, and disturb the fair Antoinette's music-party in the Park; all Birds of Paradise flying from thee, and musical windpipes growing mute. Thou unclean, yet unmalignant, not unpitiable thing! What a course was thine: from that first trucklebed (in Joan of Arc's country) where thy mother bore thee, with tears, to an unnamed father; forward, through lowest subterranean depths, over highest sunlit heights, of Harlotdom and Rascaldom,—to the guillotine-axe, which sheers away thy vainly whimpering head! Rest there uncursed; only buried and abolished: what else befitted thee?"

The following relates to the Girondins,—

"In fact, one thing strikes us in these poor Girondins: their fatal shortness of vision; nay fatal poorness of character, for that is the root of it. They are as strangers to the People they would govern; to the thing they have come to work in. Formulas, Philosophies, Respectabilities, what has been written in Books, and admitted by the cultivated classes: *this* inadequate *Scheme* of Nature's working is all that Nature, let her work as she will, can reveal to these men. So they perorate and speculate; and call on the Friends of Law, when the question is not Law or No-Law, but Life or No-Life. Pedants of the Revolution, if not Jesuits of it; Their Formalism is great; great also is their Egoism. France raising to fight Austria has been raised only by Plot of the tenth of March, to kill Twenty-two of *them!* This Revolution Prodigy, unfolding itself into terrific stature and articulation, by its own laws and Nature's, not by the laws of Formula, has become unintelligible, incredible as an impossibility, the 'waste chaos of a Dream.' A Republic founded on what they call the Virtues; on what we call the Decencies and Respectabilities: this they will have, and nothing but this. Whatsoever other Republic Nature and Reality send, shall be considered as not sent; as a kind of Nightmare Vision, and thing non-extant; disowned by the Laws of Nature, and of Formula. Alas! Dim for the best eyes is this Reality; and as for these men, they will not look at it with eyes at all, but only through 'facetted spectacles' of Pedantry, wounded Vanity; which yield the most portentous spectrum. Carping and complaining for ever of Plots and Anarchy, they will do one thing: prove, to demonstration, that the Reality will not translate into their Formula; that they and their Formula are incompatible with the Reality: and, in its dark wrath, the Reality will extinguish it and them! What a man *kens* he *cans*. But the beginning of a man's doom is that vision be withdrawn from him; that he see not the reality, but a false spectrum of the reality; and, following that, step darkly, with more or less velocity, downwards to the utter Dark; to Ruin,

which is the great Sea of Darkness, whither all falsehoods, winding or direct, continually flow!"

The manner in which Charlotte Corday proceeded in commanding an historical importance to attach to her name is thus represented,—

"Tired day-labourers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont: this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight,—towards a purpose. It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month; eve of the Bastile day,—when 'M. Marat,' four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Huzzar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, 'to dismount and give up their arms then;' and became notable among Patriot men! Four years: what a road he has travelled:—and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever,—of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely elevenpence-halfpenny of ready money, in paper; with slipperbath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid—Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street; thither and not elsewhither has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity; yet surely on the way towards that?—Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's-voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognising from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted. Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen?—Charlotte names some Deputies. 'Their heads shall fall within a fortnight,' croaks the eager People's-Friend, clutching his tablets to write: *Barbaroux*, *Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion* and *Louvet*, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. '*A moi, chère amie*, Help, dear?' no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman, left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant to the shades below. And so Marat People's-Friend is ended: the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar,—*whither* He that made him does know."

A celebrated siege is referred to in our next,—

"Neither, while the War yet lasts, will Gibraltar surrender. Not, though Crillon, Nassau-Siegen, with the ablest projectors extant, are there; and Prince Condé and Prince d'Artois have hastened to hell. Wondrous leather-roofed Floating-batteries, set afloat by French-Spanish *Pacte de Famille*, give gallant summons: to which, nevertheless, Gibraltar answers Plutonically, with mere torrents of redhot iron,—as if stone Calpe had become a throat of the Pit; and utters such a Doom's-blast of a *No*, as all men must credit."

The decline of feudal oppression, but the hot-bed condition of other evils obtain this notice.

"These men call themselves supports of the throne; singular gilt-pasteboard caryatides in that singular edifice! For the rest, their privileges every way are now much curtailed. That Law authorising a Seigneur, as he returned from hunting, to kill not more than two Serfs, and refresh his feet in their warm blood and bowels, has fallen into perfect desuetude, and even into incredibility; for if Deputy Lapoule can believe in it, and call for the abrogation of it, so cannot we. No Charolois, for these last fifty years, though never so fond of shooting, has been in use to bring down slaters and plumbers, and see them roll from their roofs, but contents himself with partridges and grouse. Close-viewed, their industry and function is that of dressing gracefully and eating sumptuously. As for their debauchery and depravity, it is, perhaps, unexampled since the era of Tiberus and Commodus. Nevertheless, one has still partly a feeling with the lady Marechale: 'Depend upon it, sir, God thinks twice before damning a man of that quality.'"

Now, are our readers, or are we to be deterred from expressing an honest opinion concerning this extraordinary work, of which the above extracts are fair specimens, by any dogmatic or dictatorial member of a crazy clique, who having been seized by that mania for German Mysticism and affectation, threatens to throw everything to the clouds, by mistaking unintelligible jargon, and adulterated English for profundity, and originality of thought and speech? Has not the reading of almost every one of these extracts, instead of impressing the mind with any new or precise ideas, induced a doubt whether they are better calculated to excite laughter or sadness? It is not to be said however, of Mr. Carlyle, that he is not a man of original powers of mind, or denied that he is a master of German literature. But what would be the consequence to the English language, and as relates to our English classics, if such quaint, deformed, whimsically affected, and bastard modes of expression should become fashionable amongst our sober-minded countrymen, not to say any thing of the strange and obscure system of *philosophism*, as Mr. Carlyle has it, which would also therewith be imported? It is well known that he is deeply read, and that he must be master of his native tongue; and can any one be so ignorant as to suppose that that tongue is too poor and so destitute of signs for the most subtle or exalted thoughts as to require the monstrous coinages, specimens of which we have just seen? But then it is alleged that the mental idiosyncracy of the man is extraordinary, and we have heard persons labour in a manner as mystic as his own, to define it and to laud it to the skies. According to our opinion, however, the very fact that his mind is singularly constituted must remove him for ever from having a right to be held as a model; for the generality of mankind must necessarily be incapable of fathoming such an out-of-the-way genius, and cannot

safely venture to imitate him. We, therefore, while yielding to this History of the French Revolution, the right which it undoubtedly possesses of being regarded as one of the curiosities of modern literature, must set it down as a work that never can be useful, and, which ought to be shunned by every one who desires to cultivate a pure and rational style of writing, as well as to acquire an intelligible system of political ethics.

ART. VIII.— *Wanderings in Greece.* By GEORGE COCHRANE, Esq. late of Queen's College, Cambridge, Knight of the Greek Military order of the Saviour. In Two Volumes. London : Colburn. 1837.

THE time is still fresh in our recollections, when the attention of Europe was fixed upon the struggle going on in Greece, as it is now in that which deluges the Peninsula with blood, with feverish apprehension and enthusiasm. Greece, suddenly rising from her tomb, and vindicating her claims of descent from the illustrious people, whose policy, achievements, arts, and literature, form the subjects of our earliest contemplations and most delightful associations, was a spectacle of no common interest. When, by a series of heroic and pertinacious exertions, which no one could have expected from a people debased by four centuries of slavery, the Greeks had almost succeeded in working out their own independence, the year 1826 brought with it some lamentable reverses, in the fall of Missolonghi, and the rapid progress of Ibrahim Pacha in the Morea. At length the treaty of London in 1827, followed by the annihilation of the maritime power of the Porte, raised them to the rank of a free people. A national assembly was concluded at Egina, and Count John Capo D'Istries was elected President, with the concurrence of all parties. The short period of his presidency was fraught with blessings to the torn and lacerated state. The people loved him, and were grateful to him for the repose which his government procured them; and, when in 1828, he was assassinated by two individuals of the Marromchaelis family, his death was deplored as a serious calamity. He was succeeded by his brother Augustus, selected more from his relationship than his fitness for governing. The haughty chiefs would not tolerate his feeble administration; they flew to arms and expelled him. The party who thus possessed themselves of the reins of government, were headed by Mavrocordato, Spsalinti, and Grivas Colletti Colocotroni; General Pisa and Prince Uredo alone remaining steadfast to the president. The constitutionalists invested and took Napoli di Romania, and Mavrocordato assumed the reins of government, until the landing of Prince Otho, which was ardently longed for by all parties. During this period, Greece remained

plunged in the deepest misery and distress; a weak and inefficient government, an exhausted treasury, and the country at large overrun by predatory bands of licentious soldiers, who wrung his last pittance from the miserable peasants, and pillaged and murdered the defenceless travellers. In this state of things the arrival of the new prince was hailed with more than ordinary enthusiasm. He was regarded as a sort of saviour, who was to bring with him a balm for the manifold wounds of the unhappy country. His task is no doubt a laborious one, but it is one which offers a rich field for exertion, with every prospect of success.

Having thus briefly alluded to the most important events which marked the progress of the Revolution, we shall at once proceed to follow Mr. Cochrane through his more diffuse and generally interesting details of the same incidents.

Mr. Cochrane is a relation of the distinguished Lord Cochrane, now Lord Dundonald. In 1824 he entered the service of his illustrious relative as secretary, while the former was engaged in subjugating the rebellious provinces of the Brazils, which still adhered to the Portuguese government. Peace having been concluded between Portugal and Brazil in 1825, Lord Cochrane's engagement with the Brazilian government expired, and he forthwith transferred his services to that of Greece. In January, 1827, his Lordship set sail from Portsmouth, and shortly after arrived at the island of Hydra, and then off Poros. The principal mouth of this harbour is not more than about a hundred and fifty yards across, but very deep. Bold rocks rise on either side, covered to the top with stumpy underwood On emerging from this entrance, the surprised eye ranges over the beautiful bay, five miles in length, and three quarters of a mile in breadth. A hundred Greek merchant vessels were lying at anchor under the walls. The town, the port, the foreign vessels of war, and the scenery around, contributed to create a most favourable opinion of the prospects of Greece, in the minds of the new comers. Here, Mavrocordato, now Charge d'affaires at Munich, and the admirals Miaulis and Tombazi came on board his Lordship's schooner. To the inquiries of his Lordship relative to the naval armaments of Greece, Miaulis replied, "that the hope of the country rested on the Hellas, a sixty-four gun ship, that had been built in America, and in the quondam merchant brigs belonging to private individuals, in the islands of Hydra, Spizzia, Poros, and Egina, amounting to about two hundred and fifty." These vessels had been armed as men of war, or converted into fire-ships; and it was the latter that struck so much terror into the Turks, several Turkish vessels of the line having been destroyed under the guidance of the brave Curaris, a native of the ill-fated island of Ipsoara. The army, amounting to ten thousand men, was posted at Piritheus, under the command of Keraskai, watching the movements

of Kiutika Pacha, who had possession of Athens. Money there was none, and of the £8000, the whole sum placed at the disposal of Lord Cochrane, for the use of the navy, part was obliged to be given up for the payment of the land forces. Here were the resources on which the great struggle for the liberation of Greece was to be commenced and perfected.

In addition to this, the customs of the people presented difficulties almost as impracticable. None but Greek seamen could be procured, and Greek seamen never engage for a longer period than two months. No argument could be found strong enough to induce them to depart from this custom of their forefathers.

"While the frigate was cruizing off Clazenza," says our author, "twenty old grey bearded fellows were observed to be collected in a circle on the forecastle of the vessel, sitting cross legged, and evidently consulting together. The Greek secretary observing it said, that this was a council of war, and that a deputation might shortly be expected. Accordingly, about a quarter of an hour afterwards, two or three of the Nestors came aft, and said that they wished to speak with his lordship. The message having been communicated, the latter ascended the deck with his Greek secretary, and begged to know what they wanted. They said their engagement was but for two months, that they had been out six weeks, that it would require some days to return to Hydra, and that by that time their term of service would have expired. His lordship expostulated with them, and pointed out the ruinous effect to the service of such conduct, but it was of no avail. They persisted in their determination to depart, and the frigate was obliged to return to Poros, and get a fresh crew with fresh engagements."

But his Lordship's spirit was not to be damped by difficulties, however great and unexpected. His presence alone served to compose the differences that divided the chiefs of the islands and the continent. A grand council was convened at Damala, where his lordship was formally introduced to the Greek chiefs and was appointed Lord High Admiral of the fleet, and General Sir Richard Church, Generalissimo of the land forces.

His first movement was to relieve the garrison of the renowned Acropolis, then closely besieged by a strong force under Kiutika Pacha. He hoisted his flag on board of the Greek frigate Hellas, manned by five hundred Greek seamen. The only English on board being the Admiral, Captain Saint George, the author, two English surgeons, and Mr. Masson, the public secretary, and eight common seamen. The Admiral's communication with his Greek officers was rather circuitous and novel. He gave his orders to St. George, who gave them in Italian to the Greeks, who generally understood something of that language, from their commercial intercourse with the Italians. On the 16th of May, 1826, the Hellas, accompanied by the English schooner, anchored at the mouth of the Pirieus. The hill of the Pirieus, one solid rock, was occupied by the Greek

troops under Keraskai, and that of the Phalerum by a thousand Hydriotes, under the command of Colonel D'Urquhart; Kiutika Pacha, with five thousand men, lay strongly entrenched to the north of Keraskai's camp—a strong body of cavalry being posted in the plain between the Pirieus and the Acropolis. A battery was erected on a hill called Philopapus, a quarter of a mile from the town, from which they incessantly threw shells into the Acropolis, to the great damage of the far-famed Parthenon.

Keraskai, the best general of modern Greece, was a tall, bony, athletic man, with a swarthy countenance—his features were small, and a habit of winking his sparkling dark eyes gave a peculiar expression to his physiognomy. His bearing and manners were those of a thorough soldier. He was attended by an orderly, of whom our author gives the following strange account:—

"This orderly was a Turkish woman, dressed partly in man's attire and partly in female. She had been taken prisoner by Keraskai at Tripolitza, and a mutual attachment ensued. She watched him night and day. She carried over her shoulder a light Greek musket, and in her girdle a brace of pistols and an ataghan.

"Her countenance was very pleasing, but possessing more of the Turkish than of the Greek character. Her face was rather round than oval; she had a perfectly straight nose, dark eyes and eye-brows, and a complexion not at all dark, but of a healthy and beautiful white and red. Her manners were mild and unobtrusive, and when noticed by strangers she cast down her eyes with a very becoming and attractive modesty. The conduct of this woman afforded a fine specimen of what female attachment is capable of effecting; no danger, however great, kept her from the field, and although she did not fight, still she was regardless of life while following her lord."

What a coincidence between Lara's page, Kaled, and the Greek general's orderly. How true to nature was the poet, even when he seemed most exaggerated and romantic. But to return to the operations of the belligerent parties. The Admiral got up a splendid scene of presenting a flag to the army, with an appropriate harangue, delivered through Mr. Masson, which succeeded to admiration, and raised the enthusiasm of the soldiery to the highest pitch. But the Admiral and Keraskai could not agree on the plan to be adopted to relieve the citadel. The former was for an immediate assault, while the Greek was for creeping forward five miles under cover of tambouris, or entrenchments against cavalry, thrown up as they advanced. Spades and pickaxes were indispensable, and our author was dispatched to Ægina in a Spenziote brig to procure them. Here he was presented to the celebrated Canaris, who had struck more terror into the hearts of the Turks than any hero of any age. As Victor Hugo has immortalized him by a poem, we shall extract our author's account of him.

" Canaris is a small man, all the features of his face being diminutive. His nose turns up a little at the end, giving to his countenance a cool determined appearance. But to observe his modest demeanour and bearing, you would hardly suppose him the most formidable foe of the Turks. His house was a small wooden structure, about twenty feet square, and containing three or four rooms. His wife, a pretty Ipsariote woman, was working some cotton after the fashion of the ladies of Greece. Upon her husband entering she arose, and I was presented to her. I conversed with her through the medium of the captain's wife, and found her as agreeable in conversation as she was pleasing in appearance. The Ipsariote women are more like the ancient Greeks, that is, like the idea we have of them, than any other women in Greece. The dark blue eye, and the long dark eye-lash, is the characteristic of the Ipsariote women, and the wife of Canaris had these in an eminent degree, with a complexion like alabaster."

Canaris always attacked the largest vessel (generally the Capitan Pacha's) in the Turkish fleet. On one occasion he ran his little schooner under the stern of an enormous line of battle ship, and, setting fire to her in an instant, escaped with his men in a boat. Five hundred men and a gallant vessel were destroyed by this bold manœuvre.

On Mr. Cochrane's return from Ægina, with the necessary implements, operations were commenced by a desultory warfare of skirmishes with the outposts. In one of these, Keraskai was shot, while bravely cheering on his men. His loss was severely felt; for, like Zumalacareguy, he possessed an ascendancy over the troops which no other general could obtain. The Greek army relapsed into its former state, viz., a collection of generals, colonels, and captains, whose several opinions it was necessary to consult at every step of the proceedings.

Nevertheless, it was decided that an attempt should be made to relieve the garrison. Three thousand men were landed to the right of the port of the Phalerum, with orders to advance instantly upon Athens, about four miles distant, under cover of the darkness. Upon their arrival in the town, Colonel Favier was to make a sortie, and the Turks being thus taken in flank, it was supposed they would retire upon Negropont. But instead of proceeding at once to the town, the troops wasted their time in constructing tambouris against cavalry as they advanced; and at day-break, they were within a mile of the town, with a strong body of Turkish cavalry drawn up to oppose them. They were afraid to advance or retreat, so they waited behind tambouris.

" About ten o'clock in the day, the Turkish cavalry, amounting to about two thousand men, evinced a disposition to attack. They made several feints, and wheeled round and rode off again. At last they came on in earnest, and leaped with their horses headlong into a tambouri, in which were entrenched two hundred and fifty Greek soldiers, who had

been disciplined under Colonel Favier in the European fashion. These were considered the bulwark of the corps, and they being routed by the bold and reckless attack of the Turks, a general flight ensued."

Every effort to rally them being found useless, the general and the admiral returned on board the brigs of war. The remnant of the corps, eighteen hundred in number, were re-embarked under the protection of the guns of the brigs, and taken back to the main body at the Phalerum.

After this unfortunate affair, the Greeks were never again able to collect any considerable force by land, and nearly all the army assembled at the Phalerum wasted away by desertion. The panic continued for several days, until at length the Phalerum was deserted and fell into the hands of the Turks, as did also the Acropolis a few days afterwards. Such was the melancholy issue of Lord Cochrane's first expedition in the war of independence.

Having now given a sample of Greek warfare, we shall turn to the more amusing portions of our author's narrative. An American, Dr. Gutto, seems to have afforded a rich fund of amusement by his humours and eccentricities. The doctor was a great admirer of the Palikari mode of fighting. The latter

"On arriving in sight of his enemy, which he generally contrives to do in the night time, immediately raises a mound of stones about eighty or a hundred paces from the enemy and large enough to protect his body. Through a portion of this rude fortification, he makes a little hole for his musket, the Turk or Albanian his enemy having done the same; and in this way they will watch each other the whole day, without venturing to expose any part of their bodies; at night the party watching is relieved by another. Doctor Gutto had brought with him a Kentucky rifle, which he longed to exercise in the Palikari fashion. Accordingly he relieved one of the posts, and remained quiet the greater part of the day. At length growing tired, he unthinkingly stretched out his legs beyond the heap of stones. This movement was soon observed by his enemy, who fired and shot him (Achilles like) in the heel. The doctor coolly drew in his foot, took out his surgical instruments and extracted the ball. He limped from that time forth, and was never again heard to expatiate on the Palikari fashion of fighting.

"On another occasion, while all hands on board his ship were busy in getting the brass guns out of the pacha's yacht taken at Vostizza, previous to setting her on fire, Gutto thought he might go on board and pick up a few odds and ends, such as Turkish amber mouth-pieces, &c. The Turks continued firing musketry on the vessel, but Gutto got upon the lee side with his Kentucky rifle in his hand, his constant companion, and crept through a port hole, not trusting himself on the deck. Having rummaged about on board, crammed his pocket full of things and wrapped a great many others round his body, he wished to make his egress through the same port hole by which he had entered, the boat being underneath to receive him. Accordingly, he put his head out expecting the rest of his person would follow, but like the mouse in the farmer's

corn bin, he found that his spoils had so increased the rotundity of his person, that after a few ineffectual struggles to free himself, he could get neither one way nor the other. Meantime the whizzing of the musket shot, and the various noises and alarms on the deck, gave fresh impulse to his efforts and every moment increased his peril. At last, he fairly hallooed out to those who were busy in disembarking the guns, begging any charitable individual to favour him by giving a kick behind to relieve him from his difficulties. This reasonable request being at length acceded to, poor Gutto was at length ejected head foremost, rifle and all, into the boat."

The eccentric doctor's next exploit was carrying off a Greek boy to be his servant, from a cottage on the hills above Poros.

"He was a wild looking urchin about twelve years of age, and on our going away, he came with us without taking the least notice of his old mother any more than if she had not belonged to him. As we proceeded to the vessel, the doctor would, every now and then, turn round and address the boy in English, on which the latter would stand still and stare at him in utter unconsciousness, until at last on the doctor repeating his unintelligible orders, half a dozen times, the boy would at length laugh out aloud. The doctor in these dilemmas took up his rifle and presented it at the boy, who started off and ran, but on my laughing he came back, and at last we arrived on board with our recruit, who was instantly surrounded and interrogated by the Greeks. This boy followed the doctor wherever he went, and remained on board for a week, at the end of which, beginning to think of his mother, and of the milk and cheese of his wild mountains, he one morning took advantage of a boat that was going on shore, and as soon as he was landed, bounded off like a deer to his native mountains."

But by far the most interesting portion of Mr. Cochrane's work is that which describes the rapid progress of Greek civilization, and the happy effects of a wise and firm government in raising that country to a state of prosperity exceeding the warm anticipations of the most sanguine of the Philhellenists. After temporary absences in England, on his return to Greece in 1828, 1834, and 1835, he had the satisfaction of finding the state of things, both political and social, greatly and obviously improved. He bears ample testimony to the judicious and popular administration of Capi D'Astrias, until his policy was warped by the subtle influence of Russia. In 1834, Mr. Cochrane devised and laid before the government a plan for the establishment of a line of steam vessels, to run at regular intervals between the French and Italian ports, and Malta, Greece, and Constantinople. Every fortnight a vessel was to leave Marseilles, touching at Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Malta, Athens; thence to Smyrna and Constantinople.

This was certainly a splendid conception, and we sincerely lament that Mr. Cochrane has not reaped the profit and glory of its

execution. By it a person embarks at Marseilles, reaches Malta in three days, Athens in five days, Constantinople in eight, makes the passage of the Danube to Vienna in as many more, along a magnificent river not subject to the motion of the sea ; in short, in the course of one month he may traverse a space, see sights, and examine objects which heretofore it would have cost half a year to attempt, and all this with as great comfort and less expense than have usually attended a trip to the Isle of Wight or to the Jungfraw.

Mr. Cochrane was introduced to king Otho, and his majesty highly approved of the undertaking ; the result was, a guarantee from the Greek government, that he should have the exclusive right of running steam vessels for twelve years from Marseilles to Greece and Constantinople ; that he should receive a thousand a year in aid of his project, and a remission of all port dues. Elated with his success, Mr. Cochrane returned to England to raise the supplies ; and he just concluded the business, when he received the astounding intelligence that the French government had obtained a grant of 100,000*l.* to build steam vessels for running on the very same line which he had worked out. He hurried to Paris, to try to arrange matters with the government, by offering to carry their mails for nothing, provided they would cede their plan to him as the original inventor. M. Humanni, minister of finance, replied, that when the government heard of the project, they could not believe that any single individual could have formed such colossal project, and that it was necessary for the protection of French commerce in the Levant, Naples, Malta, Athens, and thence to Smyrna and Constantinople. The project is now realized, and the Paris journals boast that the Mediterranean is now a French lake.

" After having for some time," says Mr. Cochrane in his detailed account of a grand ball given by the Countess of Armansperg, " observed this gay scene, I retired to the other suite of rooms, composed of three chambers, about twenty feet square. They were very well furnished with good Turkey carpets, and handsome sofas and chairs, covered with blue and white silk. The walls were decorated with paper of a very handsome pattern, just imported from France, and I began to forget that I was in Athens, a place generally designated by travellers as a heap of ruins."

After a rapid survey of the past, he thus continues :—

" In recollecting these circumstances, I called to mind the facts that the geographical position of Athens, the number and quality of her harbours and other localities, the fertility of her plains, and above all, the character and spirit of her people—that all these are unchanged from the period when she was mistress of the civilized world ; and on farther reflecting that she had regained those liberties, the absence of which had been the main cause of her lengthened degradation and misery, I could

not help feeling the most sanguine and confident persuasion, that at no distant period she is destined to attain once more that high and enviable rank among the metropolitan cities of Europe, which our earliest and most interesting associations are so accustomed to assign her."

The Greek ladies, it would appear, bid fair to rival those of every other country in Europe, in accomplishments and beauty. By the aid of an Italian dancing master, they have been initiated into the mysteries of waltzing, at which they are indefatigable—sweeping away in circles that would break down the most enduring English or German amateur. The Countess of Armansperg has initiated them into the equally important arcana of deportment and fashion; and their wit, volubility, naiveté, and freedom from affectation, are favourite themes of panegyric. In fact, it only requires a little longer familiarity with European refinements to make the society of Athens the most agreeable in Europe; and Mr. Cochrane gallantly says, that it is worth learning Greek in order to be able to converse with a young and cultivated Greek beauty.

The condition of the Greek peasantry is, comparatively speaking, a happy one. They are frugal, industrious, and contented: bold, intelligent, and light-hearted. They marry very early, and are very domestic.

"A peasant can always earn his drachma per day, with which he can purchase two ounces and a half of bread and some olives, with a sufficient quantity of beans and garlic for a soup, putting by about five-pence out of the drachma. Thus at the end of the year, he will have five pounds in his pocket. This sum goes on increasing, and as soon as it amounts to twenty or thirty pounds, he plants a strunata of vines, which will yield him thirty per cent."

"Everything can be produced here, for the soil in the plain of Athens is uncommonly rich and well irrigated from the Cephelus, which runs through it; and its water is conducted by numerous channels which run in all directions. Mr. Bell informed me that he has had two and sometimes three crops of potatoes in the year. His house is on the higher part of the plain, very well drained and healthily situated."

Doctor Clathos, the spirited and intelligent editor of a very successful paper, called the Morning Herald, furnished our author with a mode of treatment in lunacy which, no doubt, will be hailed as a useful discovery by what are profanely termed mad doctors, and which possesses the rare merits of cheapness and simplicity. After trying every refined remedy for the alleviation of this malady, the doctor at length had recourse to the experiment of ordering his patient a good sound beating, morning, noon, and night. The consequence was magical; the man, just before being beaten, was always dreadfully frightened and agitated, and this excess of agitation caused a counteraction of the disease, and the patient almost immediately improved. The beatings were gradually diminished, until the man was completely cured. Mr. Cochrane had the curiosity

to visit him, and he found him at his work—cabinet making—perfectly sane.

The Greek judicial system, and the administration of the law, differs but little from the French systems. There are, first, the Juge de Paix, for petty debts and misdemeanours; the Cour de la Première Instance, with three judges; the Court of Appeal, with five; the Court of Cassation, or Areopagus; and the Court Correctionnelle, or Cour d'Assize. The latter is composed of a president with five judges, and a grand jury composed of twelve of the principal citizens. The cognizance of commercial disputes is vested in the Court of the First Instance, composed of the president and two judges, taken from the body of the merchants. The laws relating to bankruptcy and insolvency are similar to our own. The salary of a judge is only 150*l.* a year, while a barrister, in good practice, manages to realise a thousand. This will no doubt operate very prejudicially on the fair administration of justice.

The progress of education is rapid, and will very soon be universal. The first impulse was communicated by the noble exertions of an American clergyman of the name of Hill; and the government have seconded his efforts with energy and success. Upwards of five hundred of the youth of both sexes are trained up in the ways of civilized life by the Rev. Mr. Hill and his wife. They all seemed very docile and attentive, and the school is working prodigies.

"It has been productive of good in another way: it has, by the force of example, excited the Greeks themselves to form similar establishments; and, I may truly affirm, that there is hardly a child in Athens of the age of six, who does not know to read and write—and, if a girl, to work with the needle.

"In Attica, there are six public and four private schools; in Laconia, five public and one private; in Messinia, five public and one private; Achaia, five public and four private; Acarnania, four public; Phocis, four public; Iubea, two public; Cyclades, twenty public and nineteen private. Independent of all these, there are large schools at Athens, and in the towns of Napoli and Patras, which are three principal parts of the kingdom; and in the primary schools, there were at that period 7293 children receiving instruction. There are also schools for the higher order of learning; but as may be supposed, they are not as yet in great requisition. There is one at Athens, another at Missolonghi, and another at Syra, and the number of pupils amounts to five hundred. The public establishments are paid from the revenue arising from lands, which formerly belonged to the monasteries. The salaries of directors and masters are very liberal."

The incalculable benefits to be derived from this universal diffusion of knowledge must be obvious to every understanding; and in it, itself, it constitutes the strongest ground of hope of the future prosperity of Greece.

"It will no doubt," pursues Mr. Cochrane, "awaken the Greeks to a sense of the obligation they have contracted, by being admitted into the great family of European states, thereby stimulating them to exertions, which may render them not unworthy their association, and making them respected at home, and feared abroad. Assisting to keep up the balance of power in the east, and thereby answering the ends for which they were called into political existence."

Provisions are very cheap, and the rate of living low beyond comparison.

"To shew," says our author, "how economically a person may live at Athens, I will here sum up the expenses of my own housekeeping—my apartments were 40 drachmas a month: servant on board wages, 40 ditto: dinners, 60 drachmas per month: breakfast and tea, 30 ditto: making in the whole 170 drachmas a month.

"Calculating 28 drachmas to the pound sterling, this amounts to £6 per month—a sufficiently moderate sum for your servant and apartments—a good French dinner, and an English breakfast and tea.

"Bread is only one penny a pound, and tea is about four shillings ditto; you may get very good at Mr. Brown's, Minerva Street, where everything English may be obtained upon the same terms as at Malta."

The abundance of game affords an almost inexhaustible fund of amusement to the sportsman. There are four good shooting seasons. In the month of April the pigeons remain about three weeks, the quails then follow, and remain a month; then in September and October he has partridges, while in November and December the snipe and woodcock arrive in myriads. Pheasants are only found in the neighbourhood of Missolonghi, and deer are numerous on the frontiers. There are certain game laws in force, but the fees are very inexpensive; a licence for three months costs about a shilling, and two and sixpence for the year. The fine for being without one is four pounds, and the gens d'armerie are very vigilant and severe in inflicting it. The cheapness of the licence has no material effect in lessening the number of game, they come in such quantities.

English residents are treated with the greatest consideration, both by the natives and the government. The King of Bavaria requested an introduction to Mr. Cochrane, saying that he wished to make the acquaintance of everybody who took an interest in Greece; and the Greek chiefs were lavish of their civilities. The Greeks to whom he spoke on the subject invariably praised the English as excellent masters, and expressed a wish that more of them might come among them: but this we suppose to arise from their reputation for wealth, much more than on account of the power and reputation of our country, or the solidity of the English character—though of course the latter have their weight. This philo-anglism of the people was exhibited towards Mr. Cochrane in a very decided and peculiar manner.

"I had for some days," said he, "observed Demetrie in close conference

with the neighbours opposite. I observed that they took every opportunity of beckoning Demetrie over to them, and that he and they were laying their heads together about something of moment. I took no notice, thinking it merely the good fellowship of the people, little thinking that I was the object of their whisperings and consultations. Demetrie had, however, one morning cleared away my breakfast things, and a few minutes afterwards he entered with a message, that the brother of my landlady wished to pay me a visit if I was disengaged. I immediately said I would be glad to see him, and in a few minutes he made his appearance. After having seated himself he thus began—

" 'Myself, and my neighbours, have been for some days consulting wholly and solely about you. We hear from Demetrie, that you will shortly quit Greece for England. You have been but two months with us in this part of the town, and we are in hopes you will defer your departure and stay in Athens. You know our language, and you will be able to serve Greece by remaining in it.'"

Our author declared himself very much flattered, and concluded his speech by observing, that he should always retain the fondest recollections of a country where he had passed his time so happily.

" 'We wish this happiness should continue, and we wish to fix it in such a manner, that you shall become one of us. You know the simplicity of our manners—we think no one can be happy without being married. We should like to see you married to an Athenian lady. There are many of them young, beautiful, and well brought up. Make your choice, or take our choice; her name is Eucharis, though poor, she belongs to an honest family.'

" I thanked him, and observed, 'that in an affair so important I should like to see the lady.'

" 'Certainly, nothing can be more reasonable.'

" 'But when shall I see her.'

" 'Oh, immediately; open the window and look on the next house on the left.'

" I opened the window, and there, sure enough, I saw Eucharis with two of her friends in deep consultation; upon seeing me they went in doors. They returned, however, and I perceived that the young sister was really extremely handsome, with features perfectly regular and Greek, and about sixteen years of age; nor were her personal attractions impaired by the want of a little of that naïve coquetry which so prettily sets off a handsome woman.

" Every now and then she looked up and I looked down, and this pantomimic conversation of love-making lasted for about a quarter of an hour. All this time my neighbours were no doubt delighted, thinking that my lengthened stay evinced my intention of accepting their proposition.

" 'But,' said I, returning from the window, 'matrimony is a serious state to enter into;' indirectly hinting I should like to know the dower the young lady might bring with her.

" 'Eucharis is not rich,' he replied, 'a few stremata of land planted with some olives will be all her fortune.'

" The idea of fasting upon olives and bread, and being married after the ceremonials usual with the Greek peasantry, caused love to fly out of the window, into which for a moment before he had made a temporary

entry, and I got out of the affair with a good grace by saying, 'I must go to England first and consult my friends about it.'"

Our extracts have run to such a length, that we have only space to notice, in very brief terms, the advice to sellers, and the theory of colonization.

A foreigner, wishing to purchase lands in Greece, should not betray his intention previously, but do it as if accidentally, after residing some time, or privately through an agent. The average price is 50 drachmas the strima. He should locate a priest on his land, and engage some Greek families to become his tenants.

"I would not advise any one to cultivate his own lands in Greece until he has been a year in the country, but let his tenants do everything, he merely taking part of the profits.

"I should lay out a hundred pounds in building cottages and a church, another hundred pounds in building myself a house from the timber of the estate. I should then watch quietly the progress of affairs, and take advantages of circumstances as they should arise; but I would in no case farm myself in the outset, but would do it by the medium of the peasantry, who are a very honest race of people; and who, if they see you are determined to remain among them, will be faithful to you to the end of the chapter. The pay of a peasant is about a drachm a day (eightpence halfpenny).

"Were my estate in the Morea, I should expect to get from my tenants butter, cheese, honey, wine, silk, tobacco, and horned cattle.

"If in Bocetia and Negropont, wheat, barley, rice, maize, hemp, and tobacco.

"If in Attica, corn, barley, oil, honey, and sheep.

"By reports, which I have now before me, the average returns of honey are about twenty per cent. The wines, of which there are a great quantity in Greece, yield the cultivator about sixty per cent., and if exported would yield an enormous profit. The average profits arising from the cultivation of the silk-worm are forty per cent.; wheat, barley, rice, and maize, twenty per cent.; tobacco thirty per cent. Cotton succeeds well, but it is coarse. For fine works, that of Egypt is required.

"Opium has been cultivated with considerable success."

We have now glanced at the most important topics treated of by our author, and we have no hesitation in saying that his work will prove a most acceptable present to the public. As presenting a picture of the social, moral, and political condition of Greece, it is simple and unpretending, blending amusement with instruction. For ourselves, we entertain not the slightest doubt of the realization of the author's anticipations of a brilliant hereafter for Greece. The facilities of steam communication will divert the stream of the Tourist population from France and Italy to a country possessing so many objects of attraction. The influx of visitors of all nations must, in itself, prove a source of national wealth and social improvement, and we can easily conceive that, in a few years, the pleasures of Athenian society will be as eagerly sought after and lauded with as much enthusiasm as they were of old.

ART. IX.

1. *Narrative of an Expedition into the Interior of Africa, by the River Niger, in the Steam-Vessels Quorra and Alburkah, in* 1832, 1833, *and* 1834. By MACGREGOR LAIRD, and R. A. K. OLDFIELD, surviving Officers of the Expedition. In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1837.
2. *Narrative of a Voyage of Observation among the Colonies of Western Africa, in the Flag Ship Thalia; and of a Campaign in Kaffir-Land, &c.* By J. E. ALEXANDER, K. L. S. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1837.
3. *Narrative of Captain James Fawckner's Travels on the Coast of Benin, West Africa.* Edited by a FRIEND of the CAPTAIN. London: Schloss. 1837.

THE first of these works contains the results of a remarkable enterprize which was undertaken with the sanction of the British Government, and the general fate of which has been long familiar to the public. The gentlemen, who here communicate what was seen, suffered, and observed by them and their companions in the course of the fruitless and tragical attempt to penetrate the interior of Africa, have acquitted themselves well as authors. Their narrative, which comprises many accounts of great importance to the mercantile world, and which also contributes very considerably to our geographical knowledge, is delivered with that spirit, and straightforward frankness which one naturally expects from men of the class to which they belong. The two or three passages which we are about to cite will sufficiently exhibit the manner and the sort of matter to be found in each of their narratives, varying as it naturally must between descriptions that are amusing and sorrowful, although even when the imagination is delighted or curiosity gratified, the reflection ever attends that the whole had a disastrous termination, that makes the reader regret the rashness which attaches to such expeditions. We are not, however, going to select any of those afflicting passages which detail the havoc which death by degrees made amongst the adventurers; the usual list of sufferings arising from an African climate, privations, and treachery is here too well preserved to require to be noted in our disjointed extracts.

We go at once to a Dutch fort at Axim, where the Governor was the only European resident, whose rule extended from Cape Apollonia to Dix Cove. One may reasonably inquire how it was that this son of Mars contrived to support his authority, and the answer will not disappoint any unfavourable presumptions formed regarding Dutch colonial tyranny.

"His plan was simply as follows:—On receiving a complaint from any one within his district, he immediately sends his stick to the village i-

which the offender resides. The messenger who is charged with it places it upright in the ground in the centre of the village, and remains close by it. The natives know well the meaning of this, and that the appearance of the governor's stick in this formal manner is nothing more or less than a demand of eight ackeys, or half an ounce of gold, from the offending person. The messenger remains by his charge for twenty-four hours if the offender be obdurate; at the expiration of which time the governor's hat is despatched after the stick, and is deliberately placed on it as it stands in the ground. This, however, makes the matter more serious, and the demand is increased to an ounce of gold in consequence. Should the hat and the stick be insufficient to move the offender to pay the fine, a third messenger appears with the governor's sword, and an additional ounce of gold is required; and it is a remarkable fact, that this last resource has never yet been known to fail; in fact, the stick alone is generally all-sufficient. In addition to this, there is a certain charge for putting a prisoner into irons, and another for taking him out again; another for his lodging in the castle while confined, and another to the constable for locking up."

The following account of the ingenious way in which certain Africans mastered an alligator, makes the reader almost shake with nervous fear.

"One of these huge creatures was discovered basking on a bank in the river, a short distance ahead of our vessels. He was observed by two natives in a canoe, who immediately paddled to the opposite side of the bank, and having landed, crept cautiously towards him. As soon as they were near the animal, one of the natives stood up from his crouching position, holding a spear about six feet long, which with one blow he struck through the animal's tail into the sand. A most strenuous contest immediately ensued; the man with the spear holding it in the sand as firmly as his strength allowed him, and clinging to it as it became necessary to shift his position with the agility of a monkey; while his companion occasionally ran in as opportunity offered, and with much dexterity gave the animal a thrust with his long knife, retreating at the same moment from within reach of its capacious jaws as it whirled round upon the extraordinary pivot which his companion had so successfully placed in its tail. The battle lasted about half an hour, terminating in the slaughter of the alligator, and the triumph of his conquerors, who were not long in cutting him into pieces, and loading their canoes with his flesh, which they immediately carried to the shore and retailed to their countrymen. It is evident that the success of this plan depended on the nerve and dexterity of the man who pinned the animal's tail to the ground; and his contortions and struggles to keep his position were highly ridiculous and entertaining."

How spirit-stirring to such men as Lander must many of the scenes for the first time beheld by them, in the progress of the expedition, have been—where, indeed, no European had ever set foot! The River Tchadda, which was ascended for one hundred and five miles, afforded some of the most interesting accounts in these volumes.

"On the 2d of August, before the sun was many fathoms high, as the Mallams term it, we were on our way to the Tchadda. The morning was

beautifully clear and serene; the sun shone with uncommon splendour; and the small rocky islands in the midst of the stream near the confluence of the two great rivers, the Tchadda and Niger, gave an enlivening and cheerful character to the surrounding scenery. We were now about to enter a stream which was (comparatively speaking) totally unknown, and where no white man had penetrated. What difficulties we might encounter before our return we could not foresee; and we trusted to the protecting care of Providence for a successful result to our efforts. Our intention was, if practicable, to reach Lake Tchad from the Tchadda, which, if we succeeded in doing, we should add a grand and important discovery to the results of our voyage. The natives considered it quite practicable; and Mallam Catab inquired if we were going to the Great Sea, meaning the Lake Tchad."

At Rabbah, to which the travellers proceeded, after having returned to the Niger, and which is about four hundred and fifty miles from the sea, a large and populous city was seen.

"As we rapidly approached the town, it appeared to be situated on the slope of a rising ground; and the houses being built one above the other, impart to it the appearance of an amphitheatre. With the aid of a glass we could discern an amazing crowd of natives assembled on the banks; but, what was more in accordance with our wishes, we could distinguish horses, cows, bullocks, sheep, and goats. As we drew nearer, we found the city to be of immense extent, with villages all round the suburbs. We went inside a small island under the town, where we anchored at 6. 10 P.M. in a kind of bay, in one fathom and a half water. The king was apprised of our intention to fire a salute, and the walls of Rabbah, for the first time, re-echoed with the sound of British cannon, and her people witnessed a novel sight in the arrival of a British steam-vessel constructed of iron. After our salute, our people broke out into three hearty cheers, which, perhaps, surprised still more the thousands of human beings that were assembled before the walls of Rabbah. As we had neared the city, a great number of Felatah horsemen were seen coming out to look at the vessel; one of whom was particularly conspicuous, from riding on a white horse. Having anchored our vessel late, we lay quiet till the next morning, when we prepared to visit the king. Horses having been sent to the water-side for us, Lieutenant Allen, Mr. Lander, and myself went ashore, accompanied by some Kroomen; and I enjoyed the satisfaction of being the first Christian who had ever landed at Rabbah. The horses were small, and we found considerable difficulty in mounting, from the concourse of natives being so great. We were preceded by Sullikeen Mansony (king of the messengers), after whom followed a posse of constables armed with crooks and staves. The appearance of the crooks was strange enough; indeed, they reminded me of the representations of shepherds' crooks, and were, *sans cérémonie*, hooked round the neck of every intruder. Our conductors were likewise furnished with whips made of the skin of the hippopotamus; and these they used with very great severity on the backs of the natives, to keep order."

One never can read any considerable portion of a work which describes the condition of the benighted Africans, without being shocked with the grossness of their belief in charms. For instance, we have

an account, where we now open the work, of a woman who imagined that she was invulnerable to all edge-tools, and who voluntarily assented to submit her leg to the stroke of an axe. The chief of the town to which she belonged resolved to put the limb to the trial, thinking if she was in reality so protected, the charm would be of great advantage in war. The result was as might have been positively known, without having recourse to the experiment, and the poor creature's leg flew to the other side of the room from the block upon which the cruelty was perpetrated.

It will be necessary to treat Captain Alexander's volumes as summarily as the preceding; and, indeed, they have much less in them that claims the reader's attention, either for its novelty, or its weight. The gallant author is to be sure an indefatigable traveller and writer; and he delights to be heard speaking of himself. We cannot, however, say very much for his impartiality, his judgment, or his feelings, whenever others differ in their views from him. For example, like a man trained to arms, he treats the Kaffir war with a levity, and those who like Lord Glenelg have characterised it as having been conducted with great barbarity, and in a manner contrary to that which a civilised nation when opposed to savages should observe, with sneers that ill accord with a gallant nature. He designates as an "unnatural faction," and "pseudo-philanthropists," the Church Missionary Society, which he charges with having encouraged the Hottentots to rise against the Colonial government, and with other atrocious conduct, without, so far as we can see, having any better authority for the usual virulence with which some parties love to abuse the heralds of the Gospel to heathen lands, than the one-sided allegations of their avowed enemies at the Cape. We have more reliance to put in the representations of the Missionaries in question, whom he calls by the title of the Cape Jesuits, than in those which come through the colouring of our self-complacent captain. But we have no wish to follow him into party opinions, and will confine our extracts to one or two statements that require no deeper information or reflection than our author carries. Here follows a general account of different races as men and as soldiers.

"Hottentots have a natural aptitude for war. They are a reckless people, light hearted, light made, and hardy. With their high cheek bones, narrow eyelids, projecting chin and lips, and smoke-dried complexion, they are far from being a handsome race. But, to use a homely phrase, they have a 'rough and ready' look about them; march and fire very well; have an uncommonly keen sight; rival North American Indians in tracking an enemy by his marks, though several days old, on the ground and on the bushes; are indifferent to the shelter of tents; can eat six pounds of meat and two of bread at a sitting, and then, with the assistance of a girdle, go three days without food; and, in short, are excellent materials for light troops, and are rapidly trained to war, whether on foot or on horseback.

"The Dutch burghers are generally very tall and lusty men, subsisting from their youth upwards on mutton, and living in one of the healthiest climates in the world, which is totally free from marsh miasma and contagious disorders. When called out for the defence of the colony, they go into the field usually with a couple of horses, one of which they ride, and the other they lead. On this last is strapped a *vel kombaars*, or sheep-skin blanket, to sleep in, some trifling change of raiment, and some *biltong*, or dried meat. Many burghers have a little Hottentot boy, called an *achter rijder*, perched like a monkey, with a handkerchief round its head, on a third horse. This attendant carries on the march the long *roer* of his *bass*, or master, and hands it to him when he desires to bring down a buck or Kaffir. From early and long practice the Dutch burghers are excellent marksmen; and though they prefer fighting the Kaffirs out of the bush to exposing themselves, under every disadvantage, in it, having no arms for close combat, yet we have seen that they can fight, and desperately too, in the bush. With the addition of the chief of weapons, the sword in their hands, and the knowledge how, and inclination to use it, they would be most formidable antagonists any where."

In a book of travels so light and rapid as those reported before us, excepting when the author becomes heavy, angry, and inhuman, regarding the Kaffirs, we do not find anything more suitable to our pages in the way of information, than what is conveyed in the two passages which we now quote, and with which we take leave of our erratic captain.

"Mr. Hunter said, 'I suppose you would like to see the surviving companion of Denham, Clapperton, and Oudney's expedition,—Hilman, the carpenter, who is now caulking the bottom of a schooner outside.' I answered, that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see and converse with so interesting a person. Accordingly Mr. Hilman was sent for. He is a tall spare-made man, with black hair, straight nose, and a face well bronzed with an African sun. He had on a nankeen jacket and trousers; and taking off his broad-brimmed straw hat, he sat down with us, and in his manner and conversation showed a great deal of modesty and intelligence. Filling a glass of gin and water, he rose, and turning to me said with feeling, 'On my feet, sir, I drink your health; and may you meet with every success in your present undertaking.'

"We then talked of Hilman's companions; of the unfortunate jealousies of Denham and Clapperton; of the cause of their deaths, as well as that of Dr. Oudney; of the great comfort of tea, coffee, and sugar, on a journey; also of the Arab pepper *fillee*, which promotes sleep. I next inquired into the circumstances of Hilman, and he said, 'In 1825, I embarked at Leghorn, and arrived in London, my constitution considerably shaken after my journeyings in Central Africa. I had volunteered from the dock-yard at Malta, to go with the travellers, to build boats for them in crossing rivers, &c.; and I applied to the Admiralty for some recompence for accompanying an expedition which, I understood, had cost the country thirty thousand pounds: when I was told that I might have the superannuation of a retired carpenter, twenty-four pounds a-year. But this, of course could not support me and my family, whom I allow at present thirty-six pounds out of

my six shillings a-day here: so I sailed for Fernando Po with Captain Owen, and assisted in clearing and building there; and now I have been sent here. But it would be a great matter for me, if I could get my pension for the support of my wife and children. I want to lay by something out of my earnings by labour here; for I find I cannot hold out much longer.' I promised to mention his case at home, and then bade him good bye."

Lander and Park are names which stir the mind the moment we hear them uttered, however slight may be the circumstances that are therewith connected.

"Mr. Bannerman said, that a report had lately reached Accra, that Lander's death was owing to his having taken Captain Trotter, of the Curlew cruiser, up the Niger in one of his steamers to look for a slaver. The slave dealers immediately concluded that Lander had also the suppression of their traffic in view, besides the introduction of English manufactures into the country; and according they laid in wait for him, and shot him the next time that he went up in a canoe. If Lander was so imprudent as to be seen with officers of the navy engaged in the suppression of the slave trade, and even assisting them, his fate, though it is ever to be deeply deplored, is not surprising.

"It was at Accra that Mr. Thomas Park, son of the celebrated traveller, was landed as a midshipman from the Sybille, with three years' leave of absence, to travel into the interior, and search for his father. He was a fine tall Scotch lad, only nineteen years of age, and without any knowledge of the world. His death has been commonly ascribed to poison, administered to him in vengeance for having imprudently ascended a fetiche, or sacred tree: but the real cause was his obstinacy, rejecting the advice of the resident merchants of Accra. He lived for three months in the town, and though he had frequent invitations to take up his quarters with the Europeans, he preferred remaining in a hut with designing natives, who plundered him. There he indulged in drinking spirits; married an Accra wife by way of learning the language,—though the dialect at Accra is totally different from those in the interior; and took long walks in the heat of the day, with a view of hardening himself. The consequence of these imprudences was, that when he set out to cross the Volta, his constitution was already completely broken; he was thin and weak; he caught a fever after a few marches, and fell another victim to African discovery."

The third of the works at the head of this paper is both in size and pretension much slenderer than the others, being merely a narrative of the sufferings which the master of a schooner and his shipmates endured, for several months in the year 1825, on an inhospitable shore. Deeply affecting, however, is the account, in regard to the fatigue, the privations, and the alarms encountered, almost unsurpassed in the annals of the shipwrecked. There is another circumstance that ought to recommend these hundred and twenty-eight pages of a plain mariner's travels, which, we are pained to think, presents Mr. Fawckner as one of those luckless men who, whether on land or at sea, at home or abroad, is the victim of heavy afflictions. We are given to understand that by a late disastrous

fire at Plymouth, he has been deprived of the whole of his household furniture and property. This little work which, years ago, had been drawn out by a friend from the notes and papers which its hero had preserved, but without at that time the most distant idea of its ever being published, is now sent forth, in the hopes that its sale may be the means of alleviating in some measure the calamity alluded to. We can only say upon this, that comparatively few are the books which at any time are so well worth the price set upon them as the one which contains these travels, and that whether the prudence, manly conduct of Mr. Fawckner during his cast-away condition, or the modesty of his tone be considered, the young will find him an instructive example, as well as a most interesting subject. Besides, it is with that heart-felt improvement that every one of his readers must discover a pervading and fervent piety breathed in every one of its paragraphs, which no calling in life should more constantly inspire than that of the sailor, but which in that calling has seldom been so effectively communicated.

The schooner "Henry," of Sierra Leone, which, besides the master, carried sixteen other men, sailed from Badagry, with a cargo of various goods, to purchase palm oil and ivory from the natives of Benin, on the Rio Formosa, was driven on the coast many miles from that place in the month of July, when the crew were stripped of everything, even of the clothes upon their backs, and the ship pillaged and pulled to pieces. The privations and the sufferings which the savage Africans occasioned to the poor mariners were such as one can scarcely conceive could have been endured without the destruction of life. Besides they were often in fear of the most barbarous massacre. When forced at one time to accompany a number of the natives in one of their canoes, the following appalling circumstances took place:—

"We were in a lonely situation, surrounded only by those who were interested in our death, and they might have for ever kept it a secret, perhaps by sinking us forthwith in the river.

"They stopped the canoe, and the 'fetish man' produced some cowrys, (or 'negroes' teeth,' as they are sometimes called,) a small shell imported from the West Indies. The flat side is white, and the convex red. These shells were to decide our fate in the following manner: they were to be thrown up into the air by this man, and on the turn of them our lives depended.

"Having grasped a quantity in his hand he threw them up like a careless boy playing at pitch and toss, to ascertain whether it was the will of heaven that they should immediately shoot us in the canoe. Our feelings at this moment cannot be described. In an instant the unexpected storm had burst upon us in all its unrelenting fury; with tears in our eyes we begged the Almighty to soften the hearts of the savages, and avert the impending destruction. Regardless of our distress, they proceeded in the dreadful ordeal. The shells fell rattling down, and in an instant every

eye save our own, was bent towards them. We dreaded the consequence, and simply looked for the first expression which would arise on their countenances. The fetish man who had thrown them up raised his head, and blessed be God, disappointment and vexation were most strongly marked on his countenance. His face was indeed the index of the mind; almost every cowry had turned on the convex side, and shewed its flat surface of white. Hope sprung up in our breasts; we thought we were safe, at least for the present; but what was our distress when we found he had the cruelty and bad faith to hand the shells to the officer next him in command, requesting him 'to try his luck.' He willingly took them, and sitting at the bow of the canoe, did as he was requested. Again they fell and turned up for life. Their rage and disappointment was now unbounded: they stood still and looked at each other with countenances full of astonishment and vexation; not even satisfied with this, their second appeal to heaven, they determined on a third time, and actually handed the yet lucky shells to a man at the stern of the boat. He threw them, but to no purpose; the major part again shewed the white side uppermost, and baffled them in their third attempt. If ever the power of Divine Providence was more apparent in one thing than another, it was in this; the hand of the Almighty had evidently been 'stretched out to save' here, and surely we might have said, 'In our distress we cried unto the Lord, and he delivered us out of our troubles.' Our thankfulness and joy were beyond expression; a feeling of deep and fervent gratitude pervaded our bosoms, which language cannot describe; in a word it was 'The motion of a hidden fire that trembled in the breast.'"

There are some descriptions of scenery, as well as many notices, regarding the manners and appearances, of the savage tribes encountered, that are highly interesting. The "Captain of War" to the king of Benin is thus sketched:—

"On being ushered into his presence, I was surprised to see a youth of about sixteen, seated on a stool in a large hall, and surrounded by a number of venerable chiefs, most of whom were four times his age. I afterwards found that his father, who held the situation, had recently been sent to conduct the war in the interior, and had fallen in battle; the office therefore devolved on the son, who is next in rank to the king. As soon as I entered, he approached me, and as a token of friendship presented some gooras in a long wooden box, beautifully carved and ornamented. I was then conducted to a smaller and more private apartment, where he ordered a glass of rum to be brought to me; and asked a series of questions, through the medium of his interpreter, respecting the loss of the cargo and ship, and seemed to take great interest in what was communicated to him. After this, he showed me his magnificent robes, and large hat, (which resembles that which is worn by the London coal porters,) with apparently great delight; he being the only person, besides the king, who is permitted to wear such a badge of distinction. He asked if I had any like it in my vessel, or clothes such as his robes. I replied that I had clothes, but not like his. The supercargo when he visited him had given him a tune on the flute, which delighted him so much that it was with the greatest difficulty he managed to get away.

Of the king's palace, &c.

"Having taken some refreshment, I sent to the king announcing my arrival, and shortly after I was waited upon by an officer of his Majesty, who came to present the king's *service* to me. He was curiously habited, wearing a sort of short petticoat from the waist down to the knees, composed of a cloth very much valued by them, resembling our white bunting. This encircled his loins, and set off like an ancient dame's hooped petticoat; the upper part of the body was naked as well as the legs and feet; his neck was ornamented with strings of red coral. In his hand he held a fan made of leather, to keep off the flies, and protect him from the rays of the sun. His head was quite unprotected, being shaved all over, with the exception of a circular spot on the crown, from which a small tuft was still permitted to grow. Such was the personage who brought the king's 'service.'"

"After his departure I went out to see the town, and visited several of the chiefs, who treated me kindly, and gave me bamboo wine to drink. The houses are decidedly superior to those at Gatto, being larger, but for the most part built on the same principle. The palace of the king is a large building of wood, not unlike one of our British shot manufactories, having a tower or steeple at one end; the rest of the building consists only of one story; the whole is surrounded by mud walls, which extend some miles. Near it are several fetish places, the depository of the usual absurd objects of worship, skulls, skeletons, and large ivory teeth. Many unfortunate slaves are also sacrificed at different seasons in front of these temples. From this place I proceeded to the market, which is a very large one, and the resort of natives from all parts of the country. At first sight it presented a busy and animated appearance; the ground on which it is held is a large plain, covered with temporary streets, each compartment formed by four upright poles, and roofed with large mats. Underneath these sheds, are exposed the different articles of merchandise, viz., salt, black soap, yams, plantains, pins for the hair of very rough manufacture, and various other articles.

"A quantity of monkey's flesh attracted my attention, from the paws and nails which wear exposed; and dogs, goats, and sheep, were here in abundance, as also many articles of European and even British manufacture; for which they exchange slaves, numbers of whom I saw chained in the market ready to be conveyed by the first opportunity to the sea shore. I returned in the evening from my solitary ramble, and retired to rest after partaking of a mess of 'fu fu.'

"The following morning I again proceeded to the market, where I found a large assemblage of people. Their attention was at once directed to me, and I was doubtless looked upon as a sort of 'rara avis' among them, Their astonishment was great, but I question whether it was equal to mine when I perceived among the swarthy group which surrounded me —what? a human being *whiter* than myself, in a word, if the expression may be used, a *white negro.*"

The author was long detained at Gatto, with his crew, before an opportunity offered by which he could leave the coast of Benin, and in the meantime, his mate, of the nameof Johnson, died of dysentery.

The place where his body was buried, and the manner in which the solemnity was conducted, deserve to be described.

"I ordered the corpse to be washed, and then decently laid out, which, having been done, I immediately proceeded to the governor, and reported his death, and requested he might be speedily buried. He said that should be done, but we must first pay him two jars of rum as a fee, for 'breaking the ground.' The master of our house and the supercargo were at Benin that day, but I expected their arrival hourly, and hoped as soon as they came we might be able to settle the affair. They arrived at about five o'clock in the afternoon, and we all proceeded to the governor, and after a long argument with him, obtained consent to bury the deceased by the side of the unfortunate, but enterprising traveller, Belzoni.

"The spot selected, was an interesting one, and I felt a degree of consolation, not unmixed with pride, that the ashes of my departed friend should repose near those of so remarkable a man. The grave of the traveller is roofed over with a neat shed of bamboos, and a rude, but neat paling surrounds it, in order that no wild beasts may approach the sacred mound.

"A board is erected at the head, which has an inscription to this effect, that 'All travellers are requested to keep up the grave of so great a man as *Belzoni*.'

"Close beside the grave, a wide spreading tree flings its branches over the sacred dust, and at the trunk a rude bamboo seat. Under its shadow I have sat for hours, musing on the fate of the deceased traveller, and reading his memorial. He too, fell a martyr to the dysentery, whilst on his way to Timbuctoo. Yes! this was the simple tomb of the man, who, with unwearied diligence and toil, had entered and explored the tombs of Egyptian kings, the mighty depositories of a race of Pharaohs;—beheld the hewn chamber and its sculptured sarcophagus in pristine beauty, and sent many a trophy of the wonderful achievements of ancient Egypt, to a land, where, in her National Museum, they now stand, proud monuments of the skill, not only of the Egyptian, but of him who ventured health, property, and life, in the one darling object of his chosen labour.

"All that now remained to him was the little mound by my side, and the simple, unostentatious monument bearing his name; presenting, indeed, a wide contrast to the huge piles of Memphis and Thebes.

> 'He heeded not the lavish rhyme,
> And costly pomp of sculptured garnish vain;
> But fondly covenanted with his friend
> To lay his bones beneath the sighing bough
> Of some old lonely tree.'

"Near this grave is another, containing the remains (as I learned from the monument) of a Mr. Hill, who came in a vessel, the 'John Cato,' to trade with the king of Benin. Everything seemed to promise his realizing a fortune in this enterprise, but he was taken ill of the fever, and died.

"Between these two graves we buried the mate, John Johnson. The evening was far advanced before the grave was completed; we therefore approached the spot, (a little band,) to perform, after the manner of the

country of the dead man, the duty of interment. There were none of the insignia of mourning,—no hearse with its nodding plumes and painted escutcheon, or even decent train of sable mourners; we stood round the grave, about six in number, the corpse on one side, whilst I officiated as chaplain. Having no prayer book, I endeavoured to recollect as much of the burial service as possible; the audience were attentive beyond measure; all was hushed and silent; the sun was resting on the extreme verge of the western horizon,—it seemed to linger for a moment, to throw its last golden ray upon the pale countenance of the departed, and cheer the hearts of the little group that surrounded his remains.

"I commenced, it was a series of broken passages, but from their constant use they suggested themselves to me at that moment much after the following manner: 'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever believeth in me shall never die.

"'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.'

"Gazing on the prostrate corpse, the next passage that suggested itself was, 'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,—blessed be the name of the Lord! Forasmuch it pleased the Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the grave.'"

"The lifeless corpse was then deposited in the ground, and whilst the red earth was scattered on its fellow dust, we paused—a tear suffused every eye, and all stood silent in heartfelt grief.

"The noble luminary of day was just sinking below the horizon, when we deposited the remains of poor Johnson in the grave, and it suggested the last words which were pronounced over his ashes.

"'There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the body, it is sown in weakness, it is raised in glory!'

"The sun of our dear friend had gone down at noon day; but we trusted, like that setting orb of the west, it would again arise, clothed with beauty. Impressed with this hope, I took a last look at the corpse of my friend in its narrow home, and with the rest of my party returned to my habitation."

The superstitions of the natives among which Mr. Fawckner was thrown and certain other observances furnish the following peculiarities:—

"It was about this time that I witnessed a strange ceremony, peculiar to this people, called the time of the 'grand devils.' Eight men were dressed in a most curious manner, having a dress made of bamboo about their bodies, and a cap on the head, of various colours, and ornamented with red feathers taken from the parrots' tail; round the legs were twisted strings of shells, which made a clattering noise as they walked, and the face and hands of each individual were covered with a net. These strange

beings go about the town, by day and by night, for the term of one month, uttering the most discordant and frightful noises; no one durst venture out at night for fear of being killed or seriously maltreated by these fellows, who are then especially engaged in driving the evil spirits from the town. They go round to all the chiefs' houses, and in addition to the noise they make, perform some extraordinary feats in tumbling and gymnastics, for which they receive a few cowries.

"About the same time I saw a man who had given himself as a sacrifice to the fetish. A procession was formed, in all the splendour peculiar to these occasions, and the man was conducted amid a vast concourse of people to the river. Here, according to the usual custom, they affix weights to the devotee's body, make him drunk, and sink him in the tide. As some sort of compensation, however, to the poor fellow, he was allowed for some time previous to his being offered up, the privilege of going into the market whenever he felt inclined, and helping himself to whatever he fancied. I often saw him enter the market, but directly the women espied him coming, they invariably caught up their baskets and ran away. The natives have a curious way of finding out a thief by a kind of 'fiery ordeal;' it is as follows: a fire being lighted in front of the fetish house, they place an earthen pot on it, filled with some combustibles, which blaze like wild fire, and at the bottom of this a small cowry is placed.

"All the inhabitants are convened around this fire, and the master of each family surrounded by his household, all of whom place their hands on his back, at once proceed to take the shell out of the burning pot. If he manages to get it out without burning his fingers he is at once declared innocent; but, on the contrary, if he fail, he and all his family are immediately pronounced guilty, and each individual member is obliged to go through the ordeal. Whoever in attempting to take out the shell, therefore, burns his fingers, is immediately declared to be the thief, and punished accordingly.

"Another mode, equally singular, is occasionally resorted to. The persons suspected are made to kneel down on the ground, and each one puts out his tongue. The fetish man immediately covers it with a certain mixture, and places over the surface a small leaf. He then takes a feather, and endeavours to push the quill part through the tongue, if he succeeds and can draw the whole of the feather clean through, the party operated upon is at once declared innocent; but should he fail in the first attempt to push the feather through, the poor creature at once suffers the extreme penalty of the law.

"This is a shocking and most revolting spectacle for an Englishman to witness, which I never could look on but with feelings of horror and disgust; although the natives assure me it was not much pain, and the wound soon healed. They put great faith in this mentioned trial, and often cause the thief to walk about the town as an example whilst the wound is unhealed."

Mr. Fawckner had an opportunity of falling in with Captain Clapperton, Richard Lander, and others, when upon their celebrated mission, before he returned to England. But as we have already stated, his misfortunes did not cease with this return, the joyfulness

of which he feelingly commemorates, and which with the other passages quoted, cannot but recommend his small volume to a large class of readers.

"On the 26th December I joined the 'Lively,' at Sierra Leone, and after a passage of fifty-eight days arrived at Plymouth.

"It will be needless to spin out the thread of this narrative longer; suffice it to say, that after an absence of six years, during which time I suffered the most extreme hardships and severest privations; the foregoing being only a very small portion of the history of my disasters after leaving my native country, I at length again beheld the snowy cliffs of 'that happy island in the watery waste;' my feelings at that moment may be imagined, but cannot be described; the heart leaping with joy in hope of meeting all those dear friends whom I left behind, then fluttering with anxiety at the thought of how many might be missing of that number. These, and similar emotions, have arisen in the breasts of all persons when under similar circumstances; to my readers I leave the task of picturing the state of my feelings, on again seeing England's shores, as well as the increasing anxiety of my mind when I approached the still (to me) dearer shores of Plymouth, nearer and nearer. The well known spots so familiar to me, familiar, even after so long an absence, burst one by one on my vision, and seemed to hail and welcome my return to the scenes of early days and pleasing recollections.

"Quickly of memory's fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again."

"In a few hours after opening upon the prospect I had gained, my vessel was safely anchored within that stupendous structure, the breakwater.

"The news of my arrival rapidly spread abroad, and I was happy in seeing many of my relatives and friends, who crowded in boats around the vessel, with voices of the most welcome congratulation.

"I found that I had long been given 'up for lost,' by my anxious friends, no news of me having arrived for such a lapse of time. Their joy therefore was almost as unbounded as it was unlooked for.

"I must here, however, mention that, although returned in safety and blest with meeting almost all that I parted from, yet I soon felt my constitution suffering from the effects of my hardships and the sudden change of climate, so that in the midst of my joy I had great reason for humiliation. The effects of this change I have subsequently felt at times most severely, and shall doubtless ever continue to experience to the day of my death.

"I prepared to set my foot once more on the shores where I had roved when my hopes were buoyant and my frame vigorous. On leaving the vessel, my heart exulted within me, and as the men were urging on the boat over the green waves, I almost involuntarily exclaimed,

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart has ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he has turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand?"—

"Cold indeed would be my heart, if after the signal interposition of an all wise and all merciful Providence, I should fail to record my gratitude to Almighty God, in closing this narrative. Inadequate as I feel to the duty of expressing my thanksgiving to Him, who has preserved my going out and coming in; yet when I remember that a grateful heart is all that he requires, I do feel it a privilege to have this opportunity of telling the world my joy, and here no language can better convey the emotions of my soul, than the beautiful and truly descriptive words of the king of Isreal in the 107th Psalm.

"'They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way, they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted within them; then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distress.

"'Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto the desired haven.

"'O that man would praise the Lord for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men.'"

ART. X.—*New South Wales: Present State and Future Prospects, being a Statement with Documentary Evidence submitted in Support of Petitions to His Majesty and Parliament.* London: Welther. 1837.

NOT more than fifty years have elapsed since the penal settlement of New South Wales was founded by the British government, and notwithstanding the impurity of the material of its original construction, its rapid advancement, in population, wealth, and in various arts and refinements of civilization, fully justify the presumption that the destinies of these remote dependencies are high, beyond all calculation. With eight thousand miles of sea coast, and a series of splendid harbours, with every variety of soil and climate, with a territory abutting upon India and China on the one hand, and stretching towards the southern pole on the other, with a vast ocean extending immeasurably to the eastward, rich in the treasures of the deep, and studded with numerous populous islands, it presents all the physical requisites for being the nurse of a great and powerful community, destined to convey to the uttermost regions the arts of European civilization, and to serve as a counterpoise to the gigantic power of the western continent. Whether viewed with reference to agriculture, commerce, or maritime enterprise, its situation is one of the most favourable on the wide surface of the globe. From the 23rd to the 38th degree of southern latitude—from the river Boyne, near Moreton Bay, on the north to port Phillip, on the south, it presents a line of coast more than 1500 miles in extent, forming the boundary of a country of diversified aspect, and average fertility, abounding with *the staple* commodi-

ties of British prosperity, coal and iron, and intersected by numerous rivers. As water communications, the latter are comparatively unimportant, but their fertilizing qualities are of the highest order. The climate is proverbially mild, and the soil yields every grain and vegetable of foreign climes, and every variety of fruit, from the gooseberry of the north to the banana and pine apple of the tropics. Such being the great natural advantages of this new dependency, it behoves the government of this country to keep a steady eye upon its interests, and to pursue the best course that can be devised for the correction of the evils inseparable from the first formation of the colony, and for the promotion of the speedy development of its resources, and of the moral and physical advancement of the community.

The total extent of the crown lands of the colony, which had been alienated by grant and sale up to the 30th June, 1836, was somewhat more than 4,000,000 of acres; and by an official return of the year 1833, it appears that there were at that time 61,285 acres in cultivation—viz., wheat, 38,679 acres; maize, 14,425 acres; barley, oats, and rye, 6,346 acres; potatoes, 949 acres; hops, 46 acres; tobacco, 396 acres; lucern, clover, &c., 2,424 acres. This does not include gardens, orchards, vineyards, or pasture lands: assuming the general accuracy of this return, and considering that the progress of cultivation has been vastly on the increase in the intervening period, the quantity of land under cultivation in 1836 may be estimated at 70 or 80,000 acres.

In 1835 the imports were £1,002,500, including the produce of the fisheries; and the exports £630,881—the excess of imports over exports being attributable to the amount of capital introduced in the shape of machinery and other articles of improvement. Hence, taking the imports, exclusive of the fisheries, at £945,000, and reckoning the number of inhabitants at 50,000, there is a sum of £19 per head expended upon imports alone, of which more than £17 per head is for articles from Great Britain and British colonies, and £14 per head for articles from Great Britain alone;—the exports being at the rate of more than £12 10s. for each free inhabitant of the colony. The average annual income of the people of England has been estimated by M'Culloch at £17 per head, and of Ireland at £6; so that in 1835 the yearly revenue per head of the colonists of New South Wales from exports alone was more than double the whole annual income per head of the people of Ireland; while the rate of expenditure for imports by each colonist exceeded the average rate of the whole yearly income of the inhabitants of Great Britain, and was more than three times the average rate of the people of Ireland.

But this surprising augmentation of national expenditure is still further and more convincingly illustrated by the abstract of the

revenue for the quarter ending the 30th September, 1836. By this document it appears that the produce—the staple export of the colony, and that which has raised it to its present state of prosperity, is its fine wool. The quantity of this commodity exported from the two colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's land in 1835, amounted to 5,500,000lbs., and estimating the price at 2s. perlb, it will give £550,000 for the two colonies. Some portion of this went direct to the United States.

The total amount of the imports of general merchandize in 1828 was £170,000, and of exports £90,000, while that of the customs alone was £41,628, showing an increase on the corresponding quarter of the previous year of £5341; from brewers to retail spirits £7099—being an increase on the quarter of £843; post office, £1454—being an increase on the quarter of £273. But the most striking of all the items is the proceeds of the sale of crown lands, showing an excess over the corresponding quarter of 1835 of £13,000. These purchases were at a very high rate, and almost entirely made by established settlers. The gross revenue for this quarter amounted to £90,954 11*s*. 4*d*., being an increase on the corresponding quarter of 1835 of the astounding sum of £22,817 3*s*. 9*d*. If this quarter's revenue be taken at its yearly rate, it will give an income of £363,816, being an increase on that of the year 1829 of not less than £267,195.

On the faith of this financial statement, a writer in the "Colonist" of 26th December, 1836, bursts forth in the following strain of triumphant self gratulation.

"'The natural results of prosperity like this are already discernible in our pastoral districts. Domestic comforts, and the varied elegancies of social life, are spreading into the remotest nooks. The log-hut gives place to the neat cottage—the neat cottage to the commodious house—the commodious house to the aristocratic mansion; and internal convenience and embellishment advance in a corresponding ratio. Our farmers and graziers, of the better sort, no longer trudge through the bush on broken down hacks, or in rumbling 'shay-carts;' but, mounted on high-mettled chargers, or rolling rapidly along in fashionable barouches and pairs, attended by their liveried menials, they show that they are in no wise backward to turn to good personal, practical account, the affluence to which they have risen as by magic.'

"'But if the rays of prosperity thus glisten through the shades of our forests, it may be easily imagined by our British readers, with what higher splendour they shine forth in our townships, and especially in our metropolis. Parramatta has of late years caught the spirit of improvement, and is now rife with growing commerce. Even Windsor, so long the hot-bed of drunkenness, idleness, and filth—the disgusting nucleus of Hawkesbury vice—has at length been roused from its lethargy, and has started, albeit at the eleventh hour, in the race of civic improvement. Whilst many of the younger townships, which, but as yesterday, were the

dwelling-places of kangaroos and emus, bandicoots and snakes, are rapidly rising into consequence. Maitland may be singled out as one of the most striking instances of this American precocity. Seven years ago, it was partly a thickly-timbered hill, and partly a stagnant morass—the far more valuable portion of its soil the property of an illiterate old man, whose devotedness to the bottle induced him to sell it piecemeal for trifling sums. *Now* it is the emporium at once of agriculture and commerce to one of the richest districts of the colony, and in point of money-value, its property, in buildings and in sites for buildings, is second only to that of our metropolis. But in what sense can we convey to our friends in the mother country, without provoking their laughter at our supposed vanity and exaggeration, an adequate idea of SYDNEY? If we tell them that we have here shops and dwelling-houses which, in point of dimensions, of architectural taste, and of internal elegance, are equal to those of the first-rate towns in England, and to some of the most respectable private houses in London—that our building-ground is selling at the rate of several thousands of pounds per acre, and in some instances has realized higher prices than are attached to the best stands in Cheapside—that our citizens are charioted along in a splendour of equipage little inferior to what is beheld in Hyde Park during the fashionable hey-day of that magnificent resort of rank and fashion;—we shall tell them nothing more than the sober truth, and yet we shall tell them what they will not or cannot believe.'"

It is however suggested that these comparisons are founded upon recollections prior to the great improvements that have of late years taken place in England. With a due allowance for rhetorical flourishes, it may be taken as a picture of great and sudden amelioration.

But while wealth has flowed in upon the colonists in these sudden tides, the counteracting influences of the evils it brings with it have by no means multiplied in proportion. The means of education and religious instruction have hitherto been very inadequate to the wants of the community, and this too, a community, of which all others, stood in need of repressive and remedial influences, of religious and moral instruction. We think that the colonial authorities have been culpably remiss in this particular. They erect a vast moral lazar house, they fill it with victims infected with every variety of the most hideous moral leprosy, they supply them with every indulgence for the gratification of those passions which have engendered their diseases, while the medical department is almost wholly overlooked. It would appear by the only returns that have been obtainable, that the proportion of children attending schools to the aggregate amount of the population does not exceed one in twenty; that the education of those who do receive instruction is very scanty and insufficient, from the want of adequate means to make it what it ought to be, and particularly from the want of adequate means of having competent schoolmasters. Surely, says

Mr. M'Arthur, these are most important considerations, whether we regard the responsibilities of the parent country, or the destinies of the colony.

In the year 1834, the sums voted by the legislative council in support of education were as follows :—

" Primary schools, (established by the Corporation,)	£2756
Male and Female Orphan schools,	2800
King's school, Parramatta,	180
	£5736
Additional grant for site and building of the King's school, Parramatta,	2300
Total for schools in connection with Church of England,	£8036
For Roman Catholic schools,	800

The recommendation of Lord Glenelg in June, 1836, for the introduction of the Irish system, met with the warmest opposition from the Colonists, as inapplicable to their particular case, the Catholics only forming one fourth of the entire population, and as defective; but it does not appear that they were prepared with any comprehensive or widely beneficial scheme of their own.

The estimated charges of the church establishment in 1837 run thus :

" Church of England,	£14,827 10 0
Presbyterian Clergy,	1,300 0 0
Roman Catholic Clergy,	3,040 0 0
	£19,167 10 0

There are at present one bishop and eighteen chaplains of the Church of England, eight ministers of the Church of Scotland, and seven of the Roman Catholic Church, including a bishop and vicar general. Thus there are thirty-four clergymen to supply spiritual instruction to a population of seventy thousand. The annual sum expended on religion and education amounts to £28,003, while we have seen that the revenue derivable from licences, as the writer of the " Colonist" wittily phrases it, to poison the health of her Majesty's subjects, to relax the sinews of industry, and to multiply robberies, suicides and murders in the land, in other words, for licences to retail spirits, amounts to £28,396, giving a surplus of £393 over the antagonist expenditure.

Having thus laid before our readers the flourishing condition of the colony in point of wealth and increasing population, it remains for us to notice the serious moral evils which detract from its social character, and threaten its existence. These may be traced to certain radical errors of policy connected with the original foundation of the colony, a want of an efficient system of police, the formation

of juries on a perverted principle, and the generally defective administration of justice.

The population of the colony is divided into two classes, Free Settlers, and Emancipists or liberated Convicts. The most deadly animosity prevails between these two parties, the one arrogating to itself the exclusive right of directing the affairs of the colony, and of having juries selected from their body. On the other hand, the Emancipists, relying on the principle propounded and acted upon during the administration of Governor Macquarie, "That New South Wales was a convict colony established for their benefit, and brought into its present state of prosperity by their means," stoutly contend that they are the rightful possessors of the soil, and that the last of the Free Settlers having chosen to associate with prostitutes and pick-pockets, was in itself a tacit adoption of the manners and accidents of that society, or an enrolment in their ranks, and that the exercise of civil rights should be based upon property alone, without reference to character or conduct. They insist that the very obvious principle "set a thief to catch a thief" is the very best to be carried into effect in the formation of a police and a jury system, and they seem inocculated with the notion that their crimes were merely misfortunes, which they are to repair by success, and not as violations of law, which they are to atone for by severities of toil and privation. Hence the struggle of two antagonist principles, the good preponderating over the bad, and producing a depravity unexampled in the history of crime.

During a period of twenty-six years crime has increased with the increasing number of the convict population. Each year brings with it a fresh contribution of the outcasts and outpourings of the empire. They are set loose upon the shores of Australia, to pursue the bent of their corrupt inclinations, to the demoralization of the small body of emigrants or reclaimed criminals, which had previously existed. In the year 1810, the convictions by the criminal court relatively to the whole population of the colony appear to have been one in three hundred and seventy-five persons; in the next three years one in three hundred and sixty; in the five years from 1821 to 1825, one in one hundred and eighty-three; and from 1831 to 1835 it had increased to one in one hundred and nineteen persons. In 1825 the convictions for petty sessions offences, committed almost exclusively by convicts, amounted to about 6000, whilst the number of convicts was 16,000. In 1835 this number had increased to 28,000, and the convictions in the year amounted to 22,000. This increase he attributes to the greater inefficiency of the police, and the increased chances of escape afforded by the jury laws.

In fine, from deductions from incontrovertible data, it is an ascertained fact, that the proportion of crime committed in New South Wales by those classes of the population that have never been

convicts, is not greater than the proportion in the parent country, and does not appear to exceed other European communities, or of the United States of America.

Secondly, that the great excess of crime in that colony proceeds from persons who either are or have been convicts, and that the actual extent of crime within that colony does, in the last named class, greatly exceed that of any other country, and is also larger at the present time than at any former period, and that crime increases with the increasing years of the colony, in a progressively accumulating ratio.

"The more immediate causes of this state of things says Mr. M'Arthur, are numerous and complicated, but may be traced to the original error of sending out convicts without a sufficient admixture of free persons of character.

"The Governors have thus been compelled to make convicts Superintendents over convicts. Colonel Collins, an eye-witness, after detailing various instances of disorderly and criminal conduct, on the part of the convicts, in the infancy of the settlement, observes, that it was principally occasioned by 'the want of proper overseers,' and that with a few persons 'not of the description of convicts,' to have acted in that capacity, regulations might have been framed, which would have prevented these evils. But that overseers, 'drawn from amongst themselves,' were found not to have the influence necessary to carry any regulation into effect. Other passages of the same purport, both from this author, and from the despatches of Governor Phillip, representing the absolute necessity of sending out free persons as superintendents, and as settlers, have been noticed in the preceding chapter.

"Nor was the evil confined to the employment of convicts as overseers. They have hitherto furnished almost the only materials from which a police could be formed. They have also at various periods become landholders, —householders in the towns,—traders,—employers of convict servants,— clerks in the government offices and to private individuals,—writers for, and virtual Editors of public journals, commenting freely upon the conduct of the council, of the highest public functionaries and of the magistracy,— and this (in some instances even recently) whilst yet in the condition of convicts themselves. Pardons, and remissions of sentence, grants of land, assignments of convict servants maintained for a considerable period at the public expense, besides provisions for themselves and families, and other indulgences, were bestowed by Governors in former times upon this class without proper discrimination, instead of being made to proceed upon well defined principles; and to depend upon a continued course of active good conduct. Many disorders, gross corruption, and shameless profligacy, were the inevitable consequences.

"The sale of spirits has been, and still continues to be, one of the great means of acquiring wealth in New South Wales, and drunkenness is there, as elsewhere, one of the most fertile sources of crime. The small settlers, chiefly emancipated convicts, in many instances sold or mortgaged their lands to publicans and traders, (generally speaking, of the same class as themselves), in order to obtain supplies to carry on their farming operations;

and of these supplies, rum and tobacco, at exorbitant prices, formed usually the principal items; on the return of the settler to his farm, after visiting Sydney, scenes of debauchery ensued, in which his convict servants were his boon companions.

"In the Government gangs under the superintendence of overseers, either of their own class, or who have formerly been so, the convicts too often obtain facilities for making money, which they share with the overseers themselves. The greater portion of these sums is expended in liquor, and in the gratification of licentious appetites. As the sale of spirits is a sure path to wealth, so robbery frequently furnishes the means of payment, and many are thus led into the commission of crime without the extenuating plea of want, which cannot, indeed, exist under the present circumstances of the colony.

"Whilst the colony was but thinly peopled, and confined within narrow limits, the evil consequences resulting from this state of things were less seriously felt by the respectable inhabitants. Petty thefts might be carried on, and disorders take place amongst their convict servants, to a certain extent with impunity,—but beyond this, they could not proceed without a certainty of ultimate detection, and severe punishment. Every man was known: the appearance of a stranger was an event which gave rise to immediate inquiry; so that there existed a sort of domestic police, and a want of opportunity, each affording a strong preventive against crime.

"But as the towns have grown populous, and a community, chiefly composed of such dangerous materials, has spread out over a wide extent of country, the faults of the system have become every day more apparent, not only in the greater difficulty of counteracting the bad propensities of the most numerous portion of the inhabitants; but also in the amount of crime; and in the increasing idleness and profligacy of the convict population,—more particularly that portion of it which is exposed to the temptation and contaminating influence of the towns."

The abuse of land granting was quickly succeeded by another, technically termed "squatting." Convicts holding tickets of leave, or free by servitude, located themselves on the crown lands, and in a very brief space became the lords of numerous flocks and herds, by an extensive system of plunder on the property of the established settlers. They are aided in these nefarious practices by the convict servants of their neighbours, whom they manage to seduce by a copious supply of spirits, and every kind of debauchery; nor are the natives of the colony proof against these temptations, although they formerly maintained a reputation for integrity and general good conduct. When convicts who have thus accumulated rapid fortunes become, in their turn, masters of convict servants, a fellow-feeling generally begets between them a sort of free-masonry in crime. They live together, carouse together, and become accomplices in every kind of villany.

The law relative to tickets of leave is another source of immorality and crime. The terms of the statute restrict the governor from granting those tickets "until such person, if transported for seven

years, shall have served four; if for fourteen years, shall have served six; or if transported for life, shall have served eight." What was intended as a discretionary power, has passed into a legal right—good conduct forms no part of the consideration—transportation is divested of its terrors—and convicts for seven years are insubordinate and reckless of consequences. As a remedy for this evil, it has been suggested that the term of transportation should never be under twelve or fourteen years, with an indulgence upon proof of *positive good* conduct.

But the great infector—the boundless upas of New South Wales, is *rum*. Three hundred thousand gallons of spirituous liquors were consumed in 1835, by a population of from 75 to 80,000. That is seven gallons per head (deducting the young and temperate); while in the United Kingdom the average is one gallon and half a pint for each person. The consequence is obvious—the increase of crime has been in nearly exact proportion to the increased consumption of spirits.

The last great cause of crime that we shall notice, and that against which the established settlers have arrayed themselves to a man, is the uncertainty of punishment. This arises from the difficulty of detection, and the difficulty of procuring convictions from juries—the major part of which are composed of "emancipists!" "In America," says Tocqueville, "every one conceives himself to be interested in furnishing evidence of the breach of the law, and in arresting the criminal; so that in no country does crime so rarely elude punishment." In New South Wales the sympathies of the majority are in favour of the criminal, and their efforts are directed to screen him from justice. The police are convicts; the jury are three parts convicts, and witnesses may be hired to swear to any given fact at a moment's notice. In some cases the accused is not disposed to trust to those chances of escape, and makes "assurance doubly sure," by the murder of a material witness.

One of the principal objects proposed to be obtained by the New South Wales jury law was to elevate the tone of public feeling, and to hold out to the convict an inducement to reform: we shall presently see with what effects the measure has been attended.

In a charge delivered to the jury at the close of the sessions of the Supreme Court of New South Wales, for the year 1835, Judge Burton (who is himself one of the oldest settlers) thus graphically sketches the depravity of the colony.

After a statement of the returns of the capital convictions for the three preceding years, and an enumeration of the cases just disposed of, his honour proceeds in these terms:—

"With respect to the causes of this state of crime, he had nothing to do with what others had to assign—he had formed his own conclusion as to them, which he would lay before the Gentlemen of the Jury, and

beg them carefully to weigh and examine them and judge for themselves; he had thought the number of capital convictions alone enough to point out his own and their attention to it, as an indication of the state of the country as to crime; he had not thought it necessary, with so prominent a feature before him, to mention the number of convictions before the Supreme Court during the same period, for offences not capital; he would only briefly refer to them, and to all those offences which were tried before the several Courts of Quarter Sessions throughout the colony, in the exercise of their summary jurisdiction, and by Juries; the mass of offences which were summarily disposed of by the magistrates, and at the several Police Offices throughout the colony, and, added to all these, the numerous undiscovered crimes, which every man who heard him, or to whom the report of his words should come, would at once admit to have occurred in his own circle of knowledge. And then the picture presented to their minds would be one of the most painful reflection; it would appear to one who could look down upon the community, as if the main business of us all were the commission of crime and the punishment of it: as if the whole colony were continually in motion towards the several courts of justice, and the most painful reflection of all must be, that so many capital sentences, and the execution of them, have not had the effect of preventing crime by way of example.

"In his opinion, one grand cause of such a state of things was an overwhelming defect of religious principle in this community; a principle which he considered as the polar star to guide a man in all his conduct, and without which none other would prevent him from crime.

"But that he might not be said to make so grave a charge upon light foundations, he would instance the crimes of violence, the murders, the manslaughters in drunken revels,—the perjuries—the false witnesses from motives of revenge or reward, which in the proceedings before him had been brought to light. There were some indeed of so atrocious a character which had occurred before him, that he would briefly instance some of them which the time that had elapsed might have caused to pass away from their memory: and he mentioned the case of Mullaly and his wife, who were convicted of stealing from the person of Patrick Sherry, by means of some deleterious drug administered to him, which for a time deprived him of sense, and perhaps only the quantity administered prevented the loss of his life; and the case of Armstrong, an overseer, who was acquitted upon a false charge brought against him by a convict under his superintendence, of shooting at him with intent to murder.

"He referred to the case of Cowan and his wife, who were acquitted of the murder of a man named Kerr, as embodying in itself a picture of those evils with which the colony is visited. These persons, and one Campbell and the deceased Kerr, lived near Liverpool, and kept an unlicensed still, and a house to which the gangs of prisoners in their neighbourhood resorted for drink, and they were cattle stealers (it was no slander to call them such, since they have been convicted of it). On a Sunday evening their house was visited by a constable from Liverpool, who arrived about eight o'clock in the evening, and found all the parties, as he expressed it, 'beastly drunk,' and two prisoners of the crown in the same state: this was the last time Kerr was seen alive by any respectable

person. Information was given on the next day, by two of Cowan's servants, to the Magistrates of Liverpool, against him for cattle-stealing; and it was proved that their having done so was known to Peter Montgomery, a convict employed as overseer at the Liverpool Hospital, in the afternoon of the same day, and that he had visited Cowan afterwards, and understood from expressions made by Cowan during his intoxication, that he expected Kerr would give evidence against him; Kerr was murdered by some one on that night, and his body was afterwards found at the distance of forty or fifty rods, but the blood was traced to within seventeen or eighteen yards of Cowan's door.

"At the trial, Campbell, who had given a statement before the Magistrates, which, if he had adhered to on the trial, would have brought home the guilt of that murder to both the prisoners, recanted the whole of his previous statements, and they were acquitted. It appeared in evidence, that this person had been forwarded from Liverpool to Sydney, handcuffed with Cowan—was confined in the same yard in the jail with him, and the Gentlemen of the Jury had had an instance before them this day, of the effect of such association upon the evidence of a witness. It further appeared, and it deserves notice as an instance of retributive justice, as well as showing the character of this case, that another dead man was found in the same place within three months before,—and upon that occasion, a Coroner's Jury had acquitted the prisoner Cowan upon the evidence of that man Kerr, and his deposition after his death was given in evidence in this Court in favour of the same prisoner, when Cowan was subsequently tried before one of the other Judges on that charge, and was the main ground of his acquittal.

"The conclusions to be drawn from such a case are manifest; and the Judge stated, that he was sorry to say, and those who heard him could bear him out in what he said, that this was not the only case which had recently been before the Court, in which there was the strongest suspicion of an expected witness against a prisoner being made away with to prevent his giving evidence.

"In another case, an old man who is now gone to his account, and whose name he would therefore not mention, was acquitted of maliciously shooting at a servant in his employment, and the means taken to procure that acquittal was a false charge of felony set up against the principal witness.

"In another case, as many as ten or eleven persons had successively abused the person of a woman; of course consent in such a case was impossible to be presumed; but what must be the state of moral degradation of those persons who could consecutively follow one another in the commission of such an act.

"These, and many other instances, to which it would be long now to refer (but they were upon his notes of evidence in cases tried before him), had brought him to the conclusion that there is an overwhelming defect of religious principle in this colony. If he was wrong in this conclusion, his reasoning upon it would fail, the Jury would judge of this; but if he were correct, then it was a state of things which warranted him in calling upon them by all the means in their power to improve it."

After dwelling on the inadequacy of religious instruction, he proceeds—

"It had been his lot to visit one of those penal settlements. To see them herding together without any chance of improvement, without any religious instruction, was painful in the extreme. One man particularly he had observed, in a manner which drew tears from his eyes and wrung his heart when he was placed before him for sentence—'Let a man be what he will, when he comes here, he is soon as bad as the rest; a man's heart is taken from him, and there is given to him the heart of a beast.' He did not impute blame to any one, and he trusted no such motives would be ascribed to him; but in a question of such vital importance, which involved not only the present, but the ultimate welfare and security of the colony, all were interested; and it was the duty of every one to do what he could to ameliorate, if possible, its present condition. He only stated the fact, and lamented it."

In his report on the working of the jury system, the learned judge gives the following details—

"Upon the view thus submitted, it will appear that a party accused, inclined to exercise his right of peremptory challenge, might ensure a large predominance of convicted persons on the Jury, inasmuch as the law allows, in cases of felony, of the peremptory challenge to the extent of twenty in number, and in the panel No. 1, for instance, it will be seen that out of twenty-six persons who appeared, nine were certainly of that class, eight only were certainly of the class of free emigrants, or natives, the remaining nine being unknown, whilst in many other panels, as in No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 11, No. 17, &c., the proportion is still greater, and if a prisoner has professional assistance in his defence, this right of challenge is very freely exercised. In one instance I observed gentlemen of such character and respectability thus peremptorily rejected on the part of the prisoner, that I took the liberty of asking some of them afterwards if the prisoner was known to them, and was answered that he was not. The conclusion in my own mind was, that they were challenged on account of their respectability. In another case before me every person of apparent respectability who was called was peremtorily challenged on the part of the prisoner, which the Crown Officer observing, challenged all the others, and the case remained over for default of Jurors! in both cases the accused had professional assistance.

"Again, inasmuch as according to Colonial Law, the Jurors are placed alphabetically on the list, and are summoned in that order; the relations of convicted persons also qualified, and bearing the same name, are sure to be on the same panel with them, and owing to this alphabetical order being observed, a party may be well informed beforehand who will be summoned on his Jury, and so an opportunity offers for the exertion of improper influence.

"Further, it will appear, that a large proportion of the persons who have appeared and served are publicans, so many in some instances as 8 (3 having been also convicted persons) out of 29; 10 (5 having been also convicted persons) out of 31; 11 (4 of them having been convicted persons) out of 35, &c. Respecting the large proportion of this class

of persons on the Jury panels, I had the honour of pointing His Excellency's attention to this circumstance, in a letter which I found it my duty to address to His Excellency on the 2nd of December, 1835, on the state of crime in this Colony, and the causes of it, as exhibited in the proceedings before me in the Supreme Court; and now repeat, that the evils arising from the very great number of licensed houses for the sale of ardent spirits, are not restricted to the stimulus which they give to the commission of crime, and the concealment of it which they afford; but I have found a very great proportion, out of the panel of Jurymen before the Supreme Court, *who actually attend*, to be the holders of public houses, frequently very low in respectability, to whose houses prosecutors, and parties accused, *on bail*, and their witnesses, bond and free, resort for the purpose of drinking during the period of time they are in attendance on the Court, and a reasonable fear is thus excited for the purity of the adminstration of justice, which I have occasion, as a Judge, to see realized."

"The keepers of the low public houses in Sydney, which form the far greater number, are chiefly persons who have been transported to this Colony, or are married to convicts; many of them are notorious drunkards, obscene persons, fighters, gamblers, receivers of stolen goods, receivers and harbourers of thieves, and of the most depraved of both sexes. They exist upon the vices of the lower orders, and, inasmuch as there are no licensed pawnbrokers in Sydney, they are in fact the pawnbrokers; but not, as frequently occurs in other countries, upon occasion of some temporary pressure on the poor, for some necessary of life, but for intoxicating liquor."

Adding the proportion of these on the new lists for 1836, is 116 publicans out of 812 jurors for the county of Cumberland.

After pointing out how large a proportion of these might be secured on a jury, he proceeds thus—

"Further, I have reason to believe that much of the unwillingness of respectable persons to appear and serve on Juries, arises from repugnance to association and confinement in the Jury-room with persons whom they themselves know to be disreputable, and much from the ill conduct occasionally displayed by those persons, in the manifest determination of some one or more of them to acquit prisoners, in particular cases, at all events, when there has appeared to the rest of the Jury no ground for so doing; and which causes them (however improperly) to give up their own opinion rather than endure confinement with such persons. An instance of this occurred in a case where a young man, a native of the Colony, was tried before me, and a verdict of acquittal was returned, which might be considered unsatisfactory to a bystander, but where no predisposition, amongst the Jury, in favour of the prisoner, was manifested in Court, and I suspected none: I was afterwards informed by a highly respectable and credible gentleman, a married man, and father of a family, who was one of the Jury, that such did nevertheless exist, and actually caused the acquittal in question. The Jury retired to consider their verdict, and my informant entered the retiring-room about the third or fourth, and found one of the Jury, who had already entered, lying on the table on his back with his arms folded, who said, 'Well, my mind is made up.' Another

followed, and immediately lay down on the floor, saying, 'My mind is made up:' and when all got into the room, the Jury were talking about indifferent matters concerning their own business for about twenty minutes, when the foreman called their attention to the case, and said, 'Come, gentlemen, let us to business:' when they repeated, 'their minds were made up:' one giving as his reason, that he had known the boy's father for many years—another, that he had known the boy's mother for many years—and a third that he had known the boy from a child. Three of the Jury, including the foreman, were of opinion that the prisoner was guilty; and nine, of whom three were certainly convicted persons, for acquittal, the remaining six appearing to be led in their opinion by two of those three; but, from their conversation during the time they were confined together, it appeared to my informant that the whole nine persons were of that class; and it further appeared to him that they were predetermined to acquit the prisoner, right or wrong.

"The Jury remained locked up the whole night, during which, my informant stated, there was much foul and disgusting language, and next morning he, and those who agreed with him in opinion, yielded to the others, rather than continue to be so associated; he further stated, that in his opinion, no greater punishment can be inflicted upon a respectable person, than to be shut up with such people for a few hours, or at all events for the night; and that no consideration would induce him again to serve on a Jury with them, a determination which I have abundant reason to believe influences many like respectable persons in this community.

"The same gentleman further informed me, that he was on a Jury in another case, also tried before me on the previous day, where an acquittal also took place, and where there appeared to him to exist the same predetermination to acquit.

"As a further illustration of the same improper prejudice, I have been informed by a respectable inhabitant of Sydney, on whose veracity I rely, that he was sitting under the Jury box in the Supreme Court upon an occasion when a prisoner was on his trial for cattle-stealing, who was defended by one of the practitioners of the Court, when, during the progress of the trial, a Juryman leaned over my informant towards the practitioner, and called him by his name; the latter looked up, and the Juryman said, 'its all right, we'll acquit him;' when the prisoner was called on for his defence, the practitioner advised him to say nothing, and call no witnesses, and he was acquitted.

"I am further informed by an office runder the Government, who is well acquainted with the low characters of Sydney, and who is generally in attendance on the Supreme Court during the criminal trials, and in whose veracity I rely, that he has frequently seen persons amongst the Jury, whom he has known to be disreputable, and has given the Crown Solicitor information, upon which the parties have been challenged; but his so doing having become known to some officers of the Court who informed the parties challenged that it was upon his information, he was obliged to desist.

"The same officer has further informed me from his own knowledge, that the general character of the Juries has been, that they have been formed

of low and disreputable persons, except in some few instances, and that there are always some such on every Jury.

"I might adduce other facts within my knowledge to the same effect; but enough perhaps has been stated to show the causes which have led to the Jury system in this Colony falling into disrepute, and to justify me in adding, that Juries so constituted have not my confidence."

Such is Judge Burton's statement of the grounds of his opinion, which are no doubt sufficiently startling. His learned brethren, however, do not participate in his view of the subject, and Chief Justice Forbes, Judge Dowling, and the Attorney and Solicitor General give their opinion in favour of the favourable working of the jury laws as at present constituted. They do not enter at large on the grounds of their conviction, but content themselves with a general expression of satisfaction. However, we are inclined to think that the preponderance of authority rests with Judge Burton, and that a portion only of the evils there proved to exist must call loudly for a revision and modification of the jury law.

If such is the picture of the colony itself, what words can convey an adequate idea of the horrors of the convict establishment of Moreton Bay and Norfolk Island, the penal settlements of a penal settlement, the lower abysses of a hell, where a party of seven have been known to cast lots, the one to kill, the other to be killed, in order that the remainder might visit Sydney for a brief interval.

The remedies for stemming this continually swelling tide of iniquity, and remedying the defects of policy which give rise to it, are ably and clearly stated by our author.

"A local law should also be passed, regulating the conduct of masters towards their assigned servants, with penalties for non-observance, to be levied summarily by justices in petty sessions; and in order to provide religious instruction, a poll-tax might be established upon each convict servant to defray the charge of visiting ministers or catechists.

"But the assignment of convicts to private individuals might terminate altogether in the course of a few years, as arrangements were completed for their employment in gangs, under a proper system of superintendence and classification. In order to bring such a system into operation in the most advantageous manner, the change would require to be gradual. This would afford opportunity to obtain free servants from the parent country, and prevent the ill consequences to the colony which must arise from any sudden cessation of the supply of labourers and servants.

"In this manner the proposed alterations would be as beneficial to the colonists individually as to the public at large; for it cannot be denied, even by those colonists who advocate a continuance of the system of assignment, that the supply of convicts by no means keeps pace with the increasing demand for labour. As the colony advances in wealth and prosperity, this demand must continue to increase in a ratio beyond calculation; whilst the number of convicts will remain nearly stationary, should it not decrease. The portion therefore of convict labour falling to the share of

each assignee must in every succeeding year become less and less, and the deficiency can only be made good from some other source of supply. That source must necessarily be free labour, for the introduction of which into the colony, there are at present great facilities, and which in the opinion of many intelligent proprietors, will be found cheaper and far more advantageous than convict labour.

"But whether free labour and convict labour can be carried on with advantage together, *upon the same establishment*, seems more than questionable; and were it otherwise, it surely cannot be justifiable to place the labourer of unblemished character and conduct upon a level with one who is expiating his misdeeds. This would be not only to deprive the punishment awarded to crime of its just severity, and to weaken its salutary influence as an example, but it would also subject innocence to contamination, and to the penalties of guilt.

"Thus in every point of view, the gradual discontinuance of the assignment of convicts to private individuals would appear to be desirable. By employing them in gangs as proposed, they would be likely to acquire orderly and industrious habits, and upon becoming entitled, *by good conduct*, to tickets of leave, would hire themselves to the settlers. Their labour in this condition would be much more valuable than in that of assigned servants, nor would the gross amount of labour derived by the settlers from transportation be diminished, except for a time. When the tickets of leave came into operation it would probably be increased, if not in quantity, at all events in quality, and its more profitable results. The dread of being again subjected to the strict discipline of the gangs, would tend to strengthen the disposition on the part of the ticket-of-leave holders to industry and regularity of conduct. Having passed a probationary period in that condition, a further remisison of sentence should be the reward of good conduct, and after becoming free they might be gradually restored to the different degrees of civil rights and political duties.

"If it were possible to trace the history of those persons who, having been convicts, have settled in the colony on becoming free, it would be found that in the majority of cases where reformation has taken place, it is attributable to the hardships undergone in the early days of the colony, and to the stricter discipline which was then enforced. In proportion as discipline has become more relaxed, and the means of vicious indulgence less difficult of obtainment, good conduct has diminished. The convict of the present day, assigned, perhaps, upon his arrival as a domestic servant or mechanic in Sydney, is at once exposed to the very temptations which originally led him into crime, and is placed in an atmosphere, from the influence of which he can scarcely escape without becoming more and more confirmed in depravity. He sees examples immediately before him of men, formerly in the same condition with himself, wallowing in licentiousness, and possessed of wealth, amassed generally by dishonest means, which they continue, in many instances, still to augment by keeping grog-shops and gambling-houses, by receiving stolen goods, and by other nefarious practices. This is the general conduct of the class of emancipated convicts who acquire property, as well as of some unprincipled adventurers in the class of free emigrants. There are, however, amongst the emancipated convicts of property, exceptions from this prevalent depravity, rare indeed, and on that account the more honourable.

Such men are deserving of every possible encouragement: but they are generally of a retiring disposition, anxious to avoid the public gaze,—a feeling which arises from virtuous shame for past transactions, and is the surest proof of reformation.

"The transportation, under any circumstances, of convicts of the educated classes is in the highest degree mischievious. Not only are they useless and unprofitable; but whilst there is no hope of their own reform, they effectually prevent the reform of others. They are the active agents of vice, the promoters of disorder and insubordination, and by the influence of their example and persuasion, the youth of the colony are led into depravity and crime. For this description of persons, transportation is neither a suitable nor a safe punishment, and there can be no question that as regards them some other course should be adopted."

Some time since representations were made to government, that a great cause of demoralization and crime had arisen from the disproportion of the sexes. To remedy this, the streets of the metropolis were swept, the colonnades of the opera and the theatres were emptied, and the prostitutes of London were metamorphosed into the matrons of Australia. The consequence was a proportionable increase of depravity.

To no class of criminals is the sentence of the Roman poet more applicable than to females—

> ——"Tamen ad mores natura reccurrit,
> Damnatos, fixa et mutari nescia."

The factory at Paramatta is thus noticed—

"The disorderly state of that establishment, and the depraved conduct of its inmates, more especially during the latter eighteen months, baffle description. It might be truly designated as a hot-bed of depravity, where idleness gave full scope for the growth of every vicious propensity, and from which a contagious influence was spreading itself far and wide throughout the community. Recent accounts, however, from the colony speak of the appointment of a new Superintendent, and of a great reform having taken place in the regulations and discipline of the establishment."

Unless a better system is devised for keeping female convicts under controul, we agree with our author that it would be advisable to discontinue sending female convicts to the colony.

The material modification of the jury laws, and the employment of the revenue arising from the sales of crown lands to the introduction into the colony of a moral and industrious population; in the vigorous prosecution of this latter course, seems the only salvation for the colony. Those revenues amount to 120,000*l*. per annum, and this sum carefully and skilfully applied, would be productive of incalculable benefits, both to the new country and the parent state.

The Highlands and islands of Scotland would furnish thousands ofemigrants of the most desirable class, who would find the transition from penury and starvation to abundance and high wages, as

beneficial to themselves, as it would be advantageous to the community. Emigrants from the lower classes of the Irish population do not seem to find much favour in the eyes of Australian proprietors. In fact, Mr. M'Arthur seems to question the propriety of their introduction. These are the remedies embodied in petitions presented by the great body of settlers in New South Wales, for the consideration of the British legislature. They are the result of anxious and earnest reflection, aided by local information and long experience. They are thus concisely summed up in these words—

"That in deliberating upon the law about to be enacted for the future government of the colony, an inquiry may be instituted into its present circumstances and condition, more especially in regard to the following points:—Firstly, the efficiency of TRANSPORTATION to New South Wales as a secondary punishment—whether it shall be continued, and under what alterations of the present system; or, if discontinued, in what manner it may be made gradually to cease, so as to produce the greatest degree of good to the parent country, with the least detriment to the colony, the interests of which might sustain much injury from too sudden a change.

"Secondly; whether, under the peculiar circumstances of the colony, a conditional pardon or the completion of the term of transportation, is to be held equivalent to a free pardon in removing LEGAL DISABILITIES; and what should be the qualifications or disqualifications for jurors.

"Thirdly; how far it may be wise and expedient to extend the LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL of the colony so as to render it efficient for all present purposes, and a step towards the full attainment of a Representative Legislature.

"Fourthly; the capabilities of the Colony as a Free Settlement, and the most effectual means of developing its resources, and elevating the character of its inhabitants by the judicious encouragement of VOLUNTARY EMIGRATION, and by a well-devised scheme of religious and moral instruction."

On the immediate and successful adaptation of these suggestions in a new enactment, lies the only chance of salvation for the colony.

ART. XI.—*The Oakleigh Shooting Code.* By THOMAS OAKLEIGH, Esq. With numerous Explanatory and other Notes. Edited by the Author of "Nights at Oakleigh Old Manor-Hall." Second Edition. London: Ridgway and Sons. 1837.

THE sportsman's season being at hand, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity presented by the appearance of the veritable Tom Oakleigh's Shooting Code to gratify our readers, whether they be patrons of the fowling-piece or not, with some maxims and descriptions drawn from its most pleasant and practical canons. Somehow the first edition escaped our notice; but as the matter of the performance never can become old or uninteresting, and as it is destined,

we feel confident, to become a standard authority on the subjects of which it treats, we are anxious to have a hand in publishing its merits, without any longer delay. That it is the production of an experienced and reflecting sportsman, there is, from internal proofs, as little doubt as that it contains within a small compass an extremely beautiful digest of all that need be communicated by book on the topics discussed. It ought really to be regarded as a classical work, in so far as red grouse, black-game, partridges, pheasants, woodcocks, snipes, and hares are objects of the shooter's pursuit. But before proceeding to cite some of Mr. Thomas Oakleigh's elegant and pertinent canons, we must condense a few notices which he has given of himself, as a suitable and attractive introduction to the Code.

Well, then, our readers are to understand that Tom is both by ancestry and habit a true English gentleman. He is a bachelor, and to a dead certainty a confirmed one, for no other sort of person can know so much, and speak so enthusiastically of dogs and guns. These are evidently his winter nights' companions while he sits scanning the walls of the "Hall of Shields," or warming his soul with the antique tankard.

Oakleigh Old Manor Hall must be looked for in North Staffordshire, raising its vast and venerable turrets, "like some grey abbey," amidst a "brotherhood of lofty elms," in a rich and craggy dell. The manor is large, partaking of valley, meadow, moorlands, and grouse hills, still uninclosed, presenting at one place all the features of a Paradise, and at another a wild, ranging, treeless view. There is trouting stream, heronry, and swan-frequented lake, belonging to the manor; the village and church of Oakleigh reminding the visitor of Goldsmith's Auburn—the Oakleighs, from time immemorial, having been the lords of the whole.

The hall's interior, again, presents all the features and appendages of an ancient baronial castle. Its wainscoting, the armoury, and library—its heraldic monuments, and the legends attaching to them, being sufficient to furnish a ground-work for a score of romances. It is with the noble and venerable apartment called by Tom the "Hall of Shields," however, that the present book is most intimately associated; for here it is that its sporting owner and his friends hold their monthly *noctes*, self-styling themselves the Oakleigh Club; for Tom at one time having written certain "Hints on Shooting," which appeared in the New Sporting Magazine, has had them revised by the club, and put into the shape that is now before us, and under a new title. The consequence is, that whenever any of his friends from the south rusticate with him in autumn, and would annoy him with a multitude of questions on sporting subjects, he now escapes the infliction by referring the querist to the Oakleigh Code, as containing all the information that

is necessary to be given by description, concerning the manorial usages and sporting bye-laws of that ancient demesne. We hope to recommend the same to many who may never have an opportunity to share of Mr. Oakleigh's hospitality, or of being seated in the "Hall of Shields," or even of traversing the shooting grounds of the Old Manor.

The Code consists of one hundred and eighty canons devoted to the species of game enumerated above, and to certain other associated matters; the first of which relates to the fowling-piece, a most important subject of consideration to all who are ambitious to prove their dexterity by bringing down from the regions of the air its fleet-winged occupants, as they speed their way from the sportsman's aim. The directions and rules on this point, as on all the others handled in the volume, acquire a peculiar interest in this country, from the fact that in the course of a few years the fowler's occupation will be in a great measure gone, by moor after moor being inclosed—marsh after marsh reclaimed—and villa, village, or mail-road disturbing almost every accessible hill where wild game now abound. But thanks to the discoverers of the American continent, there will still for some centuries to come be shooting and hunting grounds for Cockney, Borderer, and Scot, in Canada and Kentucky.

Among the canons here set down on the fowling-piece, we quote a few.

"The fowling-piece to be recommended *for general use* is a double-barrelled detonator, weighing about eight pounds; the barrels thirty or thirty-two inches in length—sixteen gauge; and made of twisted stubs. It is not sportsmanlike to use double barrels of a greater calibre. Nor are longer barrels convenient on account of their weight; although additional length, not carried to an extreme, or a larger calibre, will render them more effective, in so far as they will sustain a heavier charge. Single barrels, for general use, may be thirty-four inches long—fourteen gauge. Gamekeepers who flank a battue party, are generally furnished with a pair of barrels thirty-four inches long—fourteen gauge, to bring down such birds as the less experienced shooters suffer to escape. Heavy barrels are useful to the keeper for destroying vermin."

In a note to the hint relative to the destruction of vermin, there are some valuable observations which are in perfect consonance with the discoveries of natural science, and with the facts which every one, intimately acquainted with rural residences, and the creatures that seek refuge and sustenance in such parts, perfectly understand. For instance, farmers know that the rooks are great destroyers of worms and insects—that the barn-owl during night is the best mouse-catcher that exists, without being an enemy to the dove-cot as has sometimes been alleged—and that the sparrows wage a constant and ferocious war against caterpillars and winged insects. Mr. Braidley, in his treatise on husbandry and gardening, says, that he

saw a pair, while they had young, carry to their nest forty caterpillars in an hour.

Many hints are here offered respecting the regulating and purchasing of fowling-pieces. With regard to their being well-balanced—

"In order to enable the sportsman to carry his gun comfortably, it is necessary that the weight of each end be properly proportioned. To ascertain whether it be so or not, he should try it by placing his hand under where the charge lies, and if it be top-heavy, he will desire the gun-smith to charge the stock with lead, immediately under the heel-plate, indeed the nearer to it the better, for the nearer it is, the less lead will be required. The gun may then be carried easier, notwithstanding the additional weight. It will appear to be lighter, and may be carried a greater distance without tiring the shooter. It seldom happens that the stock is too heavy; and when it is so, it is of so little importance as scarcely to be worth the trouble of having it regulated. It is exceedingly disagreeble and wearisome, however, to carry a fowling-piece that is top-heavy, over a mountainous country, during a long day's peregrination. The heel-plate is the part which comes in contact with the shoulder."

One specimen of the many directions given as to regulating a gun when the shot ranges improperly, we quote.

"When a fowling-piece invariably throws the shot below the line of aim, the metal-sight should be filed smaller; and if that do not suffice, recourse should be had to a new sight-plate raised at the breech and depressed at the muzzle, which alteration will cause the line of the range of the piece to be above the line of aim. It will be prudent when changing a sight-plate, to avoid an extreme, or the shooter may cause the barrel, especially if a short one, which, at a given distance throws the shot six inches higher than is desirable, to throw its charge as much under the line of aim. In short barrels a very trifling alteration in the size of the metal-sight, or in the elevation of the sight-plate, will make a wonderful change in the shooting. Before altering the metal-sight or sight-plate, the shooter will do well to consider whether an alteration of the stock, or a new stock, will not more readily effect his purpose."

To young sportsmen, or those unacquainted with the manufacture of guns, the following statement is to be recommended for their consideration:—

"The shooter, unless he is confident that he will not be imposed upon, should never purchase a second-hand fowling-piece; because with a new one he may have the benefit of the latest improvements that art, which seldom retrogades, can supply. Some, however, of the old makers have not *yet* been surpassed."*

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* "It is not altogether true that the best guns are made by the most *celebrated* makers; but the reason why a gun made by one of these makers is to be preferred by a person not thoroughly conversant with the

The next subject taken up in the Code, concerns dogs, their breakers, and their sporting masters; and the canons here introduced are not only exceedingly perspicuous and judicious, but hold up to the astonishment of the reader, who is not a sportsman, an animal of wonderful instincts, and capacities for being taught a great deal which seems to belong alone to the dominion of the reasoning powers of man. We are sure that Tom Oakleigh is a kind-hearted person, not only to his fellow creatures, but that he is a tender and affectionate friend to the canine race, from the feeling and considerate manner in which he speaks of *pointers* and *setters*.

After advising that the sportsman procure his dogs before the shooting season, and even as early as spring, when a lower price will be asked for them, and a greater number be found from which to make a choice than at a later period, and that besides a longer opportunity may be afforded for becoming familiar with them, as well as of learning their tempers, the Code says, in reference to the breaker—

"To ensure good sport the shooter must be provided with good dogs. However *abundant* game may be, there can be no real sport *without* good dogs; and however *scarce* game may be, a good day's sport is attainable *with* good dogs, by a person who feels what sport is, and who does not look upon filling the game-bag and loading the keepers with game, as the sole end and aim of the sportsman's occupations. The mere act of killing game no more constitutes sport, than the jingling of rhyme constitutes poetry. Since, then, good dogs contribute to good sport, the shooter should be careful to whom he entrusts the breaking of them. Bad habits, by dogs as well as by bipeds, are sooner acquired than got rid of. If it suit his convenience, the shooter should frequently accompany the breakers when practising his dogs: he should direct them to make use of few words, and those words should be the same that *he* is in the habit of

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aroana of the trade is, the probable uncertainty of his obtaining a good one; for a first-rate maker will not hazard his reputation by turning out an indifferent one. The unwillingness to give a first-rater's price induces the shooter to look out for a second-hand piece, and the eagerness with which second-hand pieces are sought has led to a species of deception to entrap the unwary. The following remarks on second-hand fowling-pieces, are by a gun-maker. 'Eight out of ten of the guns sold as second-hand, are new guns, made up purposely to suit the public taste or predilection for second-hand guns by a good maker. And really one might suppose that none but mere novices could be imposed on by them, for they generally bear the names of makers, many of whom were dead before the invention of the copper cap: such as Henry Nock, H. W. Mortimer, Fenton, Hewson, &c. &c. But all these are "warranted genuine."' It is to the barrel that these remarks chiefly, if not wholly apply. Tom Oakleigh does not pretend to possess sufficient knowledge of the barrel to instruct the shooter how to distinguish a *really* good one from an *apparently* good one, further than he can ascertain by target-shooting."

using. A multiplicity of directions only serves to puzzle a dog, as a person's speaking Irish, Scotch, and Welsh alternately would perplex a Spaniard!

"A dog will soon learn the meaning of a few words, when no other are used. *To-ho!* spoken in an under-tone, when the dog is beating, is a warning to him that he is close upon game, and is a direction to him to stand: there is no necessity for using it to a dog that knows his business. Spoken in a peremptory manner, it is used to make the dog crouch when he has flushed game, or otherwise been in fault. *Down charge!* or *down-to-charge!* is used to make the dog, whether he be near or at a distance, to crouch when the shooter charges, that the dog may not flush game when the shooter is unprepared. When the dog will not crouch, but continues beating, the leg-strap may be used. *Take-heed!* and *be-careful!* are used when the dog ranges over the ground where it is customary to find birds. *Take-heed!* is a word of correction; *be-careful!* of encouragement. The former is used by way of caution or notice to prevent the dog flushing birds by running over the ground too fast; the latter is likewise a caution, but used when the dog beats slowly or carelessly. '*Ware-fence!* is used to prevent dogs passing a fence before the gun. The dog should never, on any account, leave an enclosure until his master has left it. '*Ware!* or *beware!* is used to rate a dog for giving chase to a hare or birds—for pointing larks—running after sheep or cows—approaching too near the heels of a horse; or for committing any other offence not in our catalogue. *Come-in! hey-on! hold-up!* are too obvious in their signification to require comment. *Seek!* is a direction to the dog to look for a dead or wounded bird, hare, or rabbit. *Dead!* is used to make a dog relinquish his hold of dead or wounded game. The dog should retain possession of wounded game until it is taken from him, for should he suffer a bird that is only slightly wounded, to disengage itself from his grasp, another *seek* becomes necessary, and the bird is either lost, or despoiled of its plumage by the catching and re-catching. Some dogs are taught to bring their game to their master. The breaker should teach the dog, in all cases, to retain game until it is taken from him, or until he hear the word *dead!* when he should instantly drop it. The dog must be punished if he break the skin with his teeth."

It is said, that the dog should be taught to obey the eye and the hand, rather than the voice; besides—

"Whenever speaking to a dog, whether encouragingly or reprovingly, the sportsman should endeavour to *look* what he means, and the dog will understand him. The dog will understand the look, if he does not the words. The sportsman should never, with a smile on his countenance, punish a dog; nor commend him when he has done well, but with an apparent hearty good will: the dog will then take an interest in obeying him. Gamekeepers and dog-breakers are often odd fellows, and seldom natives of the place where they follow their avocation. Many of them are particularly loquacious to the dogs. Should one of these queer specimens jabber in a Cornish or Yorkshire dialect to a dog trained on the Grampians, the dog will understand from his look whether he is pleased or

offended, but nothing more. The dog has not the gift of tongues, but he is a Lavater in physiognomy!"

We have had means of knowing the characters of several professed dog-breakers, and are sorry to have it to say, that a majority of them were intemperate fellows, who were always apt to wreak their anger upon the poor animals entrusted to their keeping and tuition; at the same time young dogs seldom fail to try the patience. Much harshness may be avoided by an attentive study of the natural disposition of each dog.

"Many young dogs are spoiled with flogging—others for want of it. The temper of the dog should be well studied by the breaker. All young dogs are more or less wild when first taken out. Some are rendered tractable with very little trouble, and without any punishment being administered; while others, and which afterwards prove good dogs too, unite a natural disposition for roving and mischief with a considerable share of cunning. Nothing but extreme severity will subjugate a dog of this latter disposition. He will, often, the moment after he has felt the lash, forget the infliction, and immediately, on another opportunity presenting itself, repeat the offence: for which repetition he should, of course, receive double chastisement. If a dog is shy, he should be encouraged. A timid dog, when rated, will tremble under the scowl of the eye-brow; it would therefore be injudicious to treat with severity; harsh treatment will only serve to render him either sullen, or so uncontrollably wild that neither words nor blows will avail to reclaim him. It often happens that a dog, when timid as a pup, will become attached to his master or keeper—to one individual alone—and will regard nobody else; and when such a dog is taken into the field, (if he can be prevailed upon to go without his master,) he refuses to beat, whines, and skulks home; he may nevertheless ultimately turn out to be an useful dog. On the other hand, it as frequently occurs that a dog which is wild and ungovernable when young, will afterwards be found much more accommodating to a change of masters. A timid whelp must be made a pet of; a bold one kept under restraint. No dog, if well-bred, should be discarded while young on account of his temper: the most *cross-grained* disposition and mischievous propensities in a dog may be corrected and controlled by judicious treatment. No positive and definite rules for breaking dogs can be laid down, and if they could be, and were, they would not be read by those whose business it is to break dogs, or if read, as certainly disregarded. The sportsman has no alternative but trust to the good sense and discretion of the breaker."

One direction more will serve to confirm the opinion we offer, when we say that "The Shooting Code" was neither unworthy of the inheritor of Oakleigh Hall to indite, nor is it of any of our readers to peruse.

"When punishing a dog, it is better to beat him with a slender switch than with a dog-whip. But whether a switch or dog-whip be used, the dog should be struck across, not along, the ribs; or in other words, the switch or lash should not be made to lap round his body, but the blow

should fall on the whole length of his side. A dog should never be kicked or shaken by the ears. When the shooter is unprovided with a switch or dog-whip, he should make the dog lie at his foot several minutes, which the dog, eager for sport, will consider a severe punishment, and it is a sort of punishment not soon forgotten."

Dogs, approaching very near to the rank of rational beings as they do, require to be treated much in the same manner, or with the same objects in view, as children. For example, too much indulgence, as well as undue severity, spoils them,—without caution one will become jealous of another,—and a bad-behaved fellow will mislead a steady hand. In this latter case the transgressor is to be punished, while the other is made to crouch and look on, and both will be benefited by the lesson.

Upon "Ammunition, Charging, Taking aim," &c., we do not cite any directions; neither is it necessary, for the sake of recommending our friend Tom's canons, that we follow him after all the different kinds of game here treated of. One sort will be sufficient, and this shall be grouse, with regard to which his lessons are particularly good. To the young sportsman, we should say, they are the very best that have ever been offered in print. Tommy's rules are all felicitously expressed as well as judiciously conceived, but when he gets among the Moors and the Highlands he waxes poetic. Hear him on the requisites for grouse shooting.

"The first requisite for a grouse-shooter is patience: the next, a determination to make himself comfortable under any circumstances—and to put up with any inconveniences: the third, circumspection, or a sufficient degree of forethought to provide a suitable equipment before leaving home, for if his accoutrements and apparatus be not complete on his arrival at shooting quarters, the probability is that they cannot then be made so: fourth, he should not be too sanguine, for it is not seldom that the pleasure derived from the sport is alloyed by an unreasonable expectation of success through the *cockney* error of supposing that killing game alone constitutes sport: and 'last not least' he should not envy his more fortunate rivals. A moment's consideration will convince the sportsman that the grouse-shooter in August, and the cock-shooter in December, are not induced to toil by the pleasure they experience in merely slaughtering birds. If it were so, they would take equal delight in shooting pigeons from the trap; but pigeon-shooters are a very different class of persons from grouse-shooters. Pigeon-shooting is generally a betting speculation. The shooter who traverses the heathery wilderness, the warm valley, the clough, the glen, the brake and the covert in turn, has, though he may not be aware of the extent of it, a community of feeling with the objects around him, which irresistibly leads him on. He feels a thousand undefinable associations with the country he traverses—a thousand sympathies 'which he cannot express, but cannot all conceal,' 'where rise the mountains there to him are friends,' 'the hills are unto him companionship,' and 'the sounding cataract haunts him like a passion!'"

To this we subjoin a striking picture which has a sound philosophy in its composition.

"On the eleventh of August, the sportsman arrives at his shooting quarters; probably some isolated tavern, 'old as the hills' (if such a house as the grouse-shooter occasionally locates himself in, in the northern or midland counties of England, or in Scotland, where oat-cake and peat supply the place of bread and fuel, can be called a tavern). The place, humble in character, has been the immemorial resort of sportsmen in August, although during the rest of the year, sometimes many months elapse ere a customer, save some itinerant salesman calling for his mug of beer, 'darkens the door.' The shooter should now go out several hours with the dogs, somewhat to abate their ardour and his own, and to bring them the better under command. He returns to dine, or more probably to sup, on whatever the hospitality of the house affords; and whoever, on such an occasion, is nice about his fare, provided it be clean, does not deserve the appellation of sportsman—he is no true son of the hills! At the house will be found all the keepers, and poachers, and young men from the country round assembled, amounting in the whole to not more than some eight or ten persons, all *knowing ones*, each anxious to display his knowledge of the number and localities of the broods, but each differing, wide as the poles asunder, in his statement, except on four points, on which all are agreed, viz.—that the hatching season has been finer than was ever known before!—that the broods are larger and more numerous than were ever counted before!—that the birds are heavier and stronger than were ever seen before!—and that they will, on the following day, lie better, and afford more sport than they ever did on any opening day before! Each successive season being, in their idea, more propitious than its precursor! Anxiety and expectation now arrive at a climax. At night, the blithe and jocund peasantry mingle with their superiors. Their pursuits are for once something akin. In the field-sports they can sympathise together; the peasant and the peer associate—the ploughboy and the squire talk familiarly together; it is the privilege of the former—his prescriptive right! The circling cup and light-hearted and hilarious laugh promiscuously go round! This night distinctions are unknown—and would that it were oftener so! The collision of the baronet with his tenantry never does any harm: on the contrary, it generates that good disposition and true English feeling which ought to pervade all classes of society. The field-sports form one of the strongest links in the social compact, and are productive of more real good than is generally conceived (when selfishness forms no ingredient in the compound of the landlord). Were it not for the field-sports, the country would be deserted by the rich: the wealth accumulated by the honest industry of the native husbandmen would be squandered, as in the case of Ireland, in the frivolities of fashion, in town, or in a foreign land."

The morning dawns which ushers in the day when many an unthinking moorcock will be

"Whistled down with a slug in his wing!"

and which affords an opportunity for Tom to delight the sportsman in anticipation with another burst of poetic description.

"To the shooter in training, full of health and strength, and well-appointed, it is of little consequence whether game be abundant or not. The inspiriting character of the pursuit, and the wild beauty of the scenery, so different from what he is elsewhere in the habit of contemplating, hold out a charm that dispels fatigue! He feels not the drudgery! To him the hills are lovely in every aspect; whether beneath a hot autumnal sun, with not a cloud to intercept the torrid beam, or beneath the dark canopy of thunder-clouds—whether in the frosty morn or in the dewy eve—whether when through the clear atmosphere he surveys, as it were in a map, the counties that lie stretched around and beneath him, or when he wanders darkly on, amidst the volumy vapour that rolls continually past him—still a charm pervades the hills! The sun shines brighter, and the storms rage more furiously than in the valleys! The very sterility pleases: and to him who has been brought thither by the rapid means of travelling now adopted, from some bustling mart of trade, or vortex of fashion, the novelty of lonesomeness is agreeably exciting! The stillness that reigns around is as wonderful to him as the solidity of land to the stranded sailor! Scarcely is there a change of scene; silence and solitude—hill and ravine—sky and heather universally prevail!—the outline is everywhere bold—and where the view terminates amidst rocks and crags, frequently sublime! His noon-day bivouac may be in some quiet dell shut out from the world; or near some rocky summit, perchance on the boundary of the muir-lands, whence on the one hand he beholds an unbounded expanse of heathery hills, by no means monotonous if he looks at it with the eye of a painter, for there is every shade of yellow, green, brown, and purple; the last is the prevailing colour at this season, the heather being in bloom; nor are the hills monotonous if he looks at them with the eye of a sportsman, for by this time, he will have performed many feats, or at any rate will have met with several adventures, and the ground before him is the field of his fame; he now views with interest many a rock, and cliff, and hill, which lately appeared but one of so many 'crags, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurled:' he contemplates the site of his achievements, as a general surveys a field of battle during an interval of strife; the experience of the morning has taught him a lesson, and he plans a fresh campaign for the afternoon, or the morrow, or probably for the next season, should the same hills be again destined to be the scene of his exploits: and on the other hand he looks down, and, in bright relief, sees the far-off meadows, and hamlets, the woods, the river, and the lake! He rises, and renews his task. The invigorating influence of the bracing wind on the heights, lends him additional strength—he puts forth every effort—every nerve is strained—he feels an artificial glow after nature is exhausted—and returns to the cot where he had previously spent a sleepness night, to enjoy his glass of grog, and such a *snooze* as the citizen never knew!"

But Tom's practical lessons, evidently the result of great experience, are as good as his poetic fervour is fine. Let him be heard on the resort and haunts of grouse—by this game meaning the *red* as contradistinguished from *black game*.

"When the grouse-shooter turns out on an extensive moor, on which, or on the moors adjoining, there are numerous parties of shooters, we would direct him, whenever the wind is high, to make for the leeward side of the moor. Grouse do not fly with the wind on all occasions, but whenever they happen to do so, their flights are longer than when they face it; and when going across wind, their flight has ever a tendency to the lee side. Thus, when every brood has been flushed several times, the windward side of the moors becomes deserted, and the leeward side the resort of both game and shooters. Whatsoever species of game he is in pursuit of, the shooter will do well to keep on that side of the hill which is protected from the wind. The most unlikely place in the world to find any kind of game is a hill-side on which the wind plays. But in stormy weather the hill-top and the plain should be equally shunned: a narrow valley, or the steep hill-side sheltered from the wind are then the usual places of resort.

"The favourite haunts of grouse, when undisturbed, are those patches of ground where the young heather is most luxuriant. They avoid rocks, and bare places where the heath has been recently burnt; at any rate they are not to be approached in such places. A portion of the heath on the generality of moors is burnt in spring: the succeeding autumn, the spots on which it has been burnt are marked by a black appearance, the fresh heath being as yet scarcely perceptible. It is in young heath that grouse most frequently feed. They are seldom found in the very long thick heath that clothes some part of the hills, until driven there for shelter by shooters or others. Heath of all ages is to be found on most commons. Now that to which birds are most likely to resort is of the second year's growth. For instance, heath is burnt in spring 1840. The choice food will be found in autumn 1841; but the shelter will be very scanty. Birds may be found in abundance; but few shots will be obtained. In 1842, the food will be such as to tempt birds, and the heath sufficiently long to afford shelter. In 1843 and 1844 it will still be good shooting-ground; but, on the whole, the heath of 1842 will be that which will afford the greatest number of shots, for the birds found in the heath of 1841 will be difficult to approach. It is early in the morning, from five until eight, and in the afternoon, from three until five, which in August are the feeding hours, that grouse are to be found in young heath. During the middle of the day, the shooter should look rather for the sunny side of the hill and avoid plains."

One canon more as to the dogs to be chosen for grouse shooting.

"No species of shooting requires the aid of good dogs more than grouse-shooting, and in no sport does so much annoyance result from the use of bad ones. The best dog, perhaps, for the moors, is a well-bred pointer, not more than five years old, which has been well tutored: young in years but a veteran in experience. The setter is occasionally used with success, but we prefer the pointer. The latter has unquestionably the advantage when the moors are very dry, as it not unfrequently happens that they are, in August. If a setter cannot find water wherein to wet his feet every half hour, he will not be able to undergo much fatigue. Some shooters will use a couple of spaniels for grouse-shooting in preference to any other team of dogs.

Of course, when this method is pursued, the birds are never pointed, and the shooter must ever be on the look-out, but the game is generally flushed very near to the gun. We are not quite sure that a sportsman can be better *dogged* for grouse-shooting than with a couple of spaniels and an old staunch pointer, unless he is a very dilatory shot, or is startled when birds rise unexpectedly, and requires every bird to be pointed. It is the power to bring down in good style bird after bird thus flushed, that makes apparent the difference between the good shot and the indifferent one. As long as the birds are pointed under the dog's nose, the distinction is not so marked. The same dogs will be found useful for black-game shooting as for grouse shooting, so long as the former are found on the commons and open grounds. When followed in woods, the sport, in some measure, resembles pheasant shooting, and the dogs should be chosen accordingly."

Such are a few of Tom Oakleigh's rules and descriptions concerning by far the most exciting kind of sport which the fowler can choose—all other being mere play compared with grouse shooting. Let our metropolitan friends study them, if they are determined not to be disappointed on their arrival in the North; for if, as our author tells them, they build their hopes on being acquainted with every gun-maker, and on having fired in every shooting gallery in London, and talk of no greater experience than killing pigeons at Battersea, and pheasants in Lord Battue's preserves, they will be woefully mistaken. Be sure, then, to study Tom Oakleigh's *Hints*, and rejoice to hear that hospitality still reigns at the ancestral hall, after the good old English fashion, of him who thus entices you to pursue those sports which make men study nature, and become an endeared brotherhood in social life; for, to quote Mr. Mudie's words, in his work on British Birds, as thrown into a note at the close of the Oakleigh Code,—"In the city, people of different ranks stand scowling and apart; but when they go to hunt, to fish, or to any other sport or occupation in the fields, they are fellows. Nature thus makes brotherhood; and if all mankind would study nature, all mankind would be brothers!"

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*Pictures of Private Life. Third Series.* By SARAH STICKNEY. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1837.

THE purpose of this admirably constructed and beautifully developed story is to inculcate many of the best and most useful lessons as regards social life and personal morals that can be addressed to the middle classes of females, especially to every one who intends to fill the important, and, generally speaking, trying situation of governess in a family of a superior grade in point of wealth, birth, and expectation. *Pretension* is its title; and with a potency and truth which nothing short of a deep acquaintance with human nature, and the history of every-day life, could possibly dis-

play, together with the earnestness of a devout spirit, and the loveliness of a highly accomplished feminine mind, does she bring home the impressions thus conceived and experienced to the reader's bosom. We will not mar any of its excellent teachings and accurate pictures by any such contracted sample as our limits could alone admit of, because no fragment abruptly taken from its closely-concocted character and accumulative spirit can be fully felt or properly understood, when standing alone. Yet, as in the case of the preceding series, it may be safely asserted, that no one can proceed to peruse any considerable number of its pages without being convinced that its merits are of a high order, and calculated to secure lasting admiration.

ART. XIII.—*The Shakspeare Gallery. Part XII, containing the Principal Female Characters in the Plays of the Great Poet. Engraved in the most highly-finished manner, from Drawings by all the First Painters, executed purposely for this Work, under the Direction of* Mr. CHARLES HEATH. London: Tilt. 1837.

HERE we have "Mrs. Page" from the "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Hero" from Much Ado about Nothing," and "Virgilia" from "Coriolanus," so like to the portraits the dramatist has set forth as to satisfy the beholder that they have been taken from the life. The present part fully sustains the high character which its predecessors have acquired, and with them, along with the portions which are in due time to follow, will form one of the most attractive series of illustrative embellishments that modern pictorial art has lent to literatute.

ART. XIV.—*Impressions at Home and Abroad; or a Year of Real Life.* By J. R. O'FLANAGAN, Esq., of the King's Inns, Dublin; and Gray's Inn, London. 2 vols., post 8vo. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1837.

WE are informed by the author, that he has sometimes offered his literary productions to editors of magazines, but was not successful enough to secure the favour of that shy and despotic fraternity. We are not inclined, however, to think that this want of success ought to be set down as a misfortune to him; for, we presume that it has acted as a spur to make him appeal to a higher tribunal at once, and, there can be no doubt, the sustained consciousness that he was to be tried before a more competent, impartial, and numerous bench of judges, especially as he has not sought to shelter himself under any disguise as to name or situation in life, must have inspired him with loftier purposes, and presented to him nobler inducements to strenuous exertion than in the former case could be experienced. Of this we are confident, that the public will eagerly hail any future contribution which he may present to them.

The circumstance of Mr. O'Flanagan's eating his way to the bar intimates that he is a young man; and, indeed, his work abounds with evidences that guide to the same conclusion. There is much in them that is the offspring of a fervid enthusiasm, much that is rich in sentiment, noble in feeling and generous in purpose. His heart is open like that of

the choicest of his countrymen, his judgment is sound and discriminating, his learning, which is devoid of affectation, is exact and elegant, and his patriotism and friendships unnarrowed by seas or national prejudices.

In the first volume of these Impressions, home is the field whence they have been derived—that is to say, London, for the most part. There is, to be sure, a good deal communicated here, that is by no means new; but while it will be deeply interesting to all those who have not had an opportunity of judging according to the testimony of their own senses, it will be highly acceptable even to the Londoners themselves, because the spirit and tendency of Mr. O'Flanagan's Sketches are towards the bright side of things, and the reverse of satire or calumny. The second volume contains the Impressions he received when on the Continent, and is much superior to nine-tenths of the books written by tourists pertaining to foreign parts. The stories, tales, and anecdotes interspersed throughout the two volumes are exceedingly well told; they, and, indeed, the entire work are enlivening, engaging, and suggestive of valuable feelings as well as of useful lessons in an eminent degree.

On account of the heaps of volumes that have for the late months loaded our table, it is impossible for us to afford that space for extracts from many of them, which in other circumstances would have been gladly allowed. One specimen, however, from these Impressions can never, at any time, or in any place, be unsuitably introduced, which we now quote, and which furnishes a fair test whereby to judge of the author's manner and matter.

After a sketch of a beautiful and delightful Parisian family, consisting of a widowed and most affectionate mother, two lovely daughters, and a dutiful son, Alfred St. Lazarre, by name, whose accomplishments and fine exterior can only be surpassed by his filial and fraternal virtues and his hatred of vice, a gay and prepossessing Comte is brought forward in story, who invites this innocent and unsuspicious youth to spend the evening with him.

"The Comte expressed the joy at his (Alfred's) arrival, as he said it gave him an opportunity of introducing to his acquaintance some of the most delightful society in Paris. Alfred was not prepared for this—however, his polite conducteur would admit of no excuse; and up stairs he went. In the Comte's apartment, looking on the magnificent promenades of the Jardin des Tuileries, were six or eight gentlemen, if I may so style them, enjoying the most costly wines.

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"The setting sun was tinging the greenish waters of the Seine with a golden hue, by the powerful alchemy of his beams, and a pavilion of purple clouds hung from the sky above. Alfred, I am certain, would gladly have looked longer on this happy and lively scene, but it was shut from his view by the introduction of lights, and closing of the shutters. Liqueurs were also produced; and as Alfred was a stranger to the Comte's establishment, he had to express his opinion upon the Curaçoa, Noyeau, Eau d'or, Eau de vie d'Antin, and various *crêmes*, which tended not a little to disturb his head. As some of the guests wished to have a game at cards, the Comte, 'not keeping such articles,' he said, sent his servant to borrow a few packs; and as the numbers were incomplete, Alfred

was forced to play. He would fain be excused, but he made up the table, and as he might play for any thing, or nothing he sat down. The stake was named—next to nothing—five francs. Alfred shuddered,—they played écarte,—Alfred won: he played on and won: his companion cursed his ill luck, and to recover, insisted on redoubling the stakes: he did so, and lost—again he doubled, and Alfred won. In an hour he won fifty Napoleons. Eleven o'clock struck, and he started; his mother had begged he would not be out late, and though he did not promise, he had satisfied her fears. She might be waiting for him, yet what could he do? he had won more money than he thought would be honest for him to retire with: he wished the owner had it, but to offer to return it would only cause a suspicion of its not being fairly won, or at least subject him to a duel. He consulted the Comte. The Comte was engaged at a small scrutoire, talking very earnestly with the person whom Alfred had won the money from. He started when he approached. 'Why, M. Alfred,' said the plausible noble, 'you are the terror of the room; my friend the Marquis Villemont is bankrupt: do you wish to ruin me too, that you approach me?' 'No,' he replied, 'I was wishing to retire, as I promised my mother to be home early.' 'Retire! at this hour!' said the other, with affected surprise, 'why, have you forgotten you are engaged to me?' 'For the evening,' said Alfred. 'And this is but the evening, surely,' replied the Comte; 'but come, most dutiful youth, to appease your scruples I will send my servant, with directions that you will take a bed to night at my apartments, and they need not expect you.' Alfred stood for a moment irresolute, but the money he had won hung like a clog to keep him, and he consented: that moment decided his fate. At twelve o'clock a most luxurious supper was brought in, the viands sufficient to entice the most palled appetite; the wines were exhilarating, and in the intoxication of success, and the mirth of the company, aided by large draughts of wine, Alfred quite forgot home. They sang, and shouted, and voting the Comte's apartments too dull, away they went *en masse* to the Palais Royal. Success seemed to attend him no longer, Fortune appeared to have shaken hands with him at the Comte's, for at three o'clock Alfred not only lost back every one of the Napoleons he had won in the preceding part of the evening, but all the ready cash he had about him. The Comte had lent him money, he did not know how much, and now, with the determination of a phrenzied being, he laid himself open to ruin, in the vain hope of recovering the sums he had lost. Unfortunately it happened, that the preceding day—or I should say the Saturday, for it was now Monday morning,—Madam St. Lazarre had intrusted her check-book to him, and desired her banker to honour his cheques as hers. She begged he would go round and pay her bills: he did so, but accidentally, or on purpose—let us hope the first—neglected to restore the book. With the property of his widowed mother he now made free. The fortunes of his sisters were also in the bank, and under the same control; their mother was their guardian. Greedy as cormorants the needy gamesters flocked round the unwary young man. The Comte took care to get a large order for the sums he pretended to have lent him: it was the first paid at the opening of the bank in the morning, and from the

numbers pouring in during the day, his losses were very great,—little less than 8,000*l.*

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"I looked in, *en passant*, at Madame St. Lazarre's, on the morning of Tuesday, and found a sad and shuddering scene. The body of Alfred, taken from the Seine, had been recognised in the Morgue,—his sisters, pennyless through his means—his hapless mother, I can now weep for her. Years have passed, but the Palais Royal is still in vogue, and gambling dangerous as ever: I need say no more:—Beware!"

ART. XV.—*The Emigrant's Introduction to an Acquaintance with the British American Colonies, and the Present Condition and Prospects of the Colonists.* By S. S. HILL, Esq. London: Parbury and Co. 1837.

THE principal aim professed by the author of this treatise, is to assist the investigations of those whose declining fortunes have suggested the necessity of emigration, or who desire and believe that their worldly prospects may be more speedily advanced abroad than they promise to be by remaining at home. The author states that he writes concerning the American colonies in question, after nearly twenty years' personal observation; and he certainly evinces a minute acquaintance with what he writes about. We think he displays no inconsiderable degree of information, sound judgment, and benevolence in pointing out who should and who should not emigrate, as well as in relation to various other matters which have seldom been pressed upon the attention of those who are merely contemplating, but are not yet determined on taking such a decided step. In certain cases, he is a great advocate for emigration to the British American colonies, giving his opinions and the grounds of those opinions with regard to the peculiar advantages belonging to each of the different provinces and islands referred to.

The treatise is divided into two parts: the former containing a sketch of the history of emigration from the earliest times down to the discovery of the great American continent—the second treating, among other things, of the present condition, resources, and prospects of our colonies in the northern portion of that quarter of the globe. With the view of more succinctly and impressively illustrating this part of the volume, several personages are sketched and introduced in an individual and family capacity, such as the author says may be encountered in a hundred settlements in Canada. Mr. Hill, who writes well, indeed like a person who has reflected to good purpose, and accustomed himself to develop his thoughts and enrich them by frequently expanding them upon paper, has by these illustrations greatly enlivened his work, and in several places conferred upon it, not only a picturesque but a dramatic character. We have not space for any of his complete portraits of individuals or groups; but the manner in which he describes how emigrants are received and established in Upper Canada, will serve as a specimen of his feelings and his manner. He says, "There is one deservedly admired trait in the character of the settlers, the mention

of which should by no means be omitted. It concerns their reception of the strangers. They are ever ready to afford him accommodation, and to render any assistance in their power, to enable him to take up his abode among them. But this kindness is remarkably exhibited on the first day of his proper location. At whatever period he finds himself in a condition to begin on his own account, be it a month, or be it at the end of one or more years after his joining the settlement, the inhabitants of the vicinity, having previously arranged everything for the economy of time, assemble by appointment, and put him up a house, and render it habitable; and this is performed in the space of a single day.

"The method of effecting it is as follows: those of the least mechanical genius or knowledge assume the rough work, while the more ingenious accommodate themselves to the labour which may severally best suit their capability. The axemen begin by cutting down the trees and clearing away the rubbish upon the space of about a square acre, this not having been done already by the new settler.

"They then prepare logs of equal lengths. These they notch at the ends, fit to each other, and pile horizontally for the walls, leaving a space at one end for a fire-place and chimney; a door-way and space for a window is sawn out, when the walls are complete. The joiners then assist the axemen, in constructing the roof, laying the floors, and placing the window, door, and bed-places, already prepared; while the adepts in masonry erect the fire-place of large ready-dressed stones, and the chimney of clay mixed with straw. The walls are then stogged, or 'the seams,' in sea-phrase, 'caulked' with dry moss. The house being finished, the ceremony of installation completes the day's 'frolic,' as it is significantly termed in some of the settlements. This is in keeping with the performance of the day. A small spruce bough is placed upon the chimney-top, and a gun is fired. At this signal the settler enters with his family into his new habitation, and from this time he is an elector, and independent member of the community of his own choice."

ART. XVI.—*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* Vol. IV. By. J. G. LOCKHART. London: Murray. 1837.

A FEW short notices relative to Scott's habits and works are all that we can find room for from the present volume. It embraces the period between 1816 and 1820, in the course of which, "The Antiquary," the "Tales of My Landlord," "Rob Roy," "Ivanhoe," and "The Monastery," appeared rapidly upon the heels of one another. What will the laborious and snail-paced writer say, when he first hears of the speed with which some of the most splendid of the magician's novels and romances were thrown off, or the manner and circumstances in which they were composed?

"His amanuenses were William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne; of whom he preferred the latter, when he could be at Abbotsford, on account of the superior rapidity of his pen; and also because John kept his pen to the paper without interruption, and, though with many an arch twinkle in his eyes, and now and then an audible smack of his lips, had resolution to work on like a well-trained clerk; whereas, good Laidlaw entered with such keen zest into the interest of the story as it flowed from the author's lips, that

he could not suppress exclamations of surprise and delight—'Gude keep us a'!—the like o' that!—eh, sirs! eh, sirs!' and so forth—which did not promote despatch. I have often, however, in the sequel, heard both these secretaries describe the astonishment with which they were equally affected when Scott began this experiment. The affectionate Laidlaw beseeching him to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause. 'Nay, Willie,' he answered, 'only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen.' John Ballantyne told me, that after the first day he always took care to have a dozen of pens made before he seated himself opposite to the sofa on which Scott lay, and that, though he often turned himself on his pillow with a groan of torment, he usually continued the sentence in the same breath. But when dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, spirit seemed to triumph altogether over matter; he arose from his couch and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, as it were, acting the parts. It was in this fashion that Scott produced the far greater portion of 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' the whole of 'The Legend of Montrose,' and almost the whole of 'Ivanhoe.' Yet, when his health was fairly re-established, he disdained to avail himself of the power of dictation, which he had thus put to the sharpest test, but resumed, and for many years resolutely adhered to, the old plan of writing every thing with his own hand."

But the painful circumstances under which these fictions were composed, and the rapidity with which they were written, are not the only wonderful facts connected with their history. Hear what has been recorded by James Ballantyne, concerning the "Bride of Lammermoor," which is certainly as Mr. Lockhart estimates it—"the most pure and powerful of all the tragedies that Scott ever penned."

"'The book,' says James Ballantyne, 'was not only written, but published, before Mr. Scott was able to rise from his bed; and he assured me, that when it was first put into his hands in a complete shape, he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation it contained! He did not desire me to understand, nor did I understand, that his illness had erased from his memory the original incidents of the story, with which he had been acquainted from his boyhood. These remained rooted where they had ever been; or, to speak more explicitly, he remembered the general facts of the existence of the father and mother, of the son and daughter, of the rival lovers, of the compulsory marriage, and the attack made by the bride upon the hapless bridegroom, with the general catastrophe of the whole. All these things he recollected, just as he did before he took to his bed; but he literally recollected nothing else: not a single character woven by the romancer, not one of the many scenes and points of humour, nor any thing with which he was connected as the writer of the work. 'For a long time,' he said, 'I felt myself very uneasy in the course of my reading, lest I should be startled by meeting something altogether glaring and fantastic. However, I recollected that you had been the printer, and I felt sure that you would not have permitted any thing of this sort to pass. 'Well,' I said, 'upon the whole, how did you like it?' 'Why,' he said, 'as a whole, I felt it monstrous gross and grotesque; but still the worst of it made me laugh, and I trusted the good-natured public would

not be less indulgent.' I do not think I ever ventured to lead to the discussion of this singular phenomenon again; but you may depend upon it, that what I have now said is as distinctly reported as if it had been taken down in short-hand at the moment; I should not otherwise have ventured to allude to the matter at all. I believe you will agree with me in thinking that the history of the human mind contains nothing more wonderful.'"

In this volume, the brightest period in Scott's literary history is to be traced, and some of his most characteristic letters, abounding as they do, to a remarkable extent, in that shrewdness, sagacity, and common-sense view of things, which accompanied all his thoughts and doings. For example, respecting the first, "Tales of My Landlord," which came so close upon the appearance of the "Antiquary," that the author deemed it necessary to look out for another publisher than Constable, who as purchaser of the latter, might delay the printing of the former—he writes,

"'TO MR. JOHN BALLANTYNE, HANOVER STREET, EDINBURGH.

"'Abbotsford, 29th April 1816.

"'Dear John—James has made one or two important mistakes in the bargain with Murray and Blackwood. Briefly as follows.

"'1stly. Having only authority for me to promise 6000 copies, he proposes they shall have the copyright *for ever*. I will see their noses cheese first.

"'2dly. He proposes I shall have twelve months' bills: I have always got six. However, I would not stand on that.

"3dly. He talks of volumes being put into the publisher's hands to consider and decide on. No such thing; a bare perusal at St. John Street* only.

"'Then for omissions. It is NOT stipulated that we supply the paper and print of successive editions. This must be nailed, and not left to understanding. Secondly, I will have London bills, as well as Blackwood's.

"'If they agree to these conditions, good and well. If they demur, Constable must be instantly tried; giving half to the Longmans, and *we* drawing on *them* for that moiety, or Constable lodging *their* bill in our hands. You will understand it is a four volume touch—a work totally different in style and structure from the others; a new cast, in short, of the net which has hitherto made miraculous draughts. I do not limit you to terms, because I think you will make them better than I can do. But he must do more than others, since he will not or cannot print with us. For every point but that, I would rather deal with Constable than any one: he has always shown himself spirited, judicious, and liberal. Blackwood must be brought to the point *instantly*; and *whenever* he demurs, Constable must be treated with, for there is no use in suffering the thing to be blown on. At the same time, you need not conceal from him that there were some proposals elsewhere; but you may add with truth I would rather close with him. Yours truly, "W. S.'"

"* James Ballantyne's dwelling-house was in this street, adjoining the Canongate of Edinburgh."

As respects Mr. Lockhart's part of the work in the present volume, we have to speak in terms not less favourable than hitherto. There is, however, an additional attraction about this portion of it which will naturally characterise the remaining volumes, arising from the fact that the biographer paints his hero and many of the described scenes from personal observation and knowledge, thus conveying greater freshness and life to the narrative. Here is a glance into the mighty minstrel's *study* in his city-residence, with which we take leave of these "Memoirs" for a time.

"It had but a single Venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was on the whole sombrous. The walls were entirely clothed with books: most of them folios and quartos, and all in that complete state of repair which at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania. A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small moveable frame—something like a dumb waiter. All the rest were in their proper niches, and wherever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan, tacked on its front. The old bindings had obviously been retouched and regilt in the most approved manner; the new, when the books were of any mark, were rich but never gaudy —a large proportion of blue morocco—all stamped with his *device* of the portcullis, and its motto *clausus tutas ero*—being an anagram of his name in Latin. * * His own writing apparatus was a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, &c. in silver—the whole in such order that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before. Besides his own huge eldow chair, there were but two others in the room, and one of these seemed, from its position, to be reserved exclusively for the amanuensis. I observed, during the first evening I spent with him in this *sanctum*, that while he talked, his hands were hardly ever idle. Sometimes he folded letter-covers—sometimes he twisted paper into matches, performing both tasks with great mechanical expertness and nicety; and when there was no loose paper fit to be so dealt with, he snapped his fingers, and the noble Maida aroused himself from his lair on the hearth-rug, and laid his head across his master's knees, to be caressed and fondled. The room had no space for pictures except one, an original portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimneypiece, with a Highland target on either side, and broadswords and dirks (each having its own story), disposed star-fashion round them."

ART. XVII.—*The Widow's Offering; a Selection of Tales and Essays.* By the late WM. PITT SCARGILL, Author of "Truckleborough Hall," "The Usurer's Daughter," "The Puritan's Grave," &c. 2 Vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1837.

THESE papers are here collected and published under the auspices of the widow of their author,—the whole, or nearly so, having formerly appeared in various periodicals. It is more than hinted that those who may patronize the publication will "meet their reward in the blessing of Him who

defends and provides for the fatherless children and widows;" but even although no such appeal were made to our readers, not one of them who has luxuriated over any of the lamented author's enumerated works, can possibly require to be invited to the feast that is here provided for the heart and for the imagination. We unhesitatingly assert that not one of these Tales or Essays are feeble or common-place. All of them are above mediocrity, and deserving of repeated republication. There is not among the number a paper, which every person of feeling, taste, and sound judgment must not desire to reperuse many times, and whom every reperusal will not benefit. Mr. Scargill's delicate satire, graceful wit, and elegant fancy had ever truth, nature, and wisdom for their passport, and their crowning excellence; while his master-knowledge of his own powers, as well as of the stores of precious thought in others, and as treasured in literature, seem to have commanded for him the most apposite illustrations and the greatest facility in expressing himself beautifully. We know not a late or a living author whose productions surpass the pieces now before us, for purity of style and thought, or for the humorous and pathetic lessons which they convey in reference to the history of human life.

In the "Widow's Offering," the very titles of the "Tales and Essays" smack of tact and talent, but they are by far too multitudinous to be here recounted. The two or three from which we cite a few broken portions will support the whole of our statement. For example, in the article on "Grumbling," it is said, "If it be not part of the English constitution, it is certainly part of the constitution of Englishmen to grumble. They cannot help it even if they tried; not that they ever do try, quite the reverse, but they could not help grumbling if they tried ever so much. A true-born Englishman is born grumbling. He grumbles at the light, because it dazzles his eyes; and he grumbles at the darkness, because it takes away the light." "He grumbles at every thing that is to be grumbled at; and when there is nothing to be grumbled at, he grumbles at that;" "How badly are all matters in government and administration conducted! What very bad bread do the bakers bake! What very bad meat do the butchers kill! In a word, what is there in the whole compass of existence that is good? What is there in the human character that is as it should be? Are we not justified in grumbling at every thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth? In fact, gentle reader, is the world formed or governed half so well as you and I could form and govern it?"

There is a capital tale, that has for its title "Old Maids," which sad and touching though it be, opens in a manner peculiarly characteristic of some of the writer's beauties. The paragraph ought to entice every one of our readers to the entire story which it with remarkable playfulness and amiability of sentiment introduces. It runs thus, "I love an old maid; I do not speak of an individual, but of the species;—I use the singular number, as speaking of a singularity in humanity. An old maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is an antiquity; not merely a record of the past, but the very past itself; she has escaped a great change, and sympathizes not in the ordinary mutations of mortality. She inhabits a little eternity of her own. She is Miss from the beginning to the end of the chapter. I do not like to hear her called Mistress, as is sometimes the practice, for that

looks and sounds like the resignation of despair, a voluntary extinction of hope. I do not know whether marriages are made in heaven, some people say that they are, but I am almost sure that old maids are. There is something about them which is not of the earth, earthy. They are Spectators of the world, not Adventurers nor Ramblers; perhaps Guardians; we say nothing of Tatlers. They are evidently predestinated to be what they are. They owe not the singularity of their condition to any lack of beauty, wisdom, wit, or good temper; there is no accounting for it but on the principle of fatality. I have known many old maids, and of them all not one that has not possessed as many good and amiable qualities as ninety and nine out of a hundred of my married acquaintance. Why then are they single? It is their fate!

"On the left hand of the road between London and Liverpool, there is a village, which—" and so on.

A not less discriminating, or entertaining, though loftier tone, pervades the effusion on "Chivalry." It thus begins,—"The age of chivalry is not yet past, nor will it ever be gone while humanity retains its characteristics. One modification of chivalry is no more. Gentlemen no longer ride about the country in tin pantaloons and coal-skuttle bonnets, poking one another's ribs with bed-posts, and shouting cock-a-doodle-doo at the gates of their neighbours' castles. Knighthood is now a quiet, harmless kind of thing, shedding no blood but that of birds, beasts, and fishes, not killing more than it can eat, and in many cases not quite so much. But the spirit of chivalry is not riding on horseback, or living like a lobster in an inseparable shell, or making vows, or kicking up rows. The spirit of chivalry is a generous impatience of wrong, an active sympathy with the oppressed, an unquenchable fury against the oppressor, a desire to do justice beyond the reach or the will of the law, and a general protection of the innocent and weak against the guilty and the powerful, with peradventure, a little tinge of absurdity, and a small spice of extravagance." According to these views, the writer holds, that the spirit of chivalry burned strongly in the breasts of Whitfield and Wesley,—that Thomas Clarkson entertained chivalrous notions, when he devoted himself to the cause of the African slaves, although the West India planters called it Quixotism,—and that chivalrous thoughts dictated Burke's arousing language, when, "he talked of ten thousand swords starting from their scabbards to avenge the slightest insult offered to Marie Antoinette."

These are some of the gems which we have at random plucked from the "Widow's Offering," and surely an offering so rich and variously beautiful will be received and cherished by many a gentle and ingenuous bosom. We would fain go on at the same rate, and string together numerous passages from the Tales, as well as from the Essays: but the former necessarily would thereby lose much of their point and continuity, in such limited space as we could alone afford them, seeing that, it is only a disjointed specimen taken here and there from the latter, that can afford any thing like an adequate idea of the author's several powers and peculiarities. Illustrative of these diversified powers, we add one sample more. The theme naturally calls for deeper musings and reflections than any we have yet quoted. Its title is "The First Sleep," meaning thereby the first sleep of the first man; but it is only a part of it that we extract.

"The dream of the first sleep was compacted purely of the elements of the sensations of the first day; thus by a wonderful arrangement, the past became present again, and the mind had sensations without the help of the senses. Thus was man led to thought and meditation, and by the apparent infirmity of sleep, which for a while seemed to place him on a level with the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, he was elevated to the rank of intellectual, and advanced to a communion with the spiritual and invisible. When his body first slept, his mind first woke, and an impulse was given to the internal spirit.

"While, during the hours of his first day, his senses were pleasingly occupied and agreeably filled with surrounding external objects; with shapes, sounds, and colours, there was nothing but the animal consciousness awake, a pleasing wonder absorbed every feeling—a wonder too pleasant to require or invite analysis. It was the quiet change from day to night, and the shadowy state of things placing them, as it were in a double point of view, that gave man an introduction into the mysteries of thought, and taught him reflection.

"That which is seen once by the eye is seen merely by the animal part of our nature—that which is seen by the mind's eye is seen intellectually. So man's first sleep awakened the powers of his mind; a pause was given to his senses, but none to his mental consciousness; even in sleep he felt himself to be living, and there was a seeing of sights not present to the eye, a hearing of sounds not physically audible to the ear. Hence, then, sprang up at first the hardly recognised inquiry,—what sees if the eye sees not, or what hears if the ear hear not? So, by a beautiful and striking arrangement, the night was caused to cast light upon the day. 'Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth forth wisdom.'" * * * * *

"If there was a curious and interesting awakening of the mind by the first falling asleep of the bodily frame, there was a still more interesting excitement of the thinking powers by the waking again from sleep. When man first woke from his new made being, it was of course without reflection, for he was unconscious of the state from which he rose; but when he woke from sleep, it was from a weaker to a stronger sense of being, and his waking was as gradually devoloped as his sleeping had been. The mystery of sleep was not revealed till the sleep was over, nor its beauty apprehended till the frame was awake again, even as the riddle of life itself is not solved till life be ended.

"Waking from sleep was beautiful, both from its novelty and for the sweet refreshment which it brought. It seemed to make the world anew, for with Adam's first waking the world itself was waking again; the morning song of the birds sounded more gay; there was a livelier look of the trees as their leaves trembled in the morning breeze, and gleamed to the glancing of the sun's earliest rays; the little flowers, which had folded up for the repose of the night at the departure of yesterday's sun, now opened their beauties to the light, and by the gladness of their graceful forms looked to the day a welcome which they could not speak; the very air felt new and fragrant, and there was an especial source of wonder in the newly risen sun. Thus, a fresh and pleasant impulse was given to thought; and a new topic of adoration to the invisible Creator."

Gladness is gratitude, and pure joy is praise to the Maker of all things. With renewed wonder and increased delight man looked upon the awakened animals moving gracefully around him, and there was a greater interest in the being of the second day, than there had been in that of the first."

Are not these lovely and impressive imaginings, which, it does the heart and the head good to dwell upon, and to pursue in the spirit which they suggest? They forcibly and in a most welcome manner remind us of the abundance, variety, and preciousness of those mental treasures which the most gifted men bequeath to posterity in their literary works, and which enable us to follow up the never-to-be-forgotten maxim,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

by exhibiting the individuality of the loveliest and the strongest minds. In the case before us, the light, beauty, truth, and fancy, which all may modify into such combinations as their peculiar genius dictates, but which all do not, in a manner that is wise and good, are so presented as to impress the reader that Mr. Scargill's writings are eminently humanizing both by showing the construction and tendencies of his own nature and habits, and by exciting and drawing out kindred dispositions in others. His lasting fame may be risked on these delightful volumes.

ART. XVIII.—*The Speech of the Viscount Palmerston, in the House of Commons, on Wednesday, the 19th April, 1837, on the Civil War in Spain.* London: Ridgway. 1837.

THIS Speech coming from the Minister at the head of the Foreign Department of British affairs, as our readers will remember, excited a great deal of interest at the time when it was delivered. Not only as a defence of the Government in relation to the manner in which it has interfered in Spain, but as a clear and able exposition of the principles and terms of the Quadruple Alliance, it possesses a permanent importance that renders the present publication one of great value; it ought to be studied not only by all who feel concerned for the honour of Great Britain respecting a matter of good faith in the fulfilment of the terms of a solemn treaty, but also by every one who cares about the manner in which the great antagonist principles between despotism and constitutional Government are disposed of. It is cheering to hear a British Minister uttering language such as we now quote from the close of this Speech, and to which the heart of every liberal man must respond. "I say then, that whether we look at the general question or at its details, the object of one party is to support Carlos and despotism, the object of the other to uphold Isabella and the constitution, but what an unnatural and unnational alliance, is that which combines Orangeism at home, with bigoted Catholicism abroad; the only link of connection being, aversion to reform here and detestation of constitutions there. In the days of the Reformation, when religion divided the different powers of Europe, we saw despotic sovereigns and free states united in league to defend the principles of religious liberty. In these days we see men of the most opposite religious opinions confederated together to retard the progress of political improvement. The real question then which the House is about

to decide is one of great importance, not to England only, but to all Europe; and the House may rest assured that their vote this night will determine, not merely whether General Evans shall or shall not return, or whether Lord John Hay shall permit his marines to go a mile more or less from the coast, but what shall be the issue of questions which affect the interests of the world. The opinion which this House will to night pronounce, will decide, not simply between conflicting parties in England, but between antagonist principles struggling for ascendancy in the other countries of Europe; and on that decision may depend the peace, the welfare, and the happiness of nations."

ART. XIX.—*A Letter to the Right Honourable Viscount Melbourne, on the Peerage, showing the origin of the Present Majority in the House of Lords, and the mode by which that Majority may be Neutralized; With Tables of the English, Irish, and Scotch Peerages, pointing out the Political Opinions of each Peer.* By the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD LANGFORD. London: Ridgway. 1837.

THE author of this Letter very ingeniously points out to the Premier how the power of the Tories in the House of Lords may be neutralized without any new creations, merely by the Minister's selecting from amongst the Irish and Scotch Peerages such representatives as these orders contain, who entertain sentiments congenial to the liberal majority of the country.—For example, he shows that at this moment, only twenty-one, instead of twenty-eight representative Lords, *purely Irish*, actually sit and vote on the part of the Irish Peerage in the united Parliament, the remaining seven having been created English peers subsequently to their election, and now sitting in the House of Lords, in a *Double* capacity: thereby infringing, as he maintains both the *Spirit* and the *Letter* of the Act of Union. The injustice of these seven peers, thus sitting in the House of Lords by virtue of English creations, voting for the electing of peers who are to represent the body of the Irish Peerage who have *no* seats in that house, seems to be glaring. The author also finds that since the accession of George III. the Tories have been Sixty-four years in power and have created one hundred and ninety-five peers entertaining similar political opinions: whereas the remaining thirteen years have only seen the Government of the Whigs, during which time sixty-nine Whig peers have been created, leaving a balance in favour of the Tories of one hundred and twenty-six. On an examination of the votes of the House of Lords from the commencement of Lord Grey's administration to the present session, the average standing Tory majority on questions upon which the two political parties differ, appears to be about ninety: so that had there been no creations since 1761, the Whigs would be in a majority. The tables which demonstrate these facts are curious and ingeniously constructed; taken along with the Letter, we belive that they will occasion considerable discussion, and be found serviceable to the liberal cause, like many of the pamphlets that issue from the highly respectable publishing establishment whose name figures at the bottom of the title-page.

ART. XX.—*A History of British Quadrupeds.* Part X. By THOMAS BELL. Lond: J. Van Voorst. 1837.

OF this work, regarding which we entertained from its commencement the most favourable hopes and opinions, founding these not only on the name of Mr. Bell, but of the publisher who had brought to a beautiful and successful issue, the "History of British Fishes," by Mr. Yarrell, conducted and illustrated upon a similar plan, we are now enabled to speak positively—the last part but one being now before us. When we say that the whole reflects the highest credit upon all the parties concerned in it, and that it may safely be pronounced as a suitable companion to its scientific yet popularly written precursor, nothing remains to be added, but an assurance as strong as our critical character can warrant, that without an inspection and a perusal of the work, no one can believe how rich it is in useful and entertaining knowledge, or how graphically and exquisitely the production is embellished by the happiest efforts of artists.

The present part continues the natural history of the *Capridæ*, including the goat and the common sheep, and a very considerable portion of the order, *Cetacea*, including whales and dolphins. To the unscientific reader, or to him who is not accustomed to peruse popular books on Natural History, we particularly recommend the present part of Mr. Bell's work, wherein he will find most astonishing but convincing reasons for classing whales and dolphins, not with fishes, but as an order, in respect of structure, habits, and functions, which properly belongs to the quadrupeds. How wonderful are the triumphs of modern science, and the results of philosophical classification!

ART. XXI.—*A History of British Birds.* Part I. By WM. YARRELL, F. L. S. Illustrated by a wood-cut of each species, and numerous vignettes. London: J. Van Voorst. 1837.

IN pursuance of the plan which has been observed in the History of British Fishes and British Quadrupeds alluded to in the preceding notice, that of British Birds and British Reptiles is to be produced, a *part* of the former of which is now before us, while the first of the latter by Mr. Bell is soon to appear. We cannot, without repeating ourselves, do better than quote a passage from this "History of Birds," only premising that Ornithology has hitherto been the least methodical of all the departments of natural history, and the least uniform as a system; which has been owing to the fact, that the external forms and attributes of birds, instead of the internal organization, have been, comparatively speaking, alone studied.

Mr. Yarrell commences this work with the *Raptores*, or birds of prey, which include vultures, falcons, and owls. Concerning the golden eagle, which takes the lead in the family of falcons, or diurnal birds of prey, and which, with respect to Great Britain, is more exclusively confined to the wilder parts of the mainland and the islands in the western and northern districts of Scotland, we select some notices.

"The flight of the golden eagle is described by those who have witnessed it as majestic and powerful in the extreme; and from the great strength of the bird, it preys with ease on fawns, lambs, hares, and other game, very rarely feeding on fish or carrion, and rarely on any thing which

it finds dead." "It has been stated that probably in the whole range of anatomical structure, no more perfect or more conclusive proofs of design could be adduced than are to be found in the numerous and beautiful modifications in the form of various parts of the eyes of different animals, destined to exercise vision in media of various degrees of transparency as well as density. The figure on the right hand of the vignette at the end of this article represents the circle, composed of fifteen bony plates, by which the orb of the eye of the golden eagle is supported. These bony plates are capable of slight motion upon each other. The figure on the left hand in the vignette represents the crystaline lens of the same bird; the lens being subject to great variety of form in different birds. In the eagle, the proportion of the axis to the diameter of the lens is as three and eight-tenths to five and seventh-tenths." "With numerous modifications of form, aided by delicate muscular arrangement, birds appear to have the power of obtaining such variable degrees of extent or intensity of vision as are most in accordance with their peculiar habits and necessities." "Incubation with the golden eagle, according to Mr. Mudie, lasts thirty days, and the young eaglets are at first covered with a greyish white down. They are watched, defended, and plentifully supplied with food by the parent birds. Smith, in his history of Kerry, relates that a poor man in that county, got a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a summer of famine out of an eagle's nest, by robbing the eaglets of the food the old ones brought, whose attendance he protracted beyond the natural time by clipping the wings, and thus retarding the flight of the young birds. Eagles are said to be very long-lived; one that died at Vienna was stated to have lived in confinement one hundred and four years. Their voice is sharp and loud, consisting generally of two notes, repeated many times in succession. Two birds of this species kept by Mr. Selby, 'appeared untameable in disposition, their fierceness remaining undiminished through years of confinement. They did not exhibit any partiality even for the person who constantly attended and fed them, but were ready to attack him as a stranger.'"

In this manner does Mr. Yarrell proceed to offer original observations, and to collect all that is peculiarly interesting in the observations of others, upon this department of his studies, in like manner as he acquitted himself in his former work, thereby greatly advancing, by steps acknowledged by the best naturalists, the interests of science, and, together with the other works which we have already alluded to, as coming from the same publisher, completing the Natural History of the Vertebrate Animals of the British Islands.

ART. XXII.

1. *Cowper's Poems, with his Life.* By J. M'DIARMID. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1837.
2. *Campbell's Poetical Works.* With a Portrait. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1837.

THESE are new and improved editions, in a very neat form, and at a cheap rate, of works which are dearly beloved, and universally admired by all who understand the English language. This love and this admiration

are continually growing deeper, and taking a stronger hold of the mind of the people, whatever may be the class in life to which the reader belongs. As in the case of the poems of the Ayrshire bard, there is a regular call for new editions or reprints of them. But we know of none as regards Cowper or Campbell's poems that can be more generally recommended than those now before us—the former of which has been edited by a true son of song, whose pleasant life of the great Christian poet is a beautiful specimen of biography, full of delicate and fervent appreciations of its subject—while none of the effusions of the poet of "Hope" have been introduced but those which are rightfully considered to be felicitous productions of his exquisite muse.

ART. XXIII.

1. *Rudiments of English Grammar, for the Use of Schools.* By ALEXANDER REID, A. M. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1837.
2. *Rudiments of Modern Geography, for the Use of Schools.* By ALEXANDER REID, A. M. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1837.

BOTH of these little works which have been prepared by the Rector of the Circus-place School, Edinburgh, are intended to be used by teachers of the younger classes of pupils. Both are constructed according to a plan, which in the hands of a judicious and competent tutor, we regard as excellent, and far more pleasant as well as practically useful, than if such elementary works were loaded and swollen with numerous explanations. The present are merely skeletons of the sciences of which they treat. The former of them contains in the shortest possible compass, only the principles and rules of grammar. But then how easy and rational is it, to do as Mr. Reid does—to find in the daily reading lessons of his pupils, examples to test and to elucidate the grammatical lesson of *principles* and *rules* which has immediately before been committed to memory? On the subject of Geography, again, all *questions* and *answers* have been omitted, leaving these to the judgment of the teacher, so that he may exercise the intellectual capacities of those under his charge, as he sees to be most adviseable, while only such descriptions and references are admitted as may most effectually engage the attention of the learner. It is Mr. Reid's practice, he says, to vary the examinations upon the lessons in the following manner—"by pointing to the places on the map, and asking their names, their situation as described in the text-book, and for what they are remarkable—by naming the places, and causing the pupils to point them out on the map—and by describing the situation of the places, and for what they are remarkable, and then asking their names."

ART. XXIV.—*Doveton; or, the Man of Many Impulses.* By the Author of "Jerningham." 3 vols. 12mo. London: Smith & Elder. 1837.

DOVETON is really shown to be a "Man of Many Impulses" in these volumes; and this is saying a good deal in behalf of the work; for how seldom do we find that the contents of a book keep the promise of its title! It even appears to us that the Author himself is in possession of

a vagrant and whimsical imagination; or, rather that such an imagination holds him in bondage, leading him wherever it listeth, and that much of himself is here disclosed. We should have been better pleased, however, had the steady reins of a sound judgment and matured reflection been more constantly held in hand. Indeed we hardly think so approvingly of this effort as of that which Jerningham displayed, although the acquirements of which it gives evidence, like the Author's former production, entitle us to expect ere long a much better novel than either of them from his hand. There are symptoms about Doveton which induce us to believe that it has not obtained the same amount of study as did its predecessor; or, perhaps, the Author's range in the fields of fiction is neither very lofty nor extensive. There is consequently the more call for pains-taking and the curbing of fancies, which appear to have less of a beautiful originality and forcibleness about them than of undefinable extravagance, and aimless vagrancy.

Art. XXV.—*The Numismatic Journal. Nos. II. III, IV.* Edited by John Yonge Akerman, F. S. A. London: E. Wilson.

These three *Numbers* complete the first volume of this interesting and ably conducted Journal. We are happy to learn that its sale is on the increase, and that it is the accredited organ of the London Numismatic Society, which already can name amongst its Members, many persons eminent for their literary influence and antiquarian knowledge. Every one who turns his attention to the subject, must at once perceive how much the study of ancient coins may contribute to the guidance and correction of history; for if architectural monuments, as in Egypt be imperishable chroniclers of remote times, the portable and tiny tokens of exchangeable value, that have been so abundantly discovered in many countries, in Great Britain, for instance, are no less sure, lasting and illustrative of the dark ages of antiquity. Were our readers but to peruse an Article in the publication before us on the coinage of the ancient Britons, they would find that there are good grounds for believing that that people were acquainted with the use of stamped money, and had a coinage of their own long previous to the arrival of Cæsar, although that invader has spoken to the contrary. Reference might here be made to a number of papers in the work that are remarkable for the patient study and antiquarian lore which they display. Among these we have been much pleased with an Article on "the Jewish Shekel," by J. Cullimore, one of the Secretaries to the Numismatic Society, and by another on "Tradesmen's Tokens," which both for valuable instruction and amusing matter, is as rich as if these had been made of thrice-tried gold. It would be invidious, however, to specify only a few of the essays and contributions which distinguish this Journal; but we must add, that its figured coins are very numerous, very diversified as to date and circumstances in history, and very satisfactorily engraved. Although the "Numismatic Journal," in the present generally neglected state of the science of which it treats, can only be appreciated by the learned, or the patient investigator among the treasures of antiquity, it will yet not merely maintain a station as a book of mark in the estimation of that select few, but create a taste for a course of study that promises to lead to discoveries of no slight moment.

ART. XXVI.—*The Life of John Thelwall; with Notices of his Times and Contemporaries, and Remarks on the State of Society during the State Trials in* 1794. London: Macrone. 1837.

ALTHOUGH Thelwall was not an O'Connell, he was yet in his time a man of mark, especially for advocating the principles of reform and steadily adhering to them at a period when property and personal safety were in jeopardy for so doing. He was an active and enterprising character, independently of the share he took in a great political drama—and this, not merely in the affairs of ordinary life, but as a candidate for literary honours, and in the department of the fine arts. Even in these respects, the present volume presents a subject of interest, and one which it will benefit every man to study. The light which is here thrown upon the history of the period which the work embraces—upon parties, intrigues, and public manners, will be very useful to the future annalist;—and it must be added, with reference to the literary merits of the "Life," that it is written in an exceedingly agreeable and becoming style. The publication appears under the auspices of Mrs. Thelwall, who, of course, has had the best opportunities for giving a full and authentic account of the subject of the biography.

The only extract which we introduce under this notice, very appropriately met our eye on the very day in which the last Westminster Election took place. The reader need not be invited to institute certain comparisons which should reconcile him to the Reform Act, although some of its provisions may require to be amended, or rendered more effective.

"The right of voting in the city of Westminster was, antecedently to the passing of the Reform Bill, vested in the whole of the householders within the ancient limits of that city paying scot and lot, viz. parish-rates, no matter to how small an amount. The electors, in the year 1790 amounting to 17,291, had then, and still continue to have, the appearance of indicating a large portion of what is called the public opinion of the nation; and of course, gave to its Members a considerable degree of weight and importance in the House of Commons. The representation of Westminster became, therefore, of primary importance in the estimation of the two rival factions; and, in the general elections of 1784 and 1788, two grand struggles took place for this prize, which were accompanied with all the usual profligate excesses on these occasions, of drunkenness, tumult, violence, and murder. In the latter election, the opposing candidates were, *nominally*, Lord John Townsend and Lord Hood, but it was the factions which really carried on the contest. In the course of four years, each party had expended 100,000*l*. Nor can it be deemed matter of surprise that such immense sums should be lavished, when it is understood that, independently of the money disbursed in purchasing the votes of electors, every public-house throughout the city was kept open, by one or the other party, night and day. Bands of ruffians, composed of the very dregs of society, decorated with cockades, preceded by flags, and armed with bludgeons &c., and accompained with music, were employed to parade the streets or surround the hustings, at the enormous wages of ten shillings a day each man. Nor was this too large a sum for the hazard the poor wretches underwent. Parties of them had to fight their way through thick and thin, to encompass the electors, and

protect them from the missiles and attacks of the mobs engaged by the other side; and never did a day pass without atrocious conflicts, broken heads, and broken limbs; nor did an election take place without the loss of one or more lives. But to return to our subject: upwards of 20,000*l.* of the expenses of this election were paid by persons, most of them in office. The Duke of Richmond paid 500*l.*, the next in degree of official rank paid 300*l.* the Lords of the Treasury 200*l.* each, the Lords of the Admiralty 150*l.* each, with some few exceptions, and the Secretary of the Treasury furnished the rest.

"On the Opposition side, of course, *all* was loss; as it came out of the pockets of the individual members of the party, whose hope of reimbursement depended upon their being at some future period strong enough to turn their opponents out of office and step into their places."

ART. XXVII.—*Sunday, A Poem in Defence of the Reasonable Enjoyments and Recreations of the Toiling Classes of London on the Sabbath Day.* By A Friend to Humanity. Calais: 1837.

WE are far from being of the same opinion with Sir Andrew Agnew, that his legislative measures for the better observance of the Sabbath Day were judiciously concocted, or calculated to produce the good professed by them. We are willing to allow that some degree of fanaticism may have dictated these measures, and that a good deal of twaddle has been expended in their behalf. But on the other hand the prejudices, the untenable doctrines, the affectation of enlightenment and of extraordinary concern for the welfare of the labouring classes that has been sported by the advocates of Sunday recreations and amusements, are far more offensive and certainly susceptible of far greater and a more dangerous extravagance. By the talkers and writers of this party there is usually, as in the case of the author of the present poem, a wonderful looseness of language and inattention to the established principles and evidences of sacred truth, in what they advance. They profess to rise in defence of the *reasonable* enjoyments and recreations of the labouring classes. Now it would assuredly be exceedingly *unreasonable* to oppose any such enjoyments, all of which if the Bible be true and filled with the most sublime rationality, must, in other words, be such enjoyments as the Scriptures warrant. We do not say what these are; but this we boldly assert that he who reads the Bible as a docile and unprejudiced child, and in the next place peruses the poem of our "Friend of Humanity," will find that there is a contrariety between those authorities as respects the impressions really left by them upon the mind.

Enjoyment! But what is enjoyment,—what are its surest precursors,—what sort of enjoyment is likely to be most permanent—and of what sort of feelings does it consist? Now these are questions that such a writer as the present finds it convenient to pass over by taking the very thing for granted, which is the great point at issue. He in his stale statements and arguments, like most of his class in the way of thinking or speaking, deals chiefly in declamation and empty generalities, such as the following, which, besides, is a fair sample of his jingling rhymes:—

"See, yonder sprightly party, well array'd,
Enjoying *Hampton Court's* luxuriant shade!
Where timorous deer in sportive antics play
'Neath groves that mock at Phœbus' scorching ray;
With vistas whose long telescopic views,
Through light and shade, give mild and soften'd hues
To th' umbrageous chestnuts stately rows,
Whose spiral blossoms, white as fleecy snows,
Seem Fancy's lamps in fairy colonnades,
Hung ready for the fall of evening shades;
Anon the happy festive group surround
Their welcome viands spread on verdant ground;
Thence to the rosy gardens of the Court
The rambling party joyously resort:
Where wandering under friendly-shading trees,
They catch from lucid Thames the cooling breeze;
And odorous shrubs, and richly scented flowers
Of beauteous hues, here smile away the hours;
While soul-enlivening music charms the way,
As gaily thus wears on the genial day.
More glittering groups their merry moments pass,
With hearty cheer and many a sparkling glass." &c.

Now from all that we have ever heard or observed, far more frequently disappointments, heart-burnings, and jealousies are the immediate results of those *happy festive groups*, those *merry moments*, than real enjoyment or happiness, and that when compared to such parties those whom the writer would call fanatical have infinitely the advantage both in actual and present fruition, and in future reflection. The real friend to humanity is he who would strive to obtain for the labouring classes a diminution of their burdens and of their toils, so that they might enjoy such recreations as our poet celebrates, on some other day of the week, and leave the Sabbath free from the levities and desecrations that generally accompany the rompings he so much admires. At the same time when man and wife along with their offspring repair to rural haunts, as on a summer sabbath eve, to drink in with delight the poetry of the season, and look up through nature to nature's God, we believe that the aspirations of devotion may be as truly experienced and the duties of divine worship as fully performed, as when they are seated or kneeling in the vaulted temple that has been built by man's hands. The associations, however, so often happen to be discordant in the former case, especially in the neighbourhood of large towns, as may induce such a virtuous family as we have instanced, to choose the least of two evils, and to keep within the doors of its own domestic sanctuary.

ART. XXVIII.—*Address delivered at the opening of the City of Westminster Literary, Scientific, and Mechanics' Institute.* By the Rev. H. H. MILMAN. London: Murray. 1837.

IT is a relief to retire and repose upon a beautiful discourse like this, which has nothing to deal with but subjects that concern the dearest interests of

civilization and humanity. It would be occupying our pages with that which was greatly inferior, were we to do more than allow the Rev. Gentleman to speak for himself—and this we shall do only by a few passages from his "Address," which for accuracy and elevation of sentiment, and propriety of illustration never was surpassed. Let us see how he recommends the studies and associations in question.

"Among these it is not the least important, that it may bring together on a neutral, and therefore peaceful ground, men, whose opinions, views, and interests on the great questions which agitate mankind, may be the most opposite and hostile; men of different occupations, rank, and degrees in life, who may thus be united in the bond of common interest in the same pursuits, and, at least for a time, put off all jealous or unamicable feelings. The great danger, in the present state of society, is the aggregation of the different classes, different orders, different sects, into hard and antagonist masses, with no genial community of feeling, no frequent intercourse, no felt and acknowledged sympathies to blend and harmonize them; or to break the harsh collision, if, in the turmoil of political vicissitude, they should be brought into contact. Where different orders of men stand aloof from each other, in cold and isolated seclusion, jealousies, misapprehensions, antipathies, hostilities too frequently arise. I am persuaded, gentlemen, and perhaps from the kind of intermediate position which I occupy, my opinion may have some weight, that in no class or order are men so good or so superior as their own pride, or the flattery of their partisans, would induce them to imagine; so neither are they so bad, as they are at times represented by their adversaries. We are all men, if with the same follies and infirmities, so likewise with the same affections and virtues: mutual acquaintance, I cannot but believe, will produce more than mutual forbearance; it will, in most instances, ripen into mutual respect, and even into mutual esteem. Wherever it is possible, bring men of different habits and stations into contact with each other, mingle them up in some one common pursuit and interest, and humanity will claim its rights; the charities of life will grow up spontaneously among them; and the dissociating principle, which, in a large and populous country, or district, must ever tend to subdivide the community into distinct and disunited sections, will be constantly counteracted. At all events, it cannot but be desirable that there should be thus, as it were, a common sanctuary, into which men, weary of the ordinary contention and din of life, may retreat together, leaving behind them the disturbing passion, the jealous interests, the party or sectarian animosities, and unite in the calm pursuit of the same instructive objects; join together, if I may so speak, in the worship of truth, with no competition, except the generous emulation of superior progress in intellectual attainment; with no debate except the amicable discussion on points on which knowledge may be mutually imparted or elicited by common investigation; with all those kindly and harmonious feelings, generated by admiration of superior cultivation, and by gratitude for the free communication of such acquirements as each individual may be able to bring to the common stock and treasury of knowledge."

We say, few men in England can command higher authority to speak of the subjects in question, than the Rev. Author of this address—the refine-

ment and magnanimity of whose sentiments are known to be elevated by the purest poetry, and the most Christianized spirit. Hear again, how he speaks in behalf of science.

"The great charm of science is, that it is at once so sublimely speculative, and yet so quietly practical. It ascends to the heaven of heavens, to take the dimensions of the stars, and condescends to direct the hand of the common mechanic in his everyday occupation. Let us consider it, first in its humbler and more ordinary sphere. Every artisan must know by experience how much the scientific knowledge of the principles upon which he works must facilitate his labour. Every improvement, not merely in the more complicated machinery, but in the commonest tool, is made incomformity with some universal law. Wherever work is well done it is done on philosophical principles; though the mechanic, having learned his trade merey by superficial instruction, or by blindly following the example of others may be entirely unconscious of the wonderful guide which is thus tacitly directing his hand, and shaping the product of his art. But in the latter case it will be difficult to avoid much unprofitable waste of strength, of that physical strength, which is the capital of the mechanic, the stock which he contributes to the uses of society, and for which only he has a right to expect, in return, his sustenance, and the comforts of life. The skilful mechanic will of course accomplish the same work in a higher degree of perfection, in less time, and with less bodily exertion, than the awkward and unpractised one. And though skill may, to a certain degree, be obtained by dexterity of hand, and by long practice; yet if we superadd to this an intimate and familiar knowledge of the scientific principles, the geometrical, or the mechanic rules, which are laid down in books, we immeasurably increase his superiority. In this sense it cannot be doubted that knowledge is power,—that is, mechanical power. And of course the higher degree of perfection to which every department of the useful arts is carried, the better does it remunerate those who practice it. Society willingly consents to the raising the tax which it must pay to the artisan, if the commodity is of superior workmanship or durability. The scientific artisan thus, unless where he is brought into competition with the nicer and more regular operations of machinery, advances at the same time in his position in society; he rises above the depressing atmosphere of actual poverty, becomes a freer and more independent man; and to the consciousness of having laboured to increase in mental accomplishment, he adds the inward complacency of looking round on a home abounding with increasing comforts, a family bred up in decency and respectability; and that gradual and well-deserved elevation in his social state, which may justify the feeling of honest pride, and is the best persuasive to the continuance of such praiseworthy exertions."

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